THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible] Weekly
Fou[illegible]nj. Franklin

AUG. 23, 1913 5c. THE COPY

In Search of a Husband—By Corra Harris

Snider's Tomato Catsup

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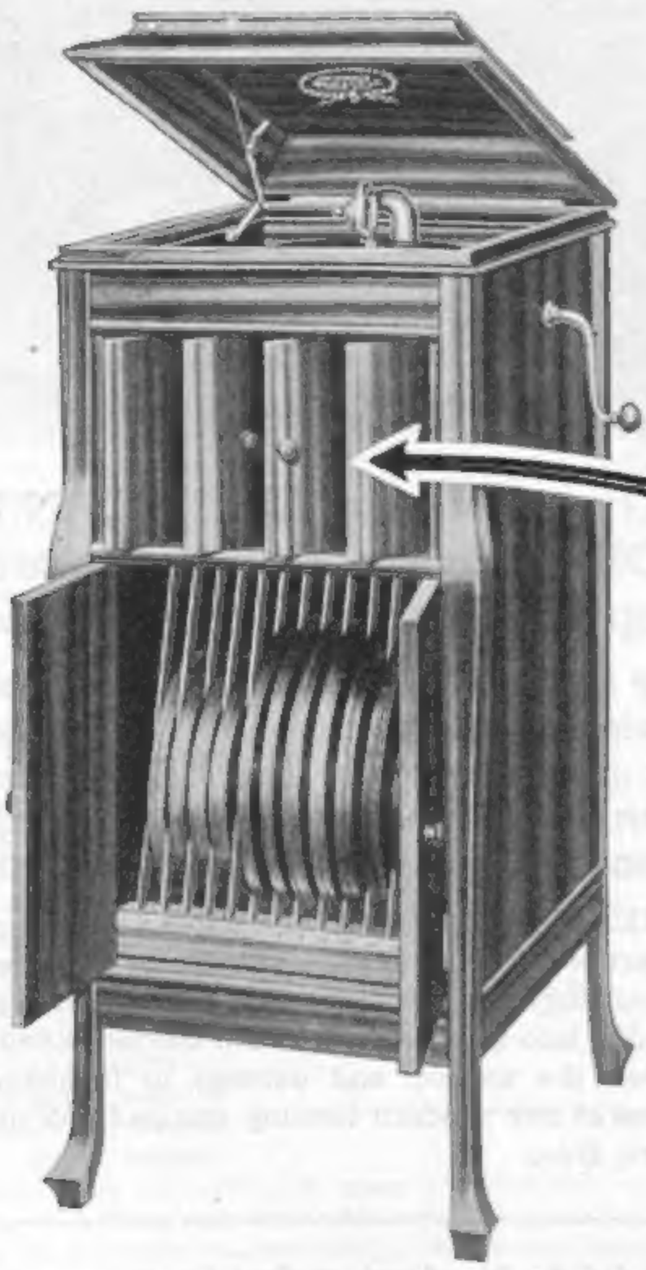
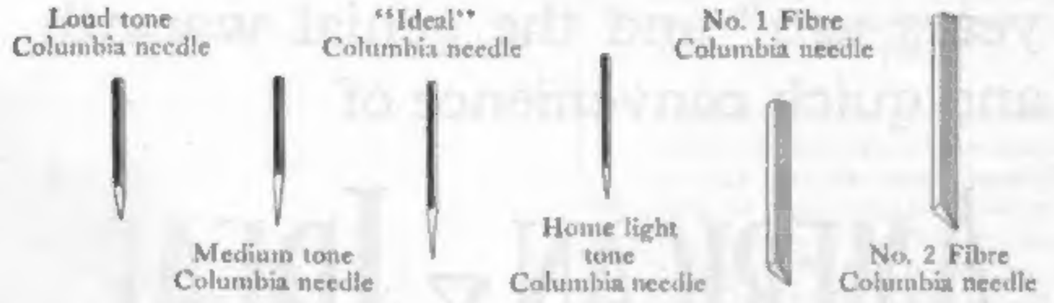


Columbia tone control by means of changeable needles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IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

ONE year after I had finished living it, this story was written—in a quiet place, where thinking is a process of Nature, no more a labor of the mind than the springing of the grass was a labor of the earth in the evening and morning of the great Second Day. That grass—it was the Scripture of the soil. And this story is the Scripture of a woman's heart. The worth of it is not the goodness or the badness of the woman, but the veracity of the record.

If the gentle reader, the little old fragrant-minded, gentle reader with spectacles upon her nose and white ruffs at her wrists, or if the poor old bald-headed, wattled-jowled, general reader in the smoking compartment of the Pullman car, is alarmed at the serious monotone of this preface, let both of them take heart. This is not one of those anthologies of griefs called a "Confession," sometimes written by a woman who has fallen into the objective case of matrimony and becomes the heel-stinging serpent of a cruel and neglectful husband. It is a narrative of adventure; of secretly daring exploits achieved with many hardships and even with tears, but not with the blinding, futile tears of the woman in the objective case. I am the heroine of it, and the scenes are laid in my own heart, where every man and every woman is an outrageous egotist. Every man will recognize me, because men always know the woman best who conceals her identity and reveals herself. And every woman will deny me by the same token—because, though every woman knows the truth about herself, even if she has not lived much of it, nothing in this world or the next will induce any one of them to believe it all, much less acknowledge it. I should not be recording it myself if I were not sure that discovery is impossible. We are recognized by the truth we speak about others. That is the pen-name behind which we get more respectably through life. But when we tell it about ourselves we become anonymous. We are strangers to our dearest friends. Our own mothers will declare that they never knew us. Our very guardian angels will become confused in auditing the account of our deeds and dreams. This, I say, is my perfect disguise.

I Applied Myself to the Proper Interpretation of This Primer Pace

I have written in these pages the truth that many a woman lives and that no woman admits. My purpose in writing it is honorable, which is more than the woman who writes confessions in the objective case can claim, if she searches honestly to the bottom of her mind for the motive.

When you are in the objective case and limited by your feminine gender, you are apt to write accusatively of somebody else, which is never really honorable, even if you tell the truth. I believe if every man and every woman were compelled by law to hand in to a biographical bureau an anonymous but veracious account of his or her life, we should come into immediate possession of a great humanistic encyclopedia of information that would revolutionize the economics of civilization.

And, furthermore, we should come into possession at last of a great literature, more veracious than any history, nobler than Homer's epic, and having in it those elements that have made the Bible the one living book. For the heart of man is the one Bible made by God.

In the very least of these simple lives you may find everything, from the Garden of Eden to sweeter psalms than David ever sang—all goodness, all evil, every prophecy and all the Gospels, even to Revelation.

This story that I have written falls far short of that great standard, because words do not reveal us, because circumstances minimize us, and sometimes enhance us too much, because even when we have done our best, so much of life that really belongs to us remains in the subjunctive mood. We cannot achieve it. It remains forever there—what we might, could, would or should have been. I think it proves our immortality—that it is our immortality—that subjunctive mood!

Millidge is the capital of this state, a drowsy, dirty, green-bowered Southern city that lies sprawling in the sun, with its heels upon the front veranda. One of those old towns common to the South, where most of the best people have lost their fortunes, and where some not so good have had the impudence to make fortunes—always at the expense of the nobly indigent and indignant best people.

Forest Avenue is the fashionable thoroughfare of it, so named from the rows of original forest trees that still stand in it, anywhere; some along the sidewalk, some in the middle of the street. It begins a decent distance from where the rich upstarts have built the business center of the town, stretches sunbaked and mottled with leaf shadows for a mile, and ends where it should end—at the gates of the park. The residences on either side are old, dingily magnificent and set far apart upon wide lawns. Cats that look as if they had never been disturbed sun themselves upon the veranda banisters, sparrows are always rising in whirlwinds of dusty wings from the pavement before automobiles, or old-fashioned carriages with spotted dogs trotting nearly underneath behind, or slowly moving teams.

There is no hurry anywhere in Millidge, merely the bobbing parasols of pretty women upon the sidewalks, or leisurely striding men who carry canes and wear elderly silk hats even in the morning.

Three blocks from the entrance of the park there is an old graystone house, set a trifle farther back than the other residences, upon a lawn shaded by two enormous elm trees. It is very large, very imposing. The Gothic windows are long and narrow and extremely pointed at the top, as if they were lifting their eyebrows at the world. The helmet-shaped roof rises into an ugly scalloped top tower. There is no veranda, which is a distinction. The arched double doors of massive oak, sunken deep into the front wall, are always closed, as much as to say:

"The people who live here are not at home to those who walk in the street."

That was true when they were hung, some time in the early forties. But now it is not the truth.

Twenty-eight years ago I was born in this house, in a very large room that overlooks a ragged garden in the rear. I have been told that it was not ragged then. It lay within the boxwood hedge, with every bed as trimly defined as the fronts and backs and under-arm gores of a lady's basque pattern. Mother did not understand flowers, but she did understand basque patterns. And she applied what she knew of the one to what she did not know of the other. The result was a kind of Sweet-William neatness and precision in the garden.

But it is not so remarkable to be born. So many people have had the same early experience that I should not mention it if it were not for a certain distinguishing circumstance—I was born with a kiss upon my lips. No one suspected it at the time, least of all mother, who was a good woman with an inbred suspicion of all kissing. But for me it made the whole difference in destiny. It saved me and blessed me. The point I am trying to make is this: that any one, a man, even the ugliest woman alive, may be born

with a golden spoon in his or her mouth, as the saying goes, but there is only one kind of being who can come into existence with her lips wreathed for kissing. That is a woman whom men will love. Let her be ever so good or ever so bad, this has nothing to do with it—they will love her because she is herself; she is predestined for that as the rose is to bloom.

The whole affair was unexpected and something of a scandal, I believe—my being born at all. Mother was far gone in her forties, father was over fifty, and my brother Francis was already a young man. I was one of those postscripts Nature sometimes adds to distressed families. It seems that I was kept in concealment, that mother regarded me as a late and undeserved affliction, that father considered me one of his many transgressions. I teethed in private, crawled down the back steps as soon as I could, and devoted myself silently and warily to the inspection of doodle holes in the walks of the garden. No one really welcomed me, except a certain very fat elderly woman whose name I could not pronounce until after I was six years old. This was Mrs. Buckhaulter. Father was the senior member of the law firm of Marr and Buckhaulter, and Mrs. Buckhaulter was a girlhood friend of mother's who persisted, and who gradually transferred her affection to me, partly because she had no children, and partly, no doubt, because I was an engaging child. I was called Joy. I was christened Mary Joy, but the Mary is silent. It is the name of my ghost whose adventures the angels record.

Mrs. Buckhaulter was my godmother; and from the first she poked the pudgy finger of her affection into every crucial moment of my life. She was very short, very homely; one of those women who change when they are thirty, become good, simple and fat, and do not change any more at all. She was the tutelary deity of my childhood. I had so much confidence in her that I permitted her, when I was seven, to tie one end of a string about one of my small front teeth which was loose, the other end to a doorknob, and slam the door! The result did not shake my faith in her. There is a picture taken of me about this time. It shows a little saucer-faced girl in a pinafore with wooden-looking legs and a wide smile upon my kissing mouth that artlessly confessed the missing tooth.

Mother died when I was still a child. My recollections of her are all of the same kind. She was a sad woman. The fiery furnace was her native heath. I do not remember ever seeing her enjoy anything. She fades in and out of the door of that dim past, a small, black-robed woman who was in perpetual mourning for our relations. We had been very rich before the Civil War. Afterward we were poor, and by this time we were very poor. Mother was always saving something, always striving desperately to make ends meet that did not meet. She was a kind of human mothball. She did her best to disinfect father of his natural transgressions, and to preserve me from my instincts. She had a perfect lady's horror of instincts, and father went about as long as she lived camphorated, smelling ludicrously to Heaven of her virtues, not his own sins, which he modestly concealed from her. Francis, who was already well started upon his successful business career, was her chief comfort. I was her chief anxiety—wayward, silent, but blowing where I listed. She believed that I was going to "take after father." She sometimes said so dolefully to Mrs. Buckhaulter, who always laughed and patted me on the head. I did not know what mother meant, but she was right. I did take after father. I do not think I inherited anything from her but my gender. I became the kind of woman who descends more particularly from the male line, in whom femininity is a force, not a tremor, and charm is an intelligence, not a passing phase of youth.

After mother's death there was a succession of maiden aunts imported by father for the purpose of bringing me up. I was the daughter of the house. I belonged to one of the best families. Presently I should be obliged to take my place in the social world of Millidge. It was important that I should learn manners and the Ten Commandments. Both because I was a girl, not a boy.

I will not go into the particulars of this period. It lasted until I was sixteen and old enough to enter the one fashionable school for young ladies in the city. The aunts resigned their positions of trust voluntarily and always in high dudgeon. They do not count for much in these scriptures, they affected me so little.

After the departure of the last one I became the nominal mistress of the house. It was like a cemetery that lies in a deep shade and is never really disordered. The carpets were threadbare. The furniture was too massive to be moved about; at least I never thought of moving it then. Some of the rollers were gone; some of the legs disabled.

Why Had He Been Bidden to My Ball and Then Not Presented to Me?

The old hatrack in the hall leaned like a monument that has sunk a little on one side into the earth. The sideboard in the dining room stood slipshod. The davenports in the parlor were never pulled from their august places against the wall. It would have been fatal. They had no bowels. Their springs protruded. We simply moved about among these things as the living move among the gravestones of the dead. This is what our furniture really was. We had inherited it from the magnificent past.

About this time also I located father and Francis in my order of things, a fact that had so much to do with my own position that it is impossible to raise the curtain upon this drama until I have defined them both. Father is not very good. Francis is that dangerous thing, a rising young business man. He is vice-president of the First National Bank of Millidge. Of the two men, however, father is the more admirable; not morally, but really. That curious distinction is sometimes to be made when this term is applied to men.

Father always reminds me of an old cavalry sword. It is his head that suggests this comparison—a splendidly carved affair, as if Nature had become a goldsmith in the effort to produce a countenance that proclaims every honor, all the firmness and strength that he does not really possess. No matter where he is, under conditions however complimentary or embarrassing, he always appears immeasurably superior to them. On this account he is the figurehead of all public functions and of every important occasion in Millidge. He is invariably chosen to introduce the "speaker of the evening"—Millidge is given to speakers. And quite innocently he invariably makes this person, whoever he is, appear insignificant by comparison with his own golden-eagle presence. Without having been actually elected, he is the official orator of Millidge.

Francis is proud of him and despises him. He is proud of Francis and entertains at the same time a noble contempt for him. I love father, and I suffer from an overwhelming sense of obligation to Francis. He makes me think of that Scripture which has something to say about "Just men made perfect." He never has been overtaken in a fault. I do not say that he has never committed any. I believe he has. But he has never been discovered in one, which is suspicious evidence. With his lean figure, his dark, thin, clean-shaven face and his high, irritable voice, he became the overwhelming virtue in the house before which father and I groveled from force of circumstances.

Father plays poker or something at the club—enough to lose what he earns from his practice. It requires courage to lose. He has it. And Francis has not got it. If his bank should fail he would be ruined. He could never recover himself. But no chance of cards or fate could ruin father. When he is reduced to his last penny he is never so low in spirit that he cannot conscientiously risk his imaginary integrity enough to recoup himself out of Francis' tight pockets. He borrows five hundred dollars of him and gives his note for it, which he never pays. Nothing would induce him to do this if he did not believe he could and would pay some time in the future. The future is the only dividend he has ever declared.

It was in this dim old house, with these two men, that I grew up and acquired myself without those nice scruples of my sex which I might have had if mother had lived.

I was the one live kernel in it, a little seed fallen in the soil of desire in a dark place. When I was twenty I resolved to marry—when I did marry—a rich man, not a tall man, or a fair one, or a dark one, but a man who could afford the establishment and luxuries I craved but did not have. I reached this decision without advice or coercion. It was the logic of being myself, of having been born with a kiss on my lips, and of having inherited a split-silk nature from ancestors who spent wealth that they did not earn.

At this time I had a face like a clock that marks the hour of sunrise, so round it was, so fair, so radiant of the day to come. I was what may be called the "dear" size in women—slender, but not too tall. My hair was the color of tarnished brass, not quite golden, but abundant. I had wide, inquiring, hazel eyes, a nose that turned up enough to snub fate, a white throat, shoulders a trifle too square—and no bosom at all. I was merely a little thin-flanked verb to-be, one of those pretty virgin adventuresses who are, after all, the greatest adventuresses in this world, because, being good, they have no conscience about how they attain the ends they seek.

I was just out of school; but I did not know anything along the way I had chosen to go. Least of all did I know myself. And to be innocent of oneself is to be innocent indeed. It is the foundation of that unscrupulousness which is often most highly developed in the virgin woman.

I spent much time before my mirror acquiring the knowledge I needed. There is no truth, no charm, no grace, scarcely a possible vice, however hidden beneath lips and brow, however deeply concealed from others, that a woman may not discover in herself and learn to use from studying her own image in the glass. I applied myself to the proper interpretation of this little primer face with the attention philosophers give to miracles.

Looking back at this period, I am inclined to the belief that most girls entering society begin their careers by entertaining the devil unawares. It is the only innocent way to do it, and women are the most conscienceless innocent beings created. They prepare ardently and sweetly for the fall of men in love, not for their own. They plan conquests. They are the born kleptomaniacs of men's hearts.

Thus, over and above the predestined rich husband, I determined to be loved by lovers. I was in no haste to be married. I was about in the same mood that a coward is in when in a rash moment he challenges a brave man to a duel. He wants to fight, he knows that he must fight, but, dear Heavens! how he fears the sword of his adversary. When driven to it, wit consists in fencing, if not in wounding him to the death. In matters of love this is called coquetry, an art in which I was destined to acquire a marvelously limber wrist.

This was what I was and meant to be at the age of twenty, and what most girls are, dear mankind. Their modesty is their armor, their beauty is their sword. And you advance upon them with no protection at all save your egotism, which is your weakness. I could laugh and I could weep at the comedies and the tragedies that result from this misunderstanding. We do not get the best of it, but we get the best of you. This comes of entertaining the devil unawares, of being so sweetly conscious of our angels all the while that they show through like dim presences in us to you.

II

THE old house was not exactly renovated about this time, but the shades were lifted from windows long dark. The light streamed into the dim parlor for the first time since I could remember. Francis had the davenports mended and a few legs and rollers restored where they were most needed; and I created a living room out of the library. This was a small room, like a ruby set in dark, glistening brown wood, with its high wainscoting and its shelves of many-colored books. The rugs lay upon the polished floor as faded as autumn leaves, worn threadbare by the tread of many feet. There were half a dozen rusty armchairs with sagging leather cushions, that always stood in a semicircle before the open fireplace in the red-brick chimney, like grave old men in council. Above the mantle a very ancient mahogany clock hung with a terribly aloof stare, the hands widely stretched between the minutes and the hours. The pendulum swung with great deliberation, and it ticked as solemnly as if it were making a gospel of time—a poor old preacher whom nobody heeded.

There was a large library table, pushed back against the wall between the two front windows. It was always littered with magazines and papers, and was inhabited by

a desk telephone, which from time to time played an important part in these adventures. Father kept a scandalous old pipe and a jar of "Lone Jack" tobacco on the mantel. And Francis kept something, father and I never knew what, locked in a small cabinet in one corner. Whatever it was, it was the skeleton in his closet. He never went near it when we were in the room.

It was here, except upon a few grander occasions when I was obliged to use the parlor, that I had my social being, gave little tea parties, and engaged in the romantic dueling that comprised so large a part of my adventurous career.

Late in the autumn following the June in which I was twenty, Colonel and Mrs. Buckhaulter gave a ball in my honor which marked my formal début in society. The Buckhaulters are the capital letters of Millidge society. You may enter the town through the railway station, or by automobile, or even in a market wagon, but I have never known any one to enter the best society there except through the doors of their double parlors, or to stay in after these doors were closed to them.

The great occasion filled me with excitement. I wore a white brocade satin, much too stately for my youth and slimness. But it became me like a prophecy, and was almost a gracious gift from Francis. I was the first of the younger guests to arrive. The rugs had been removed from the parlors, the waxed floors shone like amber. The chairs, tables and sofas set back against the walls, where long mirrors reflected and doubled the spaces, multiplied every palm and vase of flowers and me, as I advanced to where the Buckhaulters sat at the end of the room talking with father and the Leighs and the Gillfillings—all older men and women who had come early enough to dine with their hosts. Mrs. Buckhaulter sat a little apart from the others between father and her husband. She was now long past middle age, ridiculously corpulent, with prominent eyes beneath wrinkled lids, a pendulous underlip, and arched wrinkles on her forehead that lifted her face into an expression of perpetual interrogation. She wore a black gown elaborately trimmed with brilliant passementerie, and with tassels that hung from her draperies like the ends of ropes that might be needed any time to draw her in. Colonel Buckhaulter was another version of father, shorter, much stouter, and a shade less dignified in his bearing.

"How now, Anne of Geierstein?" he exclaimed, rising as I approached. "Where is your falcon? With that expression so willful, with those bright locks ready to fly or fall in the chase, you should have worn a hawk upon your wrist."

"Don't worry the child, Marcellus," protested Mrs. Buckhaulter. "You may be sure she has the bird hooded somewhere. You are charming, my dear, in that white gown."

She gathered herself up from the sofa with an effort and drew me to one side.

"Where is Tommy?" she asked.

"I left him in the hall, looking at himself in the mirror of the hatrack," I replied, laughing.

"Quite right. Do not waste your time on college boys. They don't count."

The youth she referred to was Tom Redding, a student in Millidge University, and the brother of Alice Archibald, of whom you shall hear more presently.

"You know Emmet Marshall?" Mrs. Buckhaulter went on.

"Oh, yes," I answered with studied indifference.

He was the richest young man in Millidge. Beneath the modest exterior of my maidenliness I had him in mind.

"He is coming alone tonight," she said, looking about her with a preoccupied air. "Your brother Francis will bring Mrs. Derry."

I understood her perfectly and showed it by changing the subject.

"The flowers are gorgeous!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, they are. It is a good omen, Joy. The début of a popular girl is the only occasion, except a fashionable funeral, when friends are so generous about sending flowers," she agreed, wrinkling her face into a smile of satisfaction as she resumed her seat upon the sofa.

"Have you seen Alice? She promised to come early," she inquired after a pause.

"No, she was not in the dressing-room upstairs," I answered. "There is no counting upon Alice. She may not come at all."

"Oh, yes; she will come," she retorted dryly. "Still you are right. When a woman elopes to get married there is no counting upon how she will do what she does"

Alice and I had been friends at school. She was two years older, and just before the final examinations in her senior year she shocked Millidge, which is old-fashioned and given to formal church weddings, by eloping one night with Charlie Archibald. Thus she avoided the examinations—the only excuse she ever gave for the escapade.

Until the day these adventures ended she remained my most intimate friend. And she was the cruelest enemy of my happiness. I would have given much to have been rid of her. Doubtless she felt the same way toward me. We hated each other with a kind of sacred hatred; yet we appeared to be horribly necessary to each other. Women are like that and men are not. We were two Judases who lent and borrowed each other's jewels and furs, and stole each other's lovers. We had moods of affection in which we confided our secrets, the one to the other. And all unconsciously, far within, even while we clasped hands and gazed at each other through tears of tenderness, we made notes of these confidences to use at some future time, one against the other.

"Here's to Mistress Joy Marr! May She Remain What She is—Joy—and Never Change!"

I stood now beside Mrs. Buckhaulter, idly regarding the roses in my bouquet, waiting for Alice, looking forward to her coming, happily unaware that I was waiting for the real adversary against whom I should draw the sword many a time.

"There she is now!" said Mrs. Buckhaulter.

I turned and moved back toward the door through which Alice and her young husband were entering. He was tall and dark, with a grave face in which the eyes of a hero burned, like one who looks from a besieged tower upon the enemy and is not dismayed. The time came when we stood together in that place and looked down at Alice.

She was one of those "glorious blondes" who are born to a doubtful reputation on account of the corn-tassel fairness of their hair, their supernal complexion, their divine tallness and their lyre-shaped bodies. These are the outward tokens of a dangerous nature which time usually confirms with their actual deeds.

The two hurried forward, Alice a little in advance of her husband. She was as vivid as a flame, her blue eyes lifted like banners, her hair glistening brighter than gold, her brow too white, her cheeks too red, the turquoise gown she wore too blue, even beneath its cloud of lace. She should have been named Circe and she was called Alice. It was like labeling a cartridge of dynamite "Coldcream."

"Joy, darling, how lovely you are in that brocade! It is like you, very fine and very sweet!" she cried, extending her pretty, slender hands in greeting.

"And here is Charlie," she went on. "He declares he must have the first waltz with you. I have told him he may dance with you tonight, but not with the other girls. One must keep a careful hand upon one's husband," she laughed.

"May I have it, Miss Marr?" he asked.

"Of course you may!" I answered, offering my card.

"You see I came early to make sure of my chance," he said politely as he wrote his name.

I was sure in my own mind that Alice planned the compliment to me, and that he would have preferred to dance that first number with her. She was a woman who knew how to attract men, even her own husband.

The house was filled now with chirruping young voices. Presently a stream of girls and their escorts flowed down the staircase into the parlors—all the débutantes of the season and a dozen older ones left over from other seasons. There was a mincing of small feet, the inexperienced whisking of trains as they came rapturously toward me. Then it was——

"Oh, Joy!" and

"Ah, Joy!" and

"Jolly"—which was a nickname I had at school—"this beats our Belmew soirées, doesn't it?"

A rich young bass voice broke in:

"Miss Marr, you remember me, Chan Peters, fellow that met you last June at the commencement reception. I——"

"No, of course she does not. I was there myself that night. Don't say you have forgotten poor Bunk Hopgood, Miss Marr! I——"

Every eye was focused upon the figure of a young man entering the room. His shoulders were broad, his form immense, his legs were like inverted masts round which his trousers were reefed.

"Look at his head, please, how he carries it, as if it did not belong to him," whispered one of the girls.

"Don't—inherited it. Grandfather was an Irishman," answered Bunk Hopgood, while Chan, waiting until the back of his victim showed far down the room as he neared the Buckhaulters, stepped forth, bowed gravely and in his sepulchral voice announced:

"Mr. Robert Emmet Marshall! The professional lady-killer of Millidge!"

The chorus of giggles that followed was interrupted.

"Here comes the other one!"

(Continued on Page 44)

EGGS

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

An Old Produce Man Can Spot the Bad Ones Every Time

UNTIL I got out of the produce business—six years ago—I was never farther away from New York than Tioga County, Pennsylvania; and those people who think I was foolish to get out when I did don't know anything about the benefits of foreign travel and the way prices have been jumped on the wholesaler in the butter-and-egg field since that time.

In the first place, you meet a lot of mighty fine people; and after four trips I can truthfully say that all this talk about the coffee, so far as I can see, is greatly exaggerated, as I have not touched a drop of coffee in over ten years. I chew gum instead, because it is hard enough for a man in the wholesale produce business who has to be out at three o'clock in the morning to get his sleep anyhow, without drinking coffee; and if a man can't make a few allowances for the sake of seeing some of the oil paintings and elegant Roman Catholic churches in Italy, for instance, he is a slave to the coffee habit and better quit.

I passed this remark to a gentleman I met in a pension in Florence by the name of A. Townsend Van Inwegen. With the exception of three parties whose names I have forgotten—and I ought to remember them, too, because he told me about it several times—Mr. Van Inwegen claims to be the oldest living member of the New York Stock Exchange; and he said to me the coffee agreed with him first-rate, but he couldn't go the cigars in Italy.

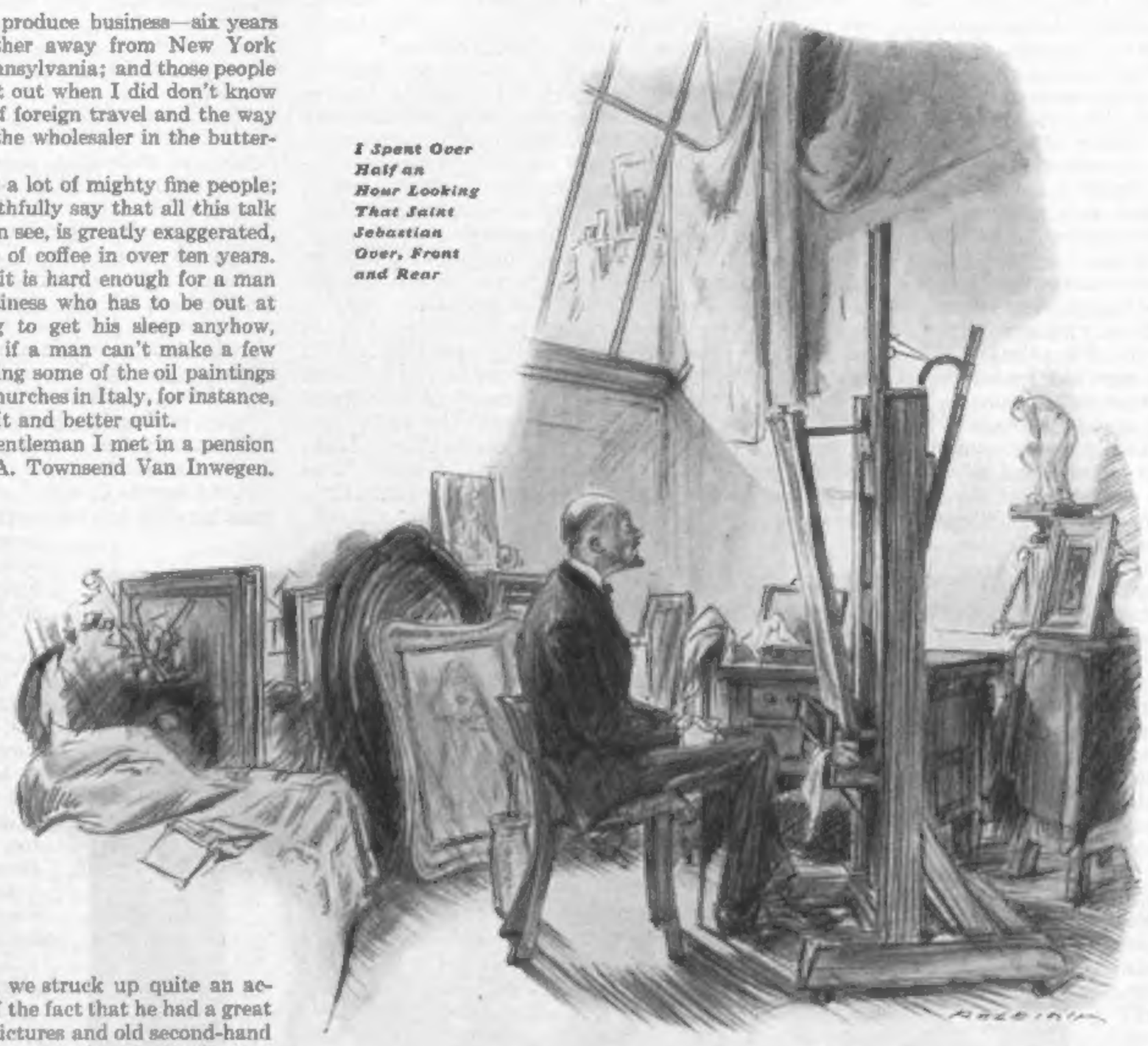
I struck some cigars over there that reminded me of a couple of brands I used to smoke a good deal, made by a concern in Binghamton, New York. One was called the Pony Aviator and the other Wiegand Brothers' Big Six, which Mr. Van Inwegen said he never heard of. However, we struck up quite an acquaintanceship; and outside of the fact that he had a great notion he was a fine judge of pictures and old second-hand furniture, and the like, he seemed to be a very pleasant gentleman.

To my way of thinking, a man can like oil paintings and old second-hand furniture without being much of a judge of them, just as you or anybody else can tell whether or not you like the butter and eggs you get on your breakfast table; but when it comes to saying whether the butter is creamery extra or creamery good to fine, and whether the eggs are fresh-gathered or storage-packed firsts—why, it takes a produce man every time.

I passed this remark also to Mr. Van Inwegen; and he smiled and said that was the way a produce man looked at it, insinuating, I suppose, that as a training for being a judge of oil paintings and old second-hand furniture the stock-exchange business was way beyond the produce business. Anyhow, going ahead on that basis, he bought from one of the shadiest-looking second-hand storekeepers I ever laid eyes on, by the name of D'Ancona, over one thousand dollars' worth of second-hand articles, including a couch you could neither sit up nor lie down on, even if it would have borne your weight; a large wooden candlestick, with a spike on the top; and another article, fixed with gold leaf and oil paintings on it, which folded like a shaving mirror that I once got for a Christmas present—the idea being that you could see both cheeks as well as the front of your face.

"Well," I said to a young Englishman who was staying in the pension at reduced rates—he was telling me because he had a position with a firm of tourist agents in Florence and naturally boarded there in and out of season—"if that collection of undergrades and checks is worth a thousand dollars," said I, "the price of junk has gone up considerably since I had my place over on Harrison Street, next door to one of the biggest old-iron concerns in the city of New York."

It was not my intention to say this so loud that Mr. Van Inwegen could hear me; but I guess I felt so deeply on the subject that my tones carried farther than I thought for, and the old gentleman got pretty red in the face. He did not say anything at the time, but the young fellow from the tourist agency told me that, after I had left the smoking room where Mr. Van Inwegen was showing his bargains, the old gentleman laid me out in great shape, the principal things he had against me being that I used to be in the produce business and had the chewing-gum habit.



I Spent Over Half an Hour Looking That Saint Sebastian Over, Front and Rear

As I was saying, I took up chewing gum when I quit drinking coffee; and you can talk all you want to about the chewing-gum habit—nobody ever lost any sleep over it, and that's the main point for a produce man.

The next day was Sunday, and for the three Sundays before that Mr. Van Inwegen and I had been going to see the oil paintings and statuary in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, some of which are very good; but on this particular Sunday he gave me a cold nod and went right out without saying anything to me. The young fellow from the tourist agency noticed this and suggested that we go out and see some high-grade statuary in a church by Michelangelo; and he took me through a lot of back streets that I never had the nerve to go through before, because my idea is that if you don't want to lose your way in a foreign city the safest plan is to stick to the trolley tracks. You're bound to get back to your hotel that way, but you miss a number of interesting sights, because as soon as they lay trolley tracks in a foreign city the storekeepers along the route begin to put in modern storefronts and dress their windows. Then they fix up the sidewalks and chase the pushcart peddlers, until every street in Florence that has a trolley line on it looks like a street with a trolley line on it in Rome or Marseilles, or Hartford or New Rochelle.

As I was saying, however, the young fellow took me through a lot of back streets to get to this church where they had the statuary; and right round the corner from the church we ran plumb into a large market building about twice the size of Madison Square Garden.

"Hold on a minute," said I. "I want to go in that place."

"That's a public market," the young fellow said.

"I know it," I said; "and if it was a stock exchange that was open on Sunday, and they'd let him in, I guess Mr. Van Inwegen would want to go in it too."

There may be people that play off it isn't so, but, to men who have been in the produce business and stock-exchange business as long as myself and Mr. Van Inwegen, statuary and oil paintings will always come second to public markets and stock exchanges in point of general interest. So we went inside. And I want to tell you that I never saw a public market that could touch it in order and cleanliness. White eggs, of extra size and fresh-gathered, so far as I could judge, were retailing at twenty-two cents a dozen; but I never knew before that butter prices in Italy were held up the way they are.

One stall there had a display of butter ranging in price from thirty-eight to forty cents a pound, so far as I could reckon by reducing kilograms to pounds; and the man who kept the stall, seeing that I took an interest in it, spoke to the young fellow from the tourist agency, who can rattle off Italian as fast as any of them. The young fellow told him that I was an American who had once been in the business, and we had quite a long talk about the butter-and-egg line, with the young fellow as interpreter. Trade had begun to slacken off, as the market closes early on Sundays, and I guess we must have talked there for over an hour, so that we got quite friendly; and the end of it was that the stallkeeper, whose name was Boccioli, asked us both to come out some time and see his hennery at a place called Settignano, which is about an hour by trolley from Florence.

We promised we would, and after a lot of compliments all round the young fellow and I started off to see the statuary, which was fortunately right round the corner; and we finished up in time to go over to a cigar store, where the young fellow said you could get a wide selection of imported cigars, which I expect was the way he planned to get his wages for acting as interpreter. I told him to help himself and he took two twenty-cent cigars; and, so as to make sure I'd get him out to Settignano and see that hennery, I insisted on his taking another one—and I put a couple in my own pocket.

The next day Mr. Van Inwegen was still feeling sore at me, and as I expected to stay in Florence three weeks longer anyhow, at the same pension with him, I made up my mind I'd apologize to him; so I went right up to him at breakfast and sat down in the next chair.

"Mr. Van Inwegen," I said, "I understand you heard a remark I passed the other day; I want to say I've been thinking it over and I've come to the conclusion that I don't know anything about such things—and you do. An old produce dealer like me hasn't any call to pass opinions on what a man of your judgment buys—and I hope you'll excuse me."

Well, the old gentleman was tickled to pieces; and, after I handed him one of those cigars the young fellow from the tourist office had selected, we went out and took a walk together, and saw some more oil paintings. Now the oftener I went looking at pictures with Mr. Van Inwegen, the more I found I was liking the bad ones and disliking the good ones; and the oil painting in this particular collection I would have picked out to be stored away in the garret Mr. Van Inwegen got so enthusiastic about that it looked for a few minutes as though the oldest members of the New York Stock Exchange below Number Three were all going to move up one place.

He calmed down after a bit, and I found out that the cause of his pretty near breaking a blood-vessel was a very fine Pollyooly*—I may not have the spelling of this name correct, being only a produce man myself; but I guess any member of the New York Stock Exchange will understand.

"It belongs to Pollyooly's finest period!" Mr. Van Inwegen said, I suppose excusing his getting ready to have a stroke.

"You are quite right," some one behind us said; and when I turned round, if it wasn't that second-hand storekeeper, D'Ancona! I gathered that he was smiling at us, because his mustache had gone away up under his nose and his cheeks got heavy wrinkles in them, straight up

*Antonio Pollajuolo, 1429–98

and down like bars on a station-house window. In my experience there are two kinds of people who can't afford to smile—a man with bad teeth and a man with a bad character; and D'Ancona had plenty of both, but seemingly Mr. Van Inwegen was glad to see him anyway.

They got to talking right away, and I pulled a piece of gum from my vest pocket and prepared to be a good listener. I have to admit that D'Ancona was an interesting talker—and at that he struck me as a man who was trying to show how little he knew about pictures, while Mr. Van Inwegen was doing just the opposite; in fact, to hear them, you would think that Mr. Van Inwegen was an old hand at the business and up to all the tricks of the trade, whereas D'Ancona was just a sort of a beginner and anxious to learn.

"You never can tell," D'Ancona said when the talk switched to the genuineness of old pictures. "I get fooled very often; and a dealer is more apt to get fooled than a collector, Mr. Van Inwegen, because a dealer buys to sell again, while a collector buys to keep. Consequently a dealer is willing to take a chance once in a while to buy something that he has doubts about, because he can perhaps make a profit out of it."

"And he usually makes the profit he expects," Van Inwegen said.

"Not nowadays," D'Ancona said. "Formerly the collectors knew too little. Now they know too much. If a dealer gets fooled on an old master, ten to one it's a collector who puts him right. Now, for instance, I know where there is a picture to be bought for three thousand five hundred lire—a Saint Sebastian that I'm morally certain is a genuine Pollyooly; in fact as fine an example as this picture here—but I hesitate to buy it because I can't really trust my own judgment."

Well, I thought to myself, if the oldest member but three can get caught with such shell-game tactics as that I'm going right back to New York and buck the Stock Exchange; but the old gentleman seemed to be getting so interested I thought I would stick in my oar a bit.

"In that case," I said, "I'd let it alone; because, you take me for instance, and if I had my suspicions about a lot of butter that looked all right, and tasted and smelt all right, I'd just say to myself: 'All the cows ain't dead yet, and there'll be another lot that ain't so suspicious coming along next week.'"

I wish you could have heard the way D'Ancona laughed. Some people could get more real good humor into telling a motorman who had just run over a woman with a baby carriage what they thought of him. Van Inwegen laughed too, in a sort of please-excuse-this-produce-dealer way.

"Our friend used to be in the produce business," he said, "and he looks at pictures from a butter-and-egg standpoint."

"It's one way of looking at 'em," I said—"and a good one too; because there are just as many swindlers selling butter and eggs as stocks and oil paintings."

D'Ancona looked hard at me—to see if I would fall for his acting insulted, I suppose; but I went on chewing my gum as solemn as I knew how, and I guess he thought I was a hard case.

"At any rate," he said to Van Inwegen, "you look at pictures with the eye of an expert, and I want you to help me judge this one."

"With a great deal of pleasure," the old gentleman said. "Where is the picture?"

"It is in the house of a poor farmer at Pontassieve," D'Ancona said. "We will go there the day after tomorrow if you will." He turned to me, with another of those bank-robber smiles of his. "And perhaps this gentleman will accompany us?" he said.

"I don't think I can help you out any," I said; "but I'll be very glad to go anywhere with Mr. Van Inwegen if he'll have me."

"My dear fellow," Mr. Van Inwegen said, "I'm only too happy to have you."

As it was near lunch-time we went round the corner to a place called the Café Gambrinus, and we each had a small glass of that old-fashioned spring medicine to put your blood in shape that we used to get in Tioga County. I have not seen the recipe in years, but that's what they bring you in Italy when you order a cocktail.

II

THAT afternoon, it being my idea never to waste time about seeing things you want to see, we went out to the hennery. I called for the young fellow at the place where he worked and we then bought some cigars at the store I was telling you about, and a couple of packages of chewing gum at the English and American drug store round the corner from the cathedral, near the place where the Settignano car starts.

It was a mighty pleasant trip in the car—except that, as is always the case with me on a European street car, I mislaid the flimsy paper tickets the conductor gave me when I paid the fares; and when the inspector came round to examine them, as usual, I went all up in the air. Anyhow I found them all right and tucked them away in my right-hand upper vest pocket where I usually put my gum; and when we got out to Settignano let me say that this man Boccioli had as up-to-date a hennery as ever I've seen for the size.

The poultry stock ran to black Minorcas and white Leghorns so far as I could observe, and if I was to tell you some of the egg figures Boccioli gave me you would think I was lying; but, from what I've seen of poultry-raising conditions, I judge this man Boccioli was telling the truth. His poultry houses and yards were a pleasure to look at, and he had a garden for his own and his family's use that was as pretty in its way as any I've ever been in. We sat there under a grape arbor for some time; and if you've traveled in Italy and think the wine you get there in hotels and restaurants is all right—which most everybody does in my experience—I want to tell you that I never tasted real wine until I was up at Boccioli's that day.

His Knee Ripped the Canvas Like a Lady in a Circus Going Through a Paper-Covered Hoop

He raised the grapes right there on his own ground, and he did not have such a large place either. From where we sat under that grape arbor we could see right into his neighbor's garden, which was not nearly so well cared for as Boccioli's; in fact it had an unthrifty look, and the house on it was a rundown-appearing place, with a big sort of skylight window on the side.

"You've got a next-door neighbor that don't attend much to his garden," I said to Boccioli, through the young fellow from the tourist office.

Boccioli nodded and smiled, and said something to the young fellow.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He was telling me about his neighbor," he said. "He's a painter."

I was going to say that the outside of his house didn't look like it, when I saw that he was not that kind of a painter; for just at that moment he showed up at the big skylight window with an unframed oil painting in his hand. He was evidently showing it to somebody, and the next moment I saw the fellow he was showing it to. If he'd only kept his face straight I might not have recognized him, but even at that distance there was no mistaking the smile. It was that second-hand storekeeper, D'Ancona, again.

"I guess he ain't a very successful painter," I said.

"He isn't," the young fellow said, translating what Boccioli told him. "He sells to dealers principally." Then Boccioli talked for some minutes and helped himself out with the deaf-and-dumb alphabet on both hands, until I got tired watching him; and I was looking over toward the painter's house when I saw D'Ancona break out of the door and run down the garden path. I guess he just made it, for a moment later I heard the trolley car stop and start again at the end of the lane. At last Boccioli got through, and I asked the young fellow what it was all for.

"He's telling me about the painter," he answered me. "You've probably seen people in a music hall who can give imitations of Henry Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, and half a dozen others?"

"I have," I said.

"Well, this painter does the same thing," the young fellow went on. "He can turn out oil paintings to order in the style of any painter from Botticelli to Raphael, and he can fix up the canvas so that even an expert would be taken in by it."

"That's very interesting," I said; and Boccioli got busy again and went through all the motions of a club-swinging act as he explained something to the young fellow from the tourist office.

"He says that, if you want to," the young fellow translated, "we can go over there and see some of his work and you might pick up a good imitation old master cheap."

(Continued on Page 36)

"Na! It is So Old—the Cord is—That it Has Become Rotten"

Tramp Teachers—By Forrest Crissey

HOW THE KAISER TRAINS HIS FUTURE FARMERS

THE county demonstrator is fast becoming a big figure in American farming. Under the activities of the Office of Farm Demonstration, operated by the United States Department of Agriculture, the itinerant teacher of better farming methods has for years followed the highways of the South and wrought a peaceful revolution in the crop system of the cotton country. In the North, however, the wandering farm teacher is still something of a novelty, and there remain plenty of tillers of the soil who regard him as a new-fangled intruder of doubtful antecedents.

By the old-school farmers he is generously suspected of being a good man at making a fat job for himself—a job compounded of equal parts of college theory and the gift of gab. But the burden of the indictment against the traveling instructor is that he is a novelty and lacks the background of solid and established tradition. In spite of his large profession of democracy, no man in America has a more tenacious respect for tradition than the farmer who is still tilling the land according to the rules by which his grandfather raised crops.

This attitude of the older farmers toward the traveling teacher of agriculture is not a trivial matter in its relation to the immediate future of better farming in America, for the farmers of this class still hold the title deeds to most of the farmlands under cultivation. This fact should never be forgotten by the man who hopes to "do something for the American farmer."

It is well, then, to ask: Has the county demonstrator, the traveling teacher of agriculture, anything behind him in the shape of solid tradition and convincing precedent that the man who clings to old traditions and the established order of things is bound to respect? Have they tried this thing out in any country of the Old World where all things are done thoroughly and where it is a virtue to make haste slowly? Is the traveling teacher of farm methods the rank innovation that he seems, or is he, perchance, an Americanized adaptation of an Old-World institution that has been developed in the practical way that the older nations have of testing methods before giving them the seal of approval?

The traveling teacher of farming is an Old-World institution. Along with many of the most serviceable things used in this country he should bear the trademark, "Made in Germany." He is the product of one of the oldest and most conservative countries of Europe—and one of the most scientific and efficient too!

Not long ago Mr. Edwin G. Cooley returned from two years of investigation in Germany, where he was sent as the Educational Industrial Commissioner of the Commercial Club of Chicago.

"The farm demonstrator," declares Mr. Cooley, "is so new in America that he is good for a first-page story in almost any metropolitan newspaper having a country circulation. In the empire of the Kaiser he is an old story—a tried and tested cog in the great educational machine of a country that leads the world in educational methods."

What German Farm-Boys Study

"HERE a large proportion of our farmers—those who cling to the ancient traditions and the time-honored methods—look upon the county demonstrator as an intruder, an educational interloper, a half-baked and rather expensive experiment. Over there the traveling teacher is an established part of the rural landscape, as firmly rooted and familiar as a field of red cabbages. If you hit the country roads at the right season of the year in Prussia you are as certain to encounter one of these tramping teachers of farming as you are to meet the omnipresent military officer in the town. The *Wanderlehrer* is no experiment there. His status is settled and his value in the great educational scheme of the empire is fixed and permanent. He is there because the farsighted men who worked out that remarkable and marvelously complete educational plan saw that he was needed to discharge an educational function that no other kind of teacher could discharge.

"When the great thinkers of Germany recognized, a few years ago, that their natural material resources were limited and that the greatest resource of the empire lay in the potential skill of its workers, and that this resource must be developed to the highest possible point if Germany was to hold her own in the great competitive struggle of nations, the farming industry came in for just as searching an analysis as any other industry then operating in the Kaiser's domain.

"The lowest unit in the educational system for the German farmer, as it was at first planned, was the winter village school. Later the great minds that were planning this comprehensive scheme of vocational training came up against the fact that fully seventy per cent of the children of Prussian farmers were practically debarred from attending any of the higher agricultural schools and that they could attend the agricultural school in the village only during the winter months, because their labor was essential to the farm from the time the ground was prepared for planting until the harvest was finished. It was then that the creators of the German educational system added another unit to their plan—that of the *Wanderlehrer*.

Class Captain Fitting In a "Rag Baby" Test

"Of all the teachers on earth the *Wanderlehrer* is undoubtedly tightest to his job. In the winter months, in the village school, he lays the foundation of his farm instruction so far as its theory is concerned. But the moment the cropping season starts this school is dissolved, the children go to the fields, and the *Wanderlehrer* 'hits the pike' with a few personal belongings in a bundle on his shoulder. Before following the tramp teacher on his rounds from farm to farm it is well to know the ground that he has been covering with his pupils in the winter season. Here is the course of study followed in almost three hundred winter agricultural schools in Germany:

1. Cultivation of the ground, general field and plant culture, theory of fertilization for special plants.
2. Teaching of the breeding, feeding and handling of domestic animals.
3. Zoölogy and veterinary science.
4. General business instruction.
5. Agricultural chemistry.
6. Physics.
7. Plant culture.
8. Introduction to the forms of business correspondence.
9. Theory of the principles of farm management.
10. Agricultural bookkeeping.
11. German language.
12. Arithmetic.
13. Geometry, surveying and drawing.
14. Fire brigades.

"All of the teachers and a large percentage of the assistants are graduates of the higher educational institutions. Each is really an expert in his agricultural specialty. The farm boy who spends the winter under the kind of drilling to which he is subjected in one of these schools carries back to the farm with him in the spring a grounding in the fundamental theory of agriculture that would undoubtedly do credit to a student in any agricultural high school in America.

"Going to school in Germany is not an indoor pastime or a side line to the business of athletic sports. In these winter schools the work is alive with a fine earnestness, a splendid enthusiasm on the part of both pupil and teacher, and to spend a day in one of these schools is an inspiration to an American teacher. Doing so cannot fail to give him an understanding of the wonderful equipment that the German farmer of the new generation will carry to his work as a food-producer.

"Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have made the boast that the time is soon to come when, if Germany were isolated from the whole world by an impenetrable trade wall, she would be able to meet all the needs of all her people. To come into touch with the spirit of these winter schools and then to follow the *Wanderlehrer* on his pilgrimage from farm to farm through the whole growing season, is to be forced to the conclusion that the Kaiser's declaration is certainly no idle boast. While the equipment of most of these winter schools cannot be described as elaborate, it is certainly ample, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that the real demonstration work is to be done in the fields of the farm homes from which the pupils come."

Object Lessons in the Field

"THE big event on the little German farm is the periodical visit of the *Wanderlehrer*. This tramp teacher is treated with the greatest respect and given every honor that the peasant farmer can bestow. From sunrise until sunset the *Wanderlehrer* is in the field with the boy of the farm home, focusing into actual practice on the soil the theories that have been discussed during the winter in the schoolroom. Incidentally, of course, the father and older brothers crowd about the tramp teacher and absorb the instruction that he is giving to the boy who has been his winter pupil. But for at least once in his life the small boy is the center of the family; and the *Wanderlehrer* never loses sight of the fact that his attentions must be centered upon his pupil.

"Every crop and every animal on the farm passes under the inspection of the *Wanderlehrer*, and in the evening the observations of the day are reviewed and again discussed, and each member of the household is given opportunity to ply the traveling instructor with questions."

But the German farm boy has no monopoly of the benefits of the itinerant teacher who brings education to home and field, where its practical value is bound to be tested in real results; the Prussian farm girl is also visited by a *Wanderlehrerin* in petticoats. According to Mr. Cooley, the skirted traveling teacher of the future housewives of the farm home is fully as important a factor in the scheme of carrying practical education to the home of the farm peasant as is the *Wanderlehrer* in trousers—and perhaps a bit more important! Because the German father is almost invariably a good feeder, and life without its pleasures would from his point of view be a failure, he welcomes this colporteur of the gospel of efficient kitchens and sanctions any teaching of hers that promises to improve his table.

Then, too, thrift is the first commandment among the farmers in the Kaiser's country, and the *Wanderlehrerin* never fails to make a "home run" in holding out to the housewife the promise that the education she is dispensing will yield the fruits of practical economy, give better results at lower cost, and "save a pfennig here and there." So long as the *Wanderlehrerin* in skirts is under the roof of the farm home she is in practical command of the kitchen and of all the home activities that fall to the lot of the average German housewife.

Her teaching is intensely practical. She is as tight to her job as is her brother educator who follows his boy pupils from field to field. All her instruction in the art of cooking is keyed to the demands and conditions of country living. She lays strong emphasis upon the salting, curing, smoking

and cooking of meats of every sort, the handling of milk and the making of cheese and butter. The preserving of vegetables and fruits is another cardinal point in her curriculum. The care of poultry, of pigs and of calves is a standard part of the German housewife's duties, and the *Wanderlehrerin* is an adept in these arts, giving her instruction by example in the feed pens.

Another subject never neglected by this wandering woman missionary of better farm living is the matter of hygiene and sanitation in the farm home. Each *Fräulein* is given simple, practical lessons in the care of the sick, and any unsanitary condition in the home is promptly pointed out to the family. As the woman of the German farm is the official gardener, the subject of garden management is always covered by the visiting teacher. Laundry work and needlework of every sort are carefully taught by these itinerant teachers, with the result that the average girl in the German farm home is a sounder and shrewder judge of fabrics and their value than are most American women who have generous charge accounts at the big metropolitan stores.

This outline of the work done by the German *Wanderlehrer* is too scant to give an adequate idea of its full scope, but it will suggest something of its thoroughness and practicality. It is real farm education reduced to its simplest terms, stripped of every frill and carried to the kitchen and the field, where the boy and the girl will work for years to come—in most cases for the remainder of their natural lives. It is a training that meets conditions as they are and in their own terms, not an effort to force upon the pupil the education that he ought to have if he were to become chancellor of the empire instead of a peasant farmer.

But how does all this hook up with the boy and the girl of the American farm? It doesn't—not at present anyhow. And this is right where the trouble comes in. However, there is a growing conviction among American educators that the time has come for us to learn something about lower education from the Kaiser and his countrymen—especially about the education of the farmers' children. And some keen, progressive school-teachers are feeling their way to practical results in this new field.

Mr. Holden's Study of Corn

FEW educators in America are closer to farm conditions and to the future farmers that are now carrying their lunch pails to the district schools of this country than is Professor P. G. Holden, formerly of the University of Iowa at Ames. He was country-born and has kept close to the farm and the "little red schoolhouse" throughout the whole of his career. He worked his way through the Michigan Agricultural College by teaching in a district school for nine terms; later he was elected county superintendent of schools for his home county, and in all of the more important positions he has since filled he has never lost his intimate touch with the farm home and the children of that home. If any American educator, who has achieved the title of professor, is entitled to be considered the spokesman of the country school that man is undoubtedly Professor Holden. What does he think of the German *Wanderlehrer* system and of its possibilities as an object lesson to America?

"Real education," declares Professor Holden, "is teaching the boy in the terms of his own life. You never really reach him until you do this. There is something in the home environment of every boy that holds the possibility of awakening his sleeping faculties to action—not onething generally, but many. And these things are almost invariably connected with practical work of some sort, usually with the activities of the life going on about him outside of the school. Boys and girls are interested in doing things, not in the abstract speculations with which the textbooks are so largely filled.

Storing Seed Corn Until Results of Tests are Known

"Long before I knew of the wonderful *Wanderlehrer* system by which Germany is developing the boys and girls of her small farms I saw the force of the principle on which that system is founded. In fact my convictions on this subject forced me into becoming an amateur *Wanderlehrer* myself.

"I was then teaching a little district school in Michigan and was about as unsuccessful as the average country school-teacher. A few of my pupils seemed to show an almost human interest in their studies, but with most of them study was merely a matter of going through the motions. When it finally dawned upon me that perhaps this deadly indifference was quite as much the fault of the system, the textbooks and the teacher as the fault of the pupils, I determined to see if I couldn't find out what the boys were really interested in and so meet them on their own ground.

"'Boys,' I said to them, 'about the biggest thing in this country round here is corn. When anything threatens the corn crop you can read it in your father's face. And when a big crop of corn is harvested you begin to count on a fat Christmas and other good things at home. Now it seems to me that we ought to look into anything as important to all our homes as corn and see what we can learn about it. Perhaps we could find something that might help your fathers to get a larger and surer crop. And because common sense teaches us that to get a good crop we must have good seed, let's have a little seed show of our own, right here in school. I'd like to have every boy ask his father to pick out the best ear of corn grown in his field. Then we'll get them all together and talk it over.'

"The instant this proposal was made I saw a new light appear in the face of Dick, the dullest boy in school. He seemed to awaken suddenly. Book lessons were remote and unreal to him, but corn was tangible and interesting. Every boy brought an ear of corn, selected as being the best that the home farm had produced. It was the liveliest day that school-house had ever seen. The dull boy was fairly tingling with interest. I judged those ears as carefully as I ever judged any corn later in life at any national corn show. The grading of each ear was explained in detail and discussed until every boy agreed that the decision was fair. To my great regret the awakened Dick had brought the poorest ear of all, and was more abashed over this failure than he had ever been when he flunked in reading, writing or arithmetic.

"For seventeen years that school had not been visited by a parent or patron excepting on state occasions. But the next morning I had two callers. The first was Dick's father. He bolted in without knocking.

"'Say,' he exclaimed by way of introduction, 'Dick says my ear's the poorest of any. I don't believe it!'

"We laid out all the corn on my desk and I asked Dick to pick out his ear. He did so in a sheepish, shamefaced way.

"'Well,' commented the father, 'it was kind of dark when I picked it out. I know I've got better corn in the crib than that!'

"Then we had a corn talk in which Dick spoke more words than had passed his lips in the classroom before. He had found himself—and, what is more, I had found him and his father too!"

The Education That Counts

"FROM that moment I had the key to the situation. We improvised a very simple corn tester, and the results of the test were awaited with keener interest by every one in the school than had been any examination ever held in that schoolhouse. When the germinating period was finished the boys were given a taste of a new kind of arithmetic—in fact they didn't know that it was arithmetic. First we made a test to compute the percentage of germination, and then figured the loss from poor germination as compared with the tests of the best seed corn in the state. Then we extended this line of figuring to the entire corn crop of the township. The boys were open-mouthed at the results, and every one of them went home and demonstrated to his father how much he was losing on his corn crop every year by the planting of inferior seed. There were corn conferences in every household, and the final result was not only a great stride in the educational work in that school district, but a decided improvement in the corn crop owing to the better selection of seed corn and the testing of nearly all seed used in the district.

"I think the effect of our seed-corn experiment in the classroom was as great upon myself as it was upon Dick, although he was transformed from the dullest boy in the school into one of the most earnest and interested of pupils. As for myself, the disclosures of that experiment amounted to something like a revelation. That experience gave me a jolt that influenced my whole career. Instead of burying myself in books I studied the boys of my district and spent every available hour of my time in their homes or working with them in the fields and barns, finding out in what they were interested. From these researches I framed the work in the classroom and made a consistent attempt to hook up all the lessons with the actual life of the pupils.

"That experience contains the whole philosophy of the German system of carrying the education of the farm boy and the farm girl straight to the field and to the kitchen. In a pedagogical sense it is undoubtedly the soundest system in existence, the most vital and the most practical. Even in the ordinary country school of America a high percentage of the teaching is unrelated to the actual life—the home conditions—of the pupils. Of course there is a reason for all this.

"Probably no person had so great influence in fixing the characteristics of the common-school system as did Horace Mann. When he exerted that influence he saw that the country was short on the kind of education needed to equip men for the professions. Consequently he provided for that need. Instead of readjusting our educational machinery after that need was met, we have kept driving steadily forward in the same direction, until the whole logic

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Looking at the Results of the Tests

DIVETTA AND THE DIAMOND TEETH

By HELEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE moon hung directly over the shoot-the-chutes structure, but the lights of Magic Park were so bright that no one looked at the moon. Thousands of feet scuffed along the paved walks. There was laughter and the noisy cries of vendors of ice-cream cones, wienerwursts with mustard, peanuts, candy, ribboned canes, souvenirs—anything detrimental to stomachs and useless to buyers. The clatter of dishes and a hot nauseous smell of food came from the big restaurant where many recruited themselves. Creakings, yells and tinny music indicated the near presence of a merry-go-round. In the pillared portico of the Arab Theater a stout Irishman of middle age informed his audience that the show was about to commence. He wore a burnoose and a tarboosh and was obviously very warm. Two Nubians from West 53d Street beat upon tom-toms, creating by this simple means an Oriental atmosphere. The crowd moved away to watch some one's grandmother from the old farm climb up a camel for a ride about the Park. The elderly rider screamed and waved a green umbrella, inviting others to try camels too—then most of the sophisticated New York throng knew that she was only playing a Rube part. The free space left before the Arab Theater enabled a flaxen-haired girl in pale-blue linen to reach the orator.

"Hello, poppa," said she. "Is it comin' good?"

Mick Logan urged a hesitant sextette to his ticket seller by crying that Fatima was just starting her dance and, smiling fondly upon his waiting daughter, said that business was great. As she passed side shows and gaudy booths, ballyhoos and concessionaires muted their blatant voices, greeting her with respect. To pedestrians who noticed her she was only a pretty girl, but the professional gentlemen saluted Divetta the Human Fish, and her salary of a thousand dollars a week. Magic Park had advertised:

On each and every evening the great free attraction! Divetta, the Human Fish, will do her stupendous bicycle leap from a 200-foot electric tower into the waters of the lagoon!

People were massed round the lagoon and Divetta began to hurry. Searchlights played on the water, and the spectators were applauding and laughing, which puzzled Divetta, for the lagoon was officially hers until her act was finished. She pushed through a group of girls as one said:

"I just wish I could see one of those dear little seals close up!"

Divetta determinedly pushed her aside, reaching a point whence there was a view of the whole lagoon.

"Am I dreamin'?" she gasped.

A large woman in an astonishingly décolleté yellow gown and a stage makeup, her bare arms languidly waving in time to the music from the bandstand in the Plaza, sat in the center seat of a light skiff. In the stern was a small seal, placidly juggling a cane that was balanced on the end of his nose. The skiff was jerkily drawn by two seals, who swam a few feet, then stopped to bark at the juggling seal. An abrupt turn showed Divetta the face of the woman, a brunette, who smiled graciously in response to the plaudits received by the seals.

"Don't you think you're goin' to git away with this night's work, Ellaine Moore!" thought Divetta. Ned McNoodle's seals helping to the success of Magic Park's other great free attraction! They could not be there unless their owner had put them there. Elmer, the world's most talented seal, would not repose in that boat at the bidding of a stranger, nor juggle at all if he were not in excellent humor, so that it was a friendly arrangement between McNoodle and Ellaine Moore, somewhat ambiguously

A Revolver Cracked and She Rode Off Into Space

billed as "The lady barytone on horseback, with the diamond teeth." Why did she not stay on horseback over on her own platform? Divetta, by a recent agreement, was prevented from asking this of her husband. There had been a clash, resulting in McNoodle's swearing not to interfere if his wife desired to book her tank act with an independent vaudeville company, while she was to cease all comment as to the advertising, booking and general education of the Educated Seals. Each was to leave the other's professional affairs alone. Divetta went airship riding two days later and McNoodle had said nothing, although she knew he disapproved because of the risk. Now she must display equal restraint. In her rich, deep voice the lady barytone commanded:

"Git up, Lorenzo! Hush, Mabel!"

The seals swam faster, and she smiled, her resplendent teeth catching the searchlight. Divetta fled, before rage should induce her to hunt a rock. A tall, fair man—McNoodle—assisted the lyrical equestrienne ashore, and the seals flopped up a runway to the landing stage. Then McNoodle megaphoned that the Educated Seals would appear, in their own theater on the Plaza, at nine-thirty—admission twenty-five and fifty cents. Divetta went to the stuffy dressing room in the electric tower. Jessie, her maid, was laying out violet tights and gold-laced sandals, in which the Human Fish did her bicycle leap. The latter wearily began to disrobe.

"Too hot in here?" asked Jessie. "You're pale." Divetta shook her head.

"Don't you feel good, poor lamb?"

"He—Ned's sent his best seals out on the lagoon with Ellaine Moore! Pluggin' her act along, an' I'm s'posed to sit here like a perfect dope an' bear it. But if I tell my father there'll be doin's, Jessie! Elmer's almost my own seal, for you know I taught him his trombone an' cured his abscess, an' if he's really mad Ned can't soothe him like I can. Yet this is my reward for puttin' my brains into that act! He didn't come to the hotel, you know, an' I s'posed he was with men friends—but he was just about dinin' with her. 'Tain't like I wasn't liberal-minded, for I am, an' I let him drink champagne, though I hate it—it only tastes like your foot's asleep anyway! I let him eat onions, when I think they're vile, an' I better let the old wheel sink tonight 'stead of swimmin' ashore!"

Jessie entreated her charge to remember that the public appreciated her. Together they gloomily climbed the stairs to the cupola of the tower. A faint barking came to Divetta as she stepped upon the platform where two helpers waited with her bicycle. The seals were going in a wheeled tank to their theater. A searchlight was focused on her as she looked down on the Plaza filled with straw-hatted people. She waved a hand and they cheered. She felt a thrill of happiness. The lady barytone on horseback couldn't do an act like this! The two helpers observed her with covert admiration. They would not have changed places with her, and the knowledge gratified her. The machine was ready and she agilely bestrode it. She did not look down again as the white faces below were illumined by the eye-searing light. The band had ceased playing, and all the noises of the Park were stopped until the big free feature was over. Divetta settled herself on the seat, clutched the handlebars, and fixed her gold-sandaled feet on the pedals. A revolver cracked and she rode off into space. Jessie screeched, as always; the helpers bent tensely downward. Splash!

"Hi—hi! Hurray!" yelled Divetta in the water. She was off the bicycle and swimming easily as she towed it to the landing stage. Applause—bows—more cheers—she was done!

"All the time I was droppin' I kep' thinkin' of his treatment, an' it ain't goin' to keep on long," she told Jessie. "The Bug Punchin' Braggs separated only last week, and Vera had the same thing to contend with. A woman can't do a jump like mine an' keep her health if she's got fam'ly worries. Let him beware!"

Mr. Logan had invited his children to sup with him at a beach hotel, and Divetta had intended to wait until the Educated Seals finished their last performance of the night before meeting her father at the Arab Theater. She decided not to call for McNoodle and dismissed Jessie, observing:

"I'm goin' to walk round a little an' try to feel better toward him. Poppa won't be ready for an hour."

She was but a few steps from the tower door when a stocky young fellow, attired in a white-serge suit and a yachting cap, ran from a cigarstand, crying:

"Say, Aggie—wait! It's Tom!"

Divetta warmly shook Tommy Allegretti's hand. And Tommy swept off his white cap in a graceful salute, his black eyes showing his pleasure.

"You dear little kid!" he exclaimed. "I'd rather run into you than anybody in the country! I seen your new act too, an', believe me, it's a knockout. People all round me was ready to faint with suspense—the dames, I mean, not the fellas, of course—an' afterward I heard a guy sayin': 'That McNoodle's the lucky boy, coppin' out a queen like her!'"

"I ain't a queen!" protested Divetta.

"You was always one to me," said the ardent Tommy. "Say, Aggie, tell me—is he good to you?"

Divetta blushed and Tommy looked troubled.

"Mr. McNoodle treats me all right," she said and sighed.

"If I'd been a guy with a big salary he'd never 'a' got you in the first place, but an acrobat gits just so far an' sticks—unless he kin git an act wrote that's got comedy stuff in it—an' what could I do but stand back? Neglects you, does he?"

"No, 'tain't that—let's drop a painful subject," said Divetta, unconsciously convincing her old-time suitor that she had been made to suffer extreme cruelty but bore it with beautiful resignation. He looked thoughtfully at his fist that had slowly doubled. Divetta was walking with her head down, thinking that Tommy should not wear black socks with white-canvas shoes. Ought she gently to

suggest white socks? But men resented criticism. She sighed again, remembering the day that she had loudly objected to McNoodle's going forth in a green suit and a red tie. He wore the combination for a week, and ate onions too—just proving that no one could boss him! Oh, how irritating they were! At her third sigh Tommy said:

"Aggie! Forgit that we was as good as engaged once, an' regard me like a brother. When did it start?"

"Time don't count," said Divetta. "Charles and Birdie Terry got on grand for ten years, an' in one terrible day he showed his real character an' said his other wife had it on Birdie four ways from the jack. That night they quit an' ain't spoke since."

"Women got it hard," said Tommy. "An' as for that guy McNoodle, he win an angel an' he ain't hep to it."

No lady can remain entirely unaffected by reiterated declarations that she is a queen and an angel, neglected and unappreciated. Divetta assumed the tragic look that belonged to such a part, and made a hasty summary of the past two years. She had many just complaints. Mr. Logan without permission had taken an educated seal to a gay affair given by his lodge, and McNoodle called his amiable father-in-law an officious old buttinsky—and Divetta had been silent! He referred to this very Tommy as a sentimental fool whose eyes were too soft and black for him to ever succeed—merely because Tommy threatened to drown himself when she wedded McNoodle. He disliked her press agent and she hired another—not half as good! Her supine acceptance of McNoodle's authority had been repaid by the loan of his seals to a lady barytone, a compliment never paid the Human Fish!

"I make my own money an' he don't gimme a single thing 'cept presents," she said, basking in Tommy's sympathetic glances.

"That's divorce grounds, right there," said Tommy hopefully. "Say, who works there?"

An elevated stand was shrouded with black curtains. A hidden orchestra was playing, and ere Divetta could reply Tommy was staring at the suddenly revealed figure of Ellaine Moore in a superb pose on her white horse. Red fire burned about the motionless steed's hoofs, while the lady barytone, her teeth agleam, sang ragtime for the multitude. Tommy was impressed and he said:

"You got to give credit to a woman who thinks up an act like that! Great stuff!"

"All she does is sit on a wore-out circus horse!"

"Ah, but the whole gag is worked up so intelligent, Aggie!" said Tommy. "Hear 'em clap?"

"S'long as she's such a wonder, stay here an' watch her!" rasped Divetta, and she shot away from her astonished champion. Tommy followed, but was impeded by irritable persons who asked who he was a-shoving. Divetta sped on, with the lady barytone's song in her ears. Ned was right about Tommy—he was a sentimental fool!

Mr. Logan hastened from his stand between the tom-tomists as his daughter appeared, and she was pleased at the care he had taken with his toilet. His regular orating costume was replaced by a suit of small check, pink silk shirt, straw hat of youthful design and gray silk gloves, with a little cane to flip at mosquitoes. His black mustache was elegantly curled, and a barberish odor was evidence of recent shaving.

"My dear, an important matter'll keep me from takin' you tonight. It's sumpin' I can't put off, you see," said he.

"Why can't I go too?" asked Divetta.

Mr. Logan said it was impossible. He had told McNoodle to notify her, and no one had been able to locate her. One of the paternal Arabs should guard her to her hotel entrance.

"No, he won't!" said Divetta pettishly. "You mean, hateful thing, Mick Logan! I had a lot to tell you, but now I'll never tell you, if that's all you think of me!"

With as much of a flounce as a yard-wide skirt allowed, she departed. At the Park gate Nevins, the manager, was standing, and he hurried to intercept her.

"I was just figuring on a clambake at Crab Cove, and you'll have to come or I'll call it all off! Day after tomorrow—start from the gate here, and all the guests bring is their appetites and bathing suits."

"Who's goin'?" inquired Divetta. She liked any sort of fun.

"A fine little crowd—your father, for one. He suggested it, as he said you hadn't been to a shore dinner this year and he thought you should have an outing."

Divetta felt remorseful. The dear man had been planning this for her, and she had snapped at him. She warmly accepted, and Nevins summoned the taxicab that awaited victims outside the gate and drove with Divetta to Ocean Hotel. On the way she found that he was the brother-in-law of McNulty, the High Diver, who had put Divetta into the business. That made Fanny McNulty the sister of Nevins, and Fanny and Divetta were in Bancroft's Broadway Blondes together before Fanny went out with her present act—Princess Goolah and her snakes. Nevins declared it certainly was a small world! They sought a table in the restaurant and enjoyed a confidential talk.

"If I were Mac I'd be on the job, bringing you home every night," observed Nevins.

"A woman's daffy for gittin' married. Beforehand they're lovely," said Divetta.

"I guess that doesn't go in his case though."

Divetta ordered broiled bones, ice cream and salad before she said

"I'm glad Fanny leads a happy life anyway. That's some comfort!"

"Are you having trouble too, little girl?" cried Billy Nevins. "I've had my share! I married beneath me, you see. She'd never known the difference between foreign and domestic wine until I cultivated her so she could be fit to meet my circle!"

"With one ignorant an' the other cultured there can't be true affinity," said Divetta. "Ned's smart enough, but he's done things that ain't to be forgave."

"Don't you think all men are the same because one fell down!" said Nevins, moving his chair closer. "Oh, why couldn't I have met you before he did!"

Divetta looked at him with such large, pathetic blue eyes that he forgot the waiter and exclaimed:

"You're being a martyr for a fellow who ain't worth it! But here's one that'd stick to the end of time—and it's not too late either. There's a lot of states that the residence is only six months in still, and ——"

The waiter noisily moved a chair, and Nevins discovered all eight of the Cycling Scoots taking an adjacent table. Flushing, he concluded his sentence in a whisper, and then, flustered by old Mrs. Scoot's severe and interrogatory gaze, he asked her troupe to the clambake. Mrs. Scoot was the real head of her family, and when she formally accepted the other Scoots rejoiced.

"I seen your paw an' Ellaine Moore eatin' supper in Anderson's after we got through our turn, Aggie," said Mrs. Scoot. "Sure? Of course I'm sure! He was holdin' her hand across the table. I trust Mick ain't figgerin' on marryin' a woman her age. He'll regret it."

Divetta's heart grew hot against all men except Nevins. He would not have deceived her, like Michael Logan, nor slighted her for a lady barytone, as her husband had done. And he wouldn't leap from vowing fealty to her into praise of an odious woman, as Tommy had. One could tell from his passionate brown eyes that he meant what he said. He was an earnest, dependable type of man, and if McNoodle went too far —— But the future must take care of itself. She had one true friend.

"Well, sir, I dunno when I sweat like at tonight's show," said Mrs. Scoot frankly. "But ridin' round that stage with the hull mob on my shoulders is no cinch. An' I eat hearty summer an' winter, of course. Did you read where the girls burned another lord out?"

"I'll go in before she gits to arguin' on suffrage, as she's a militant an' I ain't," whispered Divetta, and Nevins bade her farewell, allowing his eyes to do his talking.

"He's a silly whippersnapper," remarked Mrs. Scoot as he left. "Makes his hand limp when he shakes with you. I always grip them kind till I see 'em flinch."

All the Scoots laughed, and Divetta indignantly declined to remain longer in their company, if Nevins was to be derided. When she entered her sitting room McNoodle was there, reading evening papers.

"I saw you and Nevins, but I thought it might be professional business, so I came on up here," said he, by this strategical utterance reminding Divetta of her agreement.

"I saw you tonight on the landin' stage," she said.

"It's been settled that we don't discuss those matters," said McNoodle. "Open your mouth a second, will you?"

"What for?"

He claimed to have an excellent reason and Divetta reluctantly displayed her rows of small white teeth.

"If you had a few diamonds set in them it'd be a great ad for you an' improve your looks fifty per cent. Wouldn't hurt much, an' a party I know would take you where this party went to get it done," he explained.

"My looks suit the public—an' others as well, if they don't you!"

"I tell you for your own benefit," he retorted, aggrieved.

"Do I comment on your seals?"

He did not answer, and Divetta retired to the bedroom, glowering upon the moonlit ocean. Two persons slowly rambled up and down the boardwalk. They were singing, and their voices were distinct above the sound of waves tamely striking the breakwater. Under an arclight they paused, and Divetta recognized them with a pang.

"It's her an' poppa! Is she even goin' to p'rade my fam'ly under my very nose?"

She was in bed when McNoodle said from the door:

"I was figuring the cost, and five hundred ought to do it."

Divetta pulled the spread over her flaxen head, and thought intently of the clambake and Billy Nevins. But she heard McNoodle saying:

"Diamond teeth make a beautiful woman more so."

The big sightseeing automobile could have

"I Want You to Nod Answers—Is the Pain in Your Stummick?"

held two more. Mrs. Scoot shouted that there was room beside herself and Mr. Logan. Those Four Singing Widows—a quartette of handsome girls, "resting" after an arduous vaudeville season—giggled and yanked at McNoodle's arm when he said that, owing to lack of space, he was taking Miss Moore in the jaunty red racer that was snorting by the popcorn-stand just beyond the Park gates. A soprano Widow audibly observed that Mac's poor deluded wife was worth two of that brazen barytone.

"Moore's got no more technic than a goat," said a contralto Widow. "She was a pitiful laugh when she was tryin' to make records the day we made ours—she's only on the sixty-cent ones."

Daisy Duffy, the Different Dancer, said she hoped they would tip over. Professor McSnackle, of the Dog and Monkey Circus, sat beside Divetta, and had been quite engrossed in her until the lady barytone began to flash her diamond teeth. Essie and Gene Gammon, refined comedy entertainers, filled the rest of that seat. A selection of younger Scoots, Babcock the ventriloquist, Multiplo the Lightning Calculator, and Mrs. Multiplo, and others of lesser prominence were on board. Divetta had come to the gates alone and snubbed Tommy Allegretti. Then she waited for Nevins to rush up and get her a seat. In her handbag was a note, which said that since they had talked in the moonlight the muted hum of harps had been in his heart and he was counting the minutes. But it was old Mr. Scoot who helped her to a place by Essie Gammon, and she did not see Nevins until he commenced to argue with McNoodle.

"But I got this up just for you, Miss Moore!" said Nevins. The lady barytone showed her diamond teeth in a provocative smile, half of which went to McNoodle. Even McSnackle and Gene Gammon got a corner of it, for she was an experienced smiler.

Mr. Logan, unshamed by the hisses of Mrs. Scoot, yelled at the group on the sidewalk, begging that room be made for him in the red racer. Divetta's flush increased, but she sat immovable while the Professor jumped down. Gene Gammon stepped on her feet in his eagerness to follow the Professor. Soon all the male guests, except old Mr. Scoot and his very youngest son—aged five—were clustered about Ellaine Moore.

Beneath her white hat surmounted by crimson plumes her black eyes snapped and her jeweled teeth sparkled. She wore a gown of crimson silk, trailing it carelessly. Silk stockings that matched her gown were displayed as she finally climbed into the racer.

Divetta disdained to regard or address the man who got in beside her. From the pavement Nevins was asking if there wasn't room beside Mrs. McNoodle, and Divetta's face became redder than the lady barytone's costume. She gave Nevins a shriveling stare as she said curtly:

"Mrs. McNoodle prefers sittin' by herself, I thank you!"

"I ain't done anything to you, have I, Aggie?" she heard, and there was Tommy Allegretti instead of Professor McSnackle, his eyes sympathetic, his manner one of loving respect.

"Why'n't you chasin' after her an' her teeth too?" she snapped, and Tommy answered: "An' you along?" Divetta rearranged her ideas regarding his sex. After a silence he said:

"I been told he had the whole seven seals out round her boat yesterday, an' took her to three meals in a row—an' never met her till the day before that! They're talkin' about it in town at the Vaudevillians' Club, an' many a rap was sent in against him."

"I'm obliged to the boys," said Divetta shakily. "She ain't content with bustin' my home. She's got poppa on a string as well, an' Essie Gammon's just cried herself sick since they opened Monday. She's a vampire!"

"That guy Nevins is makin' a sucker of himself," said Tommy.

"Oh, him! Mr. Nevins' forbears was only producin' clowns, an' it comes out in him," said Divetta.

When the automobile stopped at Crab Cove's smooth beach Tommy helped Divetta out, then darted to aid Mrs. Scoot. She was too nimble really to require his arm, but his efforts caused slighted wives to commend him highly; and Mrs. Scoot, being of an age and reputation that would permit such relaxation without creating gossip, kissed him, fervently wishing that more were like him. Ellaine Moore had daintily descended from the red racer, and all the other ladies exclaimed at the amount of stocking revealed by the lady barytone.

"Minx! Scandalous! An' look at that bunch of contemptible sheep hangin' on her lightest word!" said Mrs. Scoot.

"They must 'a' just brought us for contrast," sneered Daisy Duffy. Mrs. Multiplo said she wanted to go home. Nevins, quite ignoring Divetta, shouted that every one must have a jolly time—and please get a glass of something for Miss Moore! The man in charge of the bake replied that the gentleman in the red racer had buried the bottles.

"Yes, to keep 'em cool, Bill," said McNoodle. "Miss Moore said she hated warm wine. See all those humps down there in the sand? Better let 'em stay a bit."

The bake was nearly ready. Tommy was the only cavalier available to the ladies who had surrounded Divetta, voicing their opinion of the outing in plain language. He escorted them all to the green-corn kettle, and explained how the clams, lobsters and bluefish were baked in pits. The smell of coffee and frying soft-shelled crabs smote the nostrils pleasantly. There were watermelons, fine ripe Long Island melons that cracked apart under the knife, making the listener thirst for their delicious contents. The Park's press agent, lamenting the absence of what he termed the "get-together spirit," proposed that every one change to bathing suits—then they could have races on the sand. There was a bathhouse, and the ladies retired to their allotted rooms. Mrs. Scoot, Divetta and the lady barytone were together. Mrs. Scoot maintaining an air of aloofness, and Divetta saying nothing as she hurried into her blue-satin bathing dress and cap, the lady barytone remarked:

"Dearie, don't get mad if I say you got a sweet husband, will you? He's the cutest thing! So thoughtful!"

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Mrs. Scoot morosely.

"I know, but he's a grand character! I'm afraid this little girl doesn't quite appreciate him."

"I dunno as him bestowin' his seals on you free gratis needs much appreciatin'," said Divetta. "Also I been told you hit Elmer with a parasol, an' I warn you right now not to do it again! His nature won't stand hittin', an' he ain't used to strangers. It's—it's an outrage!"

"If Scoot followed Mac's tricks I'd shoot him like I would a snake, so let her ladyship put that in her pipe an' smoke it instead of her gilt-tipped cig'rettes," said Mrs. Scoot, trembling. "Come, darlin', let's git outside."

The lady barytone's reply to the joint attack was a peal of laughter, and they left her winding red ribbons about her shapely ankles.

"Oh, I'm goin' home! I'd rather go, Tommy!" said Divetta miserably, and Mrs. Scoot glared at Ellaine Moore, now issuing from the bathhouse, brilliant as a poppy in her red attire. Several gentlemen had been chatting lightly with Those Four Singing Widows, whose suits were black-and-white striped. The press agent, a kind young fellow, tried to hold the gentlemen with an intricate story, but they formed a compact square about the lady barytone and marched away to see the clam pits, McNoodle and Billy Nevins on either side, Mr. Logan and Mr. Scoot ahead.

Then Mrs. Scoot proved that she was but a woman and weak, for she burst into piteous sobbing, declaring that not in thirty years had any one come between the Cycling Scoots until today! Tommy Allegretti ran to the row of humps on the beach, dug with a stick, then shouted:

"Say, there ain't no fizz buried here, only shells!"

"I feel like if I don't git some stimulant I can't keep up," said Divetta.

"She'll suffer for this, Agatha love," cried a Widow. Mrs. Scoot controlled herself creditably and led a search for the bottles. The cooks went also, pointing out the spot where McNoodle had supposedly buried them.

"If You Had a Few Diamonds Set in Them It'd Be a Great Aid for You"

"No, farther this way—I'll find 'em!" he yelled. Ellaine Moore helped him dig and the infatuated Nevins helped her. Mr. Scoot got a shovel and collided with his spouse, who ignored him. McNoodle excitedly declared that some one had stolen the bottles. Every hump was investigated, until a collection of soggy shoes, clothing, pieces of wood and tin cans, with a million sand fleas, was exhumed.

"Do you know what?" cried the lady barytone.

"No! what?" asked her discouraged slaves. The other women shrugged shoulders and curled lips.

"The tide's come in, of course!"

"But when I hollered at that cook he said 'Going out!'" said McNoodle.

"Naw—in," asserted the cook, grinning. "Guess you folks won't have that licker today, sir."

McNoodle received the angry glances of the entire party. With sighs of exasperation they refused to listen to the press agent's suggestions of sack and potato races.

"A person gits all expectant of feelin' a little livelier, an' then certain other persons kill it," said Mr. Logan, and violent nods met his speech.

Of course they could eat, and Nevins commanded instant service of the food. With some confusion they sat in a circle in the sand, such male guests as were out of range craning forward to gaze at Ellaine Moore, while those closest fed her with whatever she expressed a wish for. Nevins recklessly scooped the hearts from melons. McNoodle and Professor McSnackle won the privilege of dipping their clams into the same bowl of melted butter that she used. Messieurs Logan and Scoot rushed to the corn kettle, personally selecting the best ears, which they proffered with courtly gestures.

"I think clambakes are perfectly darling!" Ellaine Moore said as she bit into an ear of corn, her eyes coquetting with Mr. Logan.

Suddenly McNoodle jumped up and ran to the edge of the water.

"Bottles!" he roared. Carrying sections of watermelon, corn, ends of French bread or cups, they joined him. One of the lost bottles had arrived on the crest of a wave. Mrs. Scoot captured another. A Widow found two, and Tommy, dashing into a comber, came forth bearing three. Ellaine Moore, laughing so that every diamond scintillated, waved her ear of corn, taking bites occasionally. Some one bellowed a warning. McNoodle yanked her from an onrushing wave, part of which struck them, knocking both down. Scrambling up he pulled her with him, inquiring:

"Didn't hurt you—eh? Why, what is it, Miss Moore? Tell me! You didn't hit your head? Don't keep me in suspense!"

Ellaine Moore broke from him, diving after the receding wave. She fell again, felt wildly in the sand as she lay prostrate, struggled back as another great wall of water surged in, then held one hand to her mouth and gurgled queerly.

"She's sick—got a bad clam maybe! Where's your pain, dear girl?" cried Nevins, supporting her with his manly arm. Mr. Logan shouldered through the puzzled spectators and theatrically broke the neck of one bottle on the base of another.

"This'll bring her to!" he said. "Here, dear, drink!"

Multiplo snatched a bottle from Tommy and brought her tribute in a cup. But she would not part her lips, and when Mr. Scoot said they must be forced open she fought her saviors off, gurgling, breathing raucously and wrapping her arms about her head.

"Ain't you skirts got no compassion on her?" demanded Mr. Scoot. "You see plain us guys are buffaloed! I think it's a fit of some sort."

The lady barytone sank to the sand, moaning.

"She's took a cramp," said Essie Gammon, advancing. "Now, then, Miss Moore, I want you to nod answers—is the pain in your stummick?"

With an agonized face the ailing beauty shook an emphatic negative. She escaped from her distraught admirers, crawling a couple of feet and clawing the sand.

"It must ache her sumpin' fierce," said Gene Gammon. "Are we goin' to stand here like simps an' not aid that lovely, sufferin' girl?"

Essie Gammon instantly withdrew, replying tartly:

"Well, I won't do nothin'! I think she's stallin' anyway, for a real sick party couldn't be that active."

Mrs. Scoot and Divetta had stood watching the lady barytone. Those Four Singing Widows had not moved one of their slim white fingers in her behalf. Mrs. Multiplo's manner kept the Calculator from offering his services.

"We'll pack her to the bathhouse an' make up a bed," said Mr. Logan, stooping to raise the patient. Nevins and McNoodle each got her by an arm, but she resisted. Tears streamed from her dark eyes, her hands were clasped.

"Aggie, you can't see an animal in pain, an' you let a sweet girl remain in agony. Have some womanly sympathy!" begged McNoodle.

"I'd give him one good slap!" exclaimed Daisy Duffy.

"I raised her to think about others, but she ain't behavin' like it." Mr. Logan scowled at his daughter.

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Finding Somebody to Sell To

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY HY. J. WATSON

AT THE head of the experimental department of a large Eastern company is an engineer who passes upon the merit of every contrivance submitted by outside inventors. Many of these devices are ingenious and well worked up, but not one in five hundred fits into the company's scheme of technical development. This engineer says an inventor is practically of no use to the company until you give him something definite to invent.

It is pretty much the same with salesmen. Given a man who can sell goods, he must be provided with something to sell and usually shown somebody to sell it to.

Thousands upon thousands of salesmen just cover territory. They visit the prospective customers they are told to visit, arrive on the day they were told to call, and in many cases say just about what they were told to say. Selling is done chiefly to the known purchasers and against keen competition. Salesmen fairly step on one another's heels as they hurry to the door of the obvious prospect. Hardly one salesman in a hundred has the fine element of selling sense that leads him to look into new places for new customers, find fresh possibilities in his goods by new applications of the line to old customers, and organize a personal information service that will bring him selling tips.

Such planning is left to the sales manager. It is part of his job. It was that faculty that made him sales manager very likely. And yet, as he must necessarily sit in his office much of the time and plan at a distance, and upon second-hand information, it is only natural that possibilities should be overlooked. So every salesman who can cut out his own work and cut out work for others is a prime acquisition to the selling force.

A new recruit was added to the sales crew of a telephone company. Among its twenty-odd men almost anybody could have beaten him at straight selling, for his technical knowledge of the business was slender and he lacked experience. Yet, before he had been working six months, he was securing more new subscribers than any of the others.

A Clearing-House For New Business

THIS recruit liked politics and was party leader in his precinct. He knew how to organize the people round him for a given purpose, and his success as a canvasser was due to the fact that he got together a personal-information service which brought him news about new prospects. This service was a mutual arrangement between himself, a grocery clerk, an electric-light canvasser, a sign painter, a newspaper advertising solicitor and a coal dealer.

Among them all they were certain to hear about everybody who moved in or out of a good residence district, and also to know about every new business established in the mercantile or factory sections. When the grocery clerk found a new family on his route he turned in the name and address, so that the telephone man, the coal dealer and electric-light canvasser could call.

When the telephone man ran across a merchant just opening up for business he told the sign painter, advertising solicitor, and so on. Names and addresses went through an informal clearing-house, and the service cost nothing but the work of keeping it going.

When a salesman has this instinct for seeing potential customers off the beaten track, everything that comes his way may be productive of live selling tips.

House rentals and real-estate transfers offer fresh studies every morning to the men who sell telephone, gas and electric service, food, fuel, ice, newspaper subscriptions, furniture, hardware, wall paper, and all the odds and ends of housekeeping.

The neighborhood, the rent and other outward indications give a correct gauge of purchasing ability; and the real-estate agent, the moving-van driver, the milkman, mail carrier, and others, have the latest news about every one who is moving to another flat, building a house, extending an old business or starting a new one.

Even the parson can be utilized as a good scout and appreciates fresh information himself if he is a live organizer. With a well-laid service for gathering such tips, there is enough information each morning to keep a salesforce busy; and the man who assigns the day's work to a crew of salesmen can often indicate what is to be offered to each prospect, and what arguments to put forward in presenting it.

There seems to be no limit to the chances for ingenuity in selecting such sources of information. One salesman will be content to take the names his boss hands him every morning and work upon them, never asking himself how they were obtained. Another may have the enterprise to get names on his own account from the more obvious sources, such as real-estate transfer lists in the morning paper, and from a few real-estate agents whose acquaintance he cultivates.

The man with the true instinct for choice sales tips will go much further than this. He is interested in the families that are moderately well off, perhaps, and wants to know about their comings and goings irrespective of whether they are moving to another house or buying a home; so he lays his lines among the safe-deposit companies, the cold-storage concerns that take care of furs in summer, the jewelers who take care of silverware, and so on. Thus he not only gets early news of likely prospects but it is usually exclusive news and they are picked prospects. With business changes, there is the same opportunity to cultivate choice information sources.

One salesman is content to watch the To Rent signs along a few streets, while another will go to the city, county and state records to see who are incorporating, forming partnerships, increasing capital, taking out licenses, and the like. These formalities always point to fresh demand; and, with early information, it is often possible to sell goods before competitors are aware that the business concerns are in the market.

This instinct for information makes the salesman a close reader of newspapers and trade journals, with a partiality for the fine print paragraphs on the back pages; for he knows that live prospects are there. It is simply a matter of seeing the connection between his goods and them. He also knows that the news columns from day to day bring intelligence of happenings that change the whole attitude of people he has been visiting with indifferent results.

In the office section of a large city, for example, a safe salesman systematically worked six blocks in a most thorough way, spending several weeks at it. He sold some safes, but found interest lukewarm. Business men seemed to be confident that nothing would happen to their records, and spoke about the modern character of the buildings they occupied, the promptness of the fire department, and so on. It did little good to show them powdered cement sifting from the doors of antiquated strongboxes, and explain that this pointed to cavities in the fireproof lining that would inevitably radiate heat through the walls and set fire to the contents. They said the old safe had protected their books for a good many years now, guessed it would answer a few years more, and suggested that the salesman took too gloomy a view of this fancied danger.

Finding Money in the News

ONE morning, going in on the train, he saw in his newspaper that there had been a costly fire the night before right in the center of that section. Before noon he was at work there; and, with information as to whose safes had stood the heat and whose had failed under the fire test, he found plenty of interested prospects. This territory was productive of sales for more than a month afterward, while the memory of the fire was fresh; and his systematic work before the fire gave him marked advantages over competitors.

A very slight news item may run into mighty big things, provided it is acted upon quickly and intelligently.

In selling telephone, electric, gas and similar service the salesman who keeps track of what is going on will see fine possibilities looming up several years ahead. Any order-taker may be sent through a new office building to canvass the tenants as they are moving in, but the man with a constructive eye on the future will be selling service in such a building while the owner and the architect are still discussing the plans. For if service is presented in a broad way, building plans may be altered, providing pipes, conduits and wire systems of such capacity that tenants will use several times the service that would have sufficed under other conditions.

For example, the owner of the building knows that electric light will be needed, and provides wires and fixtures; but good saleswork on the part of a central-station man may show him that sufficient wall outlets to run electric fans, small motors for office machinery, and so on, will prove attractive to tenants and help fill the building. The owner knows that gas-jets must be put into the fireproof stairways to comply with the law, but it may need the gas salesman to convince him of the convenience of gas supply in every office.

Some years ago, while the plans for a big railroad station were being laid out, a telephone salesman, early on the job, learned that only a small space had been set aside in one corner for public telephone booths. It was an out-of-the-way corner and the space was to be divided with a florist. For several months the salesman worked on the railroad people and the architect, bringing facts to prove that telephone facilities should be one of the principal conveniences

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THE SMUDGE SINISTER

In Which a Good American Sheds His Coat

"That Sort of Thing Shouldn't Matter to Good Americans. We Stand or Fall by What We Are"

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

A CASUAL stranger would hardly associate the North Shore with blue mold or rust, rot or cankering worm—or any other form of antiquity. Its surface splendor of architecture; the brilliance of its doorknobs and beveled-glass entrances; the cleanness of its vitrified brick; the freshness of its paint; the trimness of its lawns and geometrical propriety of its flower beds give no hint of the truth that it is founded on the ashes and tin cans of the buried past. It seems wholly of today. Its atmosphere is seven-tenths lake breeze and three-tenths gasoline, and its inhabitants quite generally show the effect of this fusion, being addicted to Fifth Avenue modes and the most up-to-date household appointments.

One would say that the birds of last year's nests and the snows of yesteryear had no interest for them. Yet, as beneath the emerald sod and cement walks of the shore lie the kitchen-middens of bygone generations, so deep in the hearts of a large circle of Mr. Henry Drivington Coomber's acquaintances was respectful recognition, if not awed admiration, of that gentleman's family.

Blood, without any reference to its utilitarian value in the traditional sugar-refining and buttonmaking industries—just blood—they found themselves unable, as they admitted, to get away from; they had claims to blood themselves, though hardly in the Coomber degree.

You knew the minute you looked at Mr. Henry Drivington Coomber that good blood was in his veins. Mrs. Barking-Wheeler said there was a "*jenner say quor*" about Mr. Coomber, and no doubt there was; but there were also positive and visible evidences of Mr. Coomber's gentility—to wit: his perfectly modeled nose; his lofty brow crowned with silky gray hair; his firm, aristocratic mouth, and the little droop of his slim figure that seemed to be the transmitted effect of centuries of kindly condescension.

Yet nobody could say that Mr. Coomber had a condescending manner or that he was anything but unassuming. "Assured" was the word—"serenely assured." He was nearsighted and wore eyeglasses—plain steel-rimmed ones, attached to his person by a narrow ribbon of black watered silk. A plain, but massive, old seal ring, appropriately enough of bloodstone, was his only adornment in the way of jewelry. Oh, you couldn't mistake him!

He was a banker—the aristocratic occupation in a democratic land, surely. He was proud to call himself an American and admitted himself a Chicagoan without visible embarrassment. He read the Atlantic Monthly regularly, but made concession to a more popular literary taste, as the magazine table in his library showed. He smoked cigars in moderation and was a connoisseur of claret. He was beautifully courteous and a most indulgent parent to Emmeline; but William Skinner jarred on him, just simply jarred on him!

"He doesn't jar on me!" observed Emmeline.

Emmeline resembled her father in some ways. There was a *jenner say quor* about her, too, and it was this baffling quality that had made trouble for William Skinner; for, as William reasoned, there are plenty of girls that are lookers and plenty that are right there with the gray matter. The North Shore swarms with peaches who can wear clothes, and who can send 'em right back at you as swift as you put 'em over. Surest thing you know!

No; it wasn't because of Emmeline's beauty or her grace, or her wit or wisdom—or even her foolishness—that William's apportioned seven hours of slumber were broken into, and that he had strange lapses into golden reverie when he should have been attending strictly and solely to business. It was the *jenner say quor*—the way she had of smiling, or frowning, of lifting a hand to adjust a hairpin, of dimpling at odd times—of doing any old thing, as William put it.

"That's what knocks!" said William Skinner.

Henry Drivington Coomber himself was conscious of this elusive and indefinable something as Emmeline sat on the arm of his chair, one finely tapering silk-stockinged ankle dangling, and both slender hands engaged in winding the watered ribbon of his eyeglasses round his right ear. If anybody else had done this he would have been distinctly annoyed. It being Emmeline, he found it decidedly pleasant.

"He doesn't jar on me!" declared Emmeline, and gave the ribbon a little twitch.

"I feel rather disappointed," said her father. "I had hoped for sympathy from you, at least; but if you like ——"

"I didn't say I liked him."

"You couldn't," decided Mr. Coomber confidently.

"I don't know about that either," mused Emmeline.

"You are too much my daughter," reasoned Mr. Coomber. "He's common and coarse, blatant and—and I might say bullying. You can see that he's not a young man of any family."

"He told me he had eleven brothers and sisters," observed Emmeline demurely. "That's some family as families go nowadays, daddy."

"You know what I mean," said her daddy, with a note of irritation in his voice. "Now, by way of contrast, there's Jackson Satterlee."

"I think Jackson is lovely," agreed Emmeline. "He certainly is a marked contrast to Mr. William Skinner."

"Naturally! A good old Maryland family. Traditions of race, *noblesse oblige*, and all that sort of thing. Naturally! Look at Skinner. The name's enough! Originating in some knacker's yard. What could you expect?"

"Didn't Grandfather Coomber have something to do with hides?" inquired Emmeline innocently.

"Among other merchandise—yes," admitted Mr. Coomber. "A shipowner deals in many commodities, my dear. He may have had something to do with rum and tobacco. Some of the best families of New England were engaged in those branches of trade—the Van Bruntslears and the Drivingtons—both connections of ours, you know. Still, I remember mother never liked the idea of hides."

"She was one of the original belles of New York, wasn't she, daddy?"

"She was a beautiful woman," said Mr. Coomber softly. He seemed lost in thought for a moment or two, and then sighed. "Her social position in New York was high, naturally—a Virginia Darlington, you know; and father was counted rich for those days—to say nothing of his family. The Coombers were a Virginia family, too, you remember. Great-grandfather Coomber—your great-great-grandfather, my dear—was the founder of the New England branch."

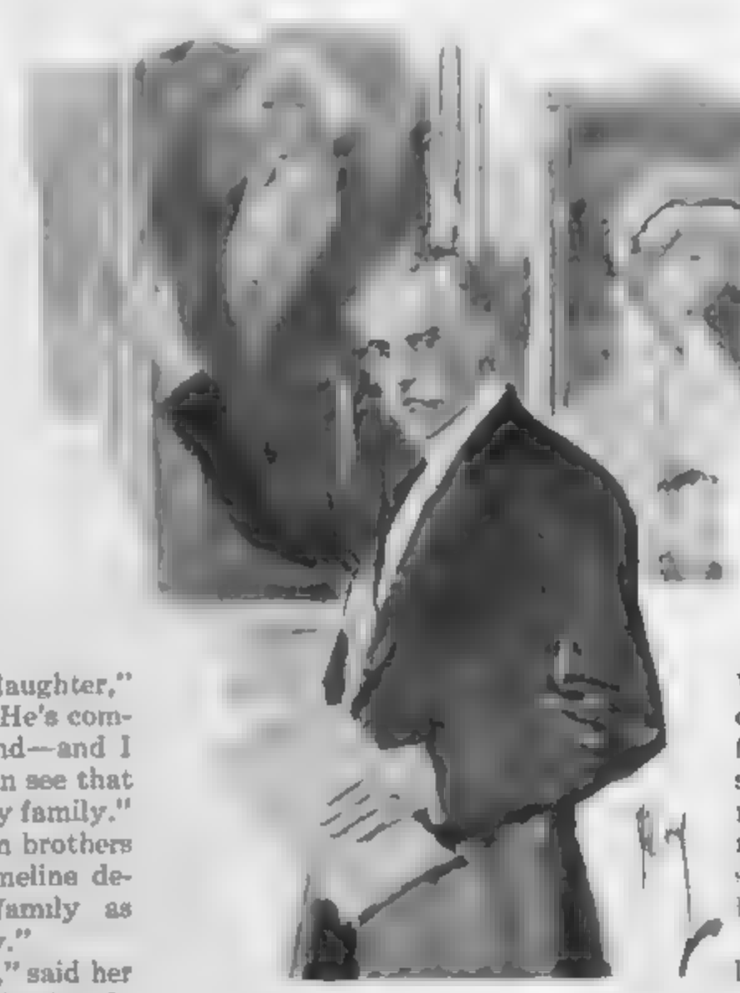
"I know," said Emmeline. "You told me." She might have added: "a few hundred times." She was tempted to occasionally; but she was a good daughter and she had her share of family pride too.

"Of course all that sort of thing shouldn't matter to good Americans," continued Mr. Coomber, with a deprecating smile. "We are what we are, and by what we are we stand or fall. 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp!' as Burns observed—or was it Pope? Well, it doesn't matter. Still the consciousness that one is descended from people gently bred, people of station, honored and respected, eminent above the herd—well, you know it's gratifying. In a sense it's an inspiration. It's not a thing to parade, but ——"

A maid rapped softly on the door lintel.

"Mr. Skinner, Miss Emmeline," she announced.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Emmeline.



Mr. Coomber's Guests Had Inspected the Pictures

She patted her hair behind in the way that was her own, smoothed her waist in an equally characteristic manner, and smiled at her father, showing her peculiar dimple.

"Don't encourage him to stay!" suggested Mr. Coomber.

Emmeline nodded and was gone. Mr. Coomber got up and walked over to the portrait of a gentleman in a

full-bottomed wig that hung over the chaste Colonial mantelpiece a smoky and cracked presentment, stiffly handled and crudely colored; but, of course, Colonial portraiture had few distinguished exponents, as Mr. Coomber often remarked. Merely valuable for its associations—Judge Beverly Coomber, of Coomber, you know.

"Yes, old fellow," said Mr. Coomber, addressing the portrait; "it is gratifying, isn't it? You thought so, didn't you?"

He turned slowly away and selected a book from a case. It was Froude, and opened easily at the essay on the uses of a landed aristocracy. Mr. Coomber adjusted his eyeglasses and settled himself comfortably down to read.

In the music room Emmeline was shaking hands with Mr. Skinner. She had not intended to shake hands with him, because he seemed to be making quite a habit of it lately and she was annoyed to find she rather liked that warm, firm and somewhat prolonged grip of his; so her greeting was confined to a nod and a word of welcome—cordial though casual—and she proceeded with hospitable haste to push a comfortable chair at him. No good—not the least.

"Sit down!" she invited.

William Skinner stood, however, and seemed perfectly determined to stand the whole evening if necessary, with his hand extended. He was not at all embarrassed. He just stood, smiling good-humoredly, waiting—a sturdy, well-knit figure in a gray business suit; fresh-colored as to complexion; brown hair, with an insubordinate "tree" erecting itself at the end of the parting; brown eyes, rather wide apart; a good nose; a generous mouth; and a chin that was firm without being exactly massive. The hand he held out was muscular and masculine—not a patrician hand.

Emmeline laughed.

"Oh, very well!" she said, and gave him the tips of her fingers. He took them, including the little doubled thumb and the rosy palm, and shook them gravely. Then he drew forward another chair.

"I was beginning to think something had happened and that I was in bad," he observed. "I feel relieved."

"It was quite unintentional, I assure you," said Emmeline untruthfully, shunning his direct gaze.

It was a peculiarity of William Skinner that he always looked directly at man, woman or child when he spoke to them—not at the tips of their noses or at the tops of their heads, or at their waistcoat buttons, or at his own fingernails—but straight into their eyes. It made some people uncomfortable, seeming to them an impertinent intrusion into private thoughts that they had good reasons for keeping private. Other people liked it, discerning friendliness and a twinkling sort of humor in his regard. His eyes were twinkling now. "We'll let it go at that," he said. "It sounds good anyway."

He spoke heartily, perhaps a trifle louder than most of the young men who called upon Emmeline. Emmeline found herself comparing its tones with one other young man's. That other spoke throatily; Mr. Skinner chestily. That was her conclusion; but Mr. Skinner was not blatant—that was a libel.

"I missed you last night," Skinner went on. "You didn't tell me you were going out."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Emmeline sweetly; "but I wasn't wholly to blame. You see you must have forgotten to tell me you intended to call."

Skinner laughed—yet not blatantly.

"So I did!" he admitted. "I've got myself to blame after all, haven't I?"

"Entirely," said Emmeline soberly. Then she laughed too.

"Where did you go?" asked Skinner.

"It was a theater party," answered Emmeline; "Maude Adams. Isn't she perfectly delicious!"

"Who took you?" Skinner inquired bluntly.

"Mr. Satterlee took us," Emmeline explained almost meekly.

"Huh!" said Skinner.

"You don't mind, I hope?" Emmeline ventured.

"I wouldn't say that," replied Skinner. "I'd much rather you'd stayed at home."

"I certainly enjoyed myself at the theater," said Emmeline.

"Meaning that you wouldn't if you had stopped at home and had me to entertain?"

"I wouldn't say that," she mimicked.

"Would you mean it?"

Emmeline felt herself at a disadvantage. This downright method of attack was new to her. If Mr. Skinner had not been looking at her so steadily and insistently, with such plain appeal to her candor, she might have contrived a different answer. She resented the brutality of it. Her father was right; this young man was bullying. Nevertheless the truth had to be spoken.

"N-no," confessed Emmeline, and the joyful irradiation of Mr. Skinner's countenance increased her resentment. "I might have enjoyed myself and I might not," she qualified. "If you had persisted in asking me questions you had no right to ask I might have found you tiresome."

William Skinner winced perceptibly at Emmeline's retort.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said gently. "You see I'm new to this society game—to society—your kind, you know. I'm likely to be falling over my feet all the time until I get the hang of it. Just make allowances for me, won't you?"

His penitence was so apparent and the smile that accompanied his plea for forgiveness so disarming that Emmeline instantly relented.

"Nonsense!" she said, and the dimple came and went in her cheek. "You don't want any allowances made for you. You've a perfectly good opinion of yourself—and you know it."

"He's just a boy after all," she was thinking to herself, "a big, stupid boy!" The erect plume at the end of his hair-parting arrested her attention and she felt an insane impulse to smooth it down for him.

"I had a good opinion of myself before I met you," said William Skinner.

"I didn't think I had been so severe on you as all that," she parried.

"I've had to hustle too hard to get on to all these little social kinks," he explained simply; "never had time for them; never had any particular use for them; didn't think they amounted to much anyway. Well, I'm learning. Slow at it, of course; but watch me! You see, you and your folks are different. You never had anything to learn—in that way. It comes natural to you; right in the blood—isn't it?"

"If You Had Laughed I Would Never Have Spoken to You Again!"

"Perhaps," assented Emmeline hesitatingly. She could not very well deny it.

"Different here," said Skinner. "My folks—well, I guess you wouldn't think they amounted to a great deal. The old man wasn't much of a hustler and he had a little weakness. I don't know that he was so much to blame. You can't tell about such things. He died when I was two years old. Mother"—his brown eyes grew soft—"I think you'd have liked my mother. She died too. I was the youngest; and the others had their own little rows to hoe. Anyway I was adrift at eight."

Emmeline was leaning forward, her hands clasped, her lips parted and her look intent.

"Tell me about it," she said.

William Skinner laughed.

"Nothing much to tell. Hard knocks. Took 'em all at first; then began to give 'em. It's been give and take ever since; but"—he squared his broad shoulders and a note of triumph came into his voice—"I could always learn, and they're coming my way a little now. I'm talking a whole lot about myself," he added reflectively. "It isn't a habit of mine."

"But I love to hear about it," said Emmeline sincerely. "Please go on."

"No—I just wanted you to understand. I'm a common ——"

"Nothing of the kind," Emmeline interrupted indignantly. "That sort of thing shouldn't matter to good Americans. We stand or fall by what we are."

"Your father ——" Skinner began.

Here there was an interruption. A young man in evening clothes, with smooth blond hair, exquisitely parted, stood in the doorway with his eyebrows arched interrogatively. Having the attention of the two within, he smiled blandly and bowed.

"I've been talking with Mr. Coomber," he explained, addressing Emmeline. "He told me I should find you here." He pronounced the last word "hee-ah."

"You have met Mr. Skinner, Jackson?" said Emmeline, formally.

"I've had that pleasure," returned Mr. Satterlee suavely, with a courteous inclination of his head; "'d evenin', Mr. Skinner."

William nodded and the twinkle came back to his eyes.

"A fine, large evening!" he remarked.

"Oh, quite!" agreed Mr. Satterlee. "You weren't over at the court this afternoon, Emmeline," he continued, as he seated himself.

"No; auntie and I shopped."

"Pity! Evers was in great form. You'd have enjoyed him."

"What court was that?" inquired Skinner, with a puzzled look.

"Tennis, y'know," explained Jackson kindly, with a wicked side glance at Emmeline.

"I see," said Skinner. "I thought it might have been justice or municipal. You're a lawyer, aren't you?"

"I'm by way of being one—yes," replied Mr. Satterlee modestly. "Play tennis?"

William Skinner shook his head mournfully.

"The bunch I belonged with never used it," he sighed. "If you'd have said play ball, now! Well, I'm a fan all right!"

"The Objections That I Mentioned Seem to Have Disappeared," He Said With a Queer Smile

"I am too," declared Emmeline with enthusiasm. "I just love it!" Skinner turned to her and beamed.

"Being a fan is easy," opined Jackson Satterlee pleasantly. "I like something I can play myself."

Skinner repressed the obvious retort.

"Also I am some pitcher," he stated calmly. "I might say that I am a bear-cat. You can tell anybody who asks you that you had that on unimpeachable authority," he added, smiling at Jackson. Then he got up. "Well, it's past my bedtime, and I've a long, hard day before me tomorrow. Good night!"

Emmeline gave him her hand without doubling the thumb.

"I hope we shall see you again soon," she said graciously.

"You will," William Skinner informed her. "Good night."

Jackson Satterlee waited for a decent interval and then breathed a sigh of relief.

"Why cat?" he inquired suddenly.

"What do you mean?" asked Emmeline.

"Bear-cat, y'know. One can accept the bear part of it."

"There's nothing catty about him certainly," agreed Emmeline.

"The bunch he belonged with!" quoted Jackson gleefully. "How did he come here, Emmeline?"

Emmeline yawned more or less frankly behind three slim fingers and begged pardon for the rudeness.

"I'm awfully tired," she pleaded. "I believe I'll have to excuse myself and go to bed. Oh, you were asking about Mr. Skinner! Why, daddy's old friend, Mr. Hollis, brought him one afternoon. He told daddy that Mr. Skinner was a deckhand on one of the Winter & Murchison boats eight years ago and would be general manager of the line in five years more. Oh, I'm tired!"

"I don't wonder," said Jackson sympathetically. "Emmeline, I've been talking with your father and there's something I want to say to you."

"Tell me the next time you see me, please, Jackson," said Emmeline; and Jackson, who had acute perceptions, saw that she meant it. "Good night," said Emmeline.

William Skinner sat *solus* at a table in the Lincoln Park refectory awaiting the activities of the neat-handed but slow-footed Phyllis whom he had intrusted with his order for dinner. It was a balcony seat, with a fair prospect and a cool breeze; but the young man looked uneasy. The cloud upon his youthful brow spoke anything except joy, but mainly perplexity. Even when a tall tumbler of iced tea was placed beside him his frown was unrelaxed, and the waitress had to touch his arm to call his attention to the plate she wanted to set down.

"What's the matter?" asked a gruff voice at his other elbow.

Skinner looked up and saw a short and sturdy elderly citizen, with a closely trimmed gray beard and a thick, fleshy nose, who was smiling down at him. He rose from his seat with a respectful promptness that would have done credit to Jackson Satterlee and shook the inquirer's hand joyfully.

"Mr. Hollis!" he exclaimed. "I am tickled to death to see you."

"I'll bring my coffee over here," said the sturdy citizen, and did so. "Now," he resumed, "you can tell me why you're so blamed glad to see me and anything else you've got on your mind. What is it? Buffalo freights?"

"Why, no," replied Skinner—"nothing to do with freights. Mr. Hollis, I want to ask you a question or two. You've had experience and I haven't. Would you call on a girl three times handrunning?"

Mr. Hollis was in the act of sipping his coffee when this question was propounded and narrowly escaped strangulation.

When he had recovered in some degree William Skinner was still regarding him with perfect earnestness and without a shadow of embarrassment; upon which Mr. Hollis had a relapse.

"Well?"

"Depends on the girl, m'son," said Mr. Hollis. "Some I wouldn't."

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, it was Miss Coomber?"

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Hollis. "Little Emmie! Well, Billy, for the sake of argument, if it was Emmie and I was, say, thirty years younger, why, I think I'd crowd the limit! The limit, as I used to understand it, was seven times handrunning a week."

"The difference between us is that you're joshing and I'm not fooling," said Skinner. "I've been pretty frequent round there anyway since you took me up that Sunday."

"That makes a difference, of course," admitted Mr. Hollis, stroking his trim beard. "Yes. Perhaps if you stopped away for—well, for about a month, it might be better."

"Buffalo freights are looking up," remarked Skinner.

"However," continued Mr. Hollis, "I was thinking of making a call on Coomber myself this evening. You might come along with me, promiscuous-like. That would take the curse off to some extent, wouldn't it? We'll get Henry Drivington to show us his coat-of-arms and have a gay time. By the way, Billy, just what branch of the Skinner family do you belong to?"

"The skun branch, I think!" William answered. "The old man's strong for the family thing, isn't he?"

"So is Emmeline, between you and me," confided Mr. Hollis.

"It's been dinged into her just as Henry Drivington's mother dinged it into him. She had the family crest on Henry's baby carriage and printed it on the butterpats, I am told—worked it into his system on hot biscuit. Emmie's been raised the same way. Come on if you're coming!"

On what slight things the most momentous events may hang and turn has been a subject of philosophic comment from time immemorial: Newton's apple falls; Franklin flies his kite; Raleigh's mudpuddle spreads its defilement before Elizabeth's hesitating feet; the Countess of Salisbury drops her garter; Jamshyd glories and drinks deep—and the next-morning effects lay waste the smiling vale of Cashmir and set the rug industry back a century or two!

A woman smiles and an empire is overturned!

Mr. Hollis winked and Skinner winked back.

Already Mr. Coomber's guests had inspected the miniatures and pictures—that of Mistress Betty Coomber, a reigning toast of Jamestown when the highbrow element talked of Shakspere and the musical glasses, and the lowbrows talked cockpit; also of Madam Coomber, who snubbed Governor Berkeley and invariably wore her

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A SINGER'S STORY

By Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THE Civil War was now coming to its close. Abraham Lincoln was the hero of the day, as he has been of all days since in America. The White House was besieged with people from all walks of life, persistently anxious to shake hands with the war president, and he used to have to stand for incredible lengths of time, smiling and handclasping. But he was ever a fine economist of energy and he flatly refused to talk. No one could get out of him more than a smile, a nod, or possibly a brief word of greeting.

One man made a bet that he would have some sort of conversation with the president while he was shaking hands with him. "No, you won't," said the man to whom he was speaking. "I'll bet you that you won't get more than two words out of him!"

"I bet I will," said the venturesome one; and he set off to try his luck.

He went to the White House reception, and when his turn came and his hand was in the huge presidential grasp he began to talk hastily and volubly, hoping to elicit some response. Lincoln listened a second, gazing at him gravely with his deep-set eyes, and then he laid an enormous hand in a loose wrinkled white glove across his back.

"Don't dwell!" said he gently to his caller, and shoved him along amiably but relentlessly with the rest of the line. So the man only got his two words after all.

One week before the president was murdered I was in Washington and sat in the exact place in which he sat when he was shot. It was the same box, the same chair, and on Friday too—one week to the day and hour before the tragedy. When I heard the terrible news I was able to picture exactly what it had been like. I could see just the jump that Booth must have had to make to get away. I never knew Wilkes Booth personally or saw him act, but I have several times seen him leaving his theater after a performance, with a raft of adoring matinée girls forming a more or less surreptitious guard afar off. He was a tremendously popular idol and strikingly handsome. Even after his wicked crime there were many women who professed a sort of hysterical sympathy and pity for him. Somebody has said that there would always be at least one woman at the deathbed of the worst criminal in the world if she could get to it;

I Heard the Orchestra Break Into Hail to the Chief

and there were hundreds of the sex who would have been charmed to watch beside Booth's, bad as he was and crazy into the bargain. It is a mysterious thing, the fascination that criminals have for some people, particularly women. Perhaps it is fundamentally a respect for accomplishment; admiration for the doing of something, good or evil, that they would not dare to do themselves.

We had all gone to Chicago for our spring opera season and were ready to open when the tragic tidings came and shut down summarily upon every preparation for amusement of any kind. Every city in the Union went into mourning for the man whom the country idolized; of whom so many people spoke as "Father Abraham." Perhaps it was because of this universal and almost personal affection that the authorities did such an odd thing—or, at least, it struck me as odd—with his body. It was taken all over the country and lay in state, as it is called, in different courthouses in different states.

I was stopping in the Grand Pacific Hotel when the body was brought to Chicago, and my windows overlooked the grounds of the courthouse of that city. Business was entirely suspended, not simply for a few memorial moments as was the case when President McKinley was buried, but for many hours during the lying in state. This, however, was probably only partly official. Every one was so afraid that he would not be able to see the dead hero's face that business men all over the town suspended occupation, closed shops and offices, and made a pilgrimage to the courthouse. All citizens were permitted to go into the building and look upon the martyr president, and vast numbers availed themselves of the privilege—waited all night, indeed, to claim it. From sunset to sunrise the grounds were packed with a silent multitude. The only sound to be heard was the shuffling echo of feet as one person after another went quietly into the courthouse—shuffle, shuffle, shuffle. I can hear it yet. There was not a word uttered. There was no sound besides the sound of the passing feet. One thing that must have been official was that for quite a long time not a wheel in the city was allowed to turn. This was an impressive tribute to a man whom his country loved and counted a friend.

The only diversion in the whole melancholy solemnity of it all was the picking of pockets. The crowds were enormous, the people in a mood of sentiment and off their guard, so the army of crooks did a thriving business. It is a sickening thing to realize that in all hours of great national tragedy or terror there will always be people degenerate enough to take advantage of the suffering and ruin about them. Burning or plague-stricken cities have to be put under military law; and it is said that for those who look back on the multiplied horrors of the San Francisco earthquake among the most unpleasant memories is the system of looting that prevailed afterward in the stricken city.

However, nations go on even after the beloved rulers of them are laid in the ground. Our Chicago season opened soon—I in Lucia—and everything went along as though nothing had happened. The only difference was that the end of the war had made the nation a little drunk with excitement and our performances went with a whirl.

Finally the victorious generals, Lieutenant-General Grant and Major-General Sherman, came to Chicago as the guests of the city and we gave a gala performance for them. As the Daughter of the Regiment had been our choice to inaugurate the commencement of the great conflict, so the Daughter of the Regiment was also our choice to commemorate its close. The whole opera house was gay with flags and flowers and decorations, and the generals were given the two stage boxes, one on each side of the house. The audience began to come in very early and it was a huge one. The curtain had not yet risen—indeed, I was in my dressing room still making up—when I heard the orchestra break into Hail to the Chief, and then the roof nearly came off with the uproar of the people cheering. I sent to find out what was happening and was told that General Grant had just entered his box.

We were ridiculously excited behind the scenes, all of us, even the foreigners. They were such emotional creatures that they flung themselves into a mood of general excitement even when it was based on a patriotism to which they were aliens. The wild and jubilant state of the audience infected us. I had felt something of the same emotion in Washington at the beginning of the war, when we had played this opera before to the frantically enthusiastic houses there. Yet that was different. Mingled with that feeling there had been a grimness and pain and apprehension. Now every one was triumphant and happy and emotionally exultant.

The Tune That Sherman Hated

GENERAL SHERMAN came into his box early in the first act, and the orchestra had to stop while the house cheered him and cheered again. Sherman was always just a bit theatrical and loved applause, and he with his staff stood bowing and smiling and bowing and smiling. The whole proceeding took almost the form of a great military reception. As I look back at it I think one of the moments of the evening was created by our basso, Susini. Susini, himself a soldier of courage and experience, a veteran of the Italian rebellion, made his entrance, walked forward, halted, faced one general after the other and saluted each with the most military exactness. They were both plainly delighted; while the house, in the mood to be moved by little touches, broke into the heartiest applause.

I had a moment of triumph also when we sang the *Rataplan, rataplan.* When we came to this scene I directed the drum first toward one box and then toward the other as I gave the rolling salute. The audience went mad again; and again the orchestra had to stop until the clapping and the hurrahs had subsided. It may not have been a great operatic performance, but it was a great evening. Such moments written about afterward in cold words lose their thrill. They bring up no pictures except to those who have lived them. But on a night such as that one's heart seems like a musical instrument wonderfully played upon.

Between the acts the two distinguished officers came behind the scenes and were introduced to the artists, making pleasant speeches to us all. Immediately I liked best the personality of General Grant. There was nothing the least spectacular or egotistical about him; he was absolutely simple and quiet and unaffected. He bewildered me by apologizing courteously for not being able to shake hands with me.

"You have had an accident to your hand!" I exclaimed.

"Not exactly an accident," he said, smiling. "I think I may call it design!"

He explained that he had shaken hands with so many people that he could not use his right hand for a while. He held it out for me to see, and sure enough it was swollen and inflamed and must have been very painful.

The great evening came to an end at last. We were not sorry on the whole, for thrilling as it had been it had been also very tiring. I wonder if such mad national excitement could come to people today? I cannot quite imagine an operatic performance being conducted on similar lines in the Metropolitan Opera House. Perhaps, however, it is not because we are less enthusiastic, but because our events are less dramatic.

In recalling General Sherman I find myself thinking of him chiefly in the later years of my acquaintance with him. After that Chicago night he never failed to look me up when I sang in any city where he was, and we grew to be good friends. He was always quite enthusiastic about operatic music, much more so than General Grant. He confided to me once that above all songs he especially disliked Marching Through Georgia, and that naturally was the song he was constantly obliged to listen to. People, of course, thought it must be or ought to be his favorite melody. But he hated the tune as well as the words. He was desperately tired of the song and above all he detested what it stood for and what it forced him to recall. Like nearly all great soldiers, Sherman was naturally a gentle person and saddened by war. Everything connected with fighting brought to him chiefly the recollection of its horrors and tragedies and always made him very unhappy and uncomfortable.

So it was that his real heart's preference was for such simple, old-fashioned, plantation-evoking, country-smelling airs as The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane. One day during his many visits to our home he asked me to sing this, and when I informed him that I could not because I did not know and did not have the words, he said he would send them to me. This he did and I took pains after that never to forget his preference.

One night when I was singing in a concert in Washington I caught sight of him sitting quietly in the audience. He did not even know that I had seen him. Presently the audience wanted an encore and, as was my custom in concerts, I went to the piano to play my own accompaniment. I turned, and meeting the general's eyes smiled at him. Then I sang his beloved Little Old Log Cabin. My reward was his beaming expression of appreciation. He was easily touched by such little personal tributes.

"Oh, I Hope That Her Majesty's is in No Danger!" Cried My Mother

"Why on earth did you sing that queer old song, Louise?" some one asked me when I was back behind the scenes again.

"It was an official request," I replied mysteriously.

The end of the war was a strenuous time for the nation, and for actors and singers among others. The combination of work and excitement sent me up to New Hartford in sore need of my summer's rest. Of all the diverse impressions which that spring made upon my memory, the one that I still carry with me most unforgetably is a sound, the sound of those shuffling feet—shuffle, shuffle, shuffle in the courthouse grounds in Chicago—a sound like a great sea or forest in a wind, as the people of the nation went in to look at their dead president whom they loved.

The following season was one of concerts and not remarkably enjoyable. In retrospect I see but a hurried jumble of work until our decision in the spring to go to England. For two or three years I had wanted to try my wings on the other side of the world. Several matters had interfered and made it temporarily impossible, chiefly an unfortunate business agreement into which I had entered at the very outset of my professional career. During the second season that I sang an impresario, a man named Ulman, had made me an offer to go abroad and sing in Paris and elsewhere. Being very eager to forge ahead, it seemed to me like a satisfactory arrangement, and I signed a contract binding myself to sing under Ulman's management "if I went abroad any time in three years." When I came to think it over I regretted this arrangement exceedingly. I felt that the impresario was not the best one for me. To say the least, I came to doubt his ability.

At any rate, because of this complication I voluntarily tied myself up to Max Maretzek for several years and felt it a release. By 1867, however, my Ulman contract had expired and I was free to do as I pleased. I had no contract abroad, to be sure, nor any very definite prospects, but I determined to go to England on a chance and see what developed.

At any rate I should have the advantage of being able to consult foreign teachers and to improve my method. The uncertainties of my professional outlook fortunately did not disturb me in the least.

A Lion-Hunting Duchess

I GREATLY enjoyed the voyage, as I have enjoyed every voyage that I have made since, even including the Channel crossing when every one else on board was seasick and also the one in which I was nearly shipwrecked off the Irish coast. I have crossed the Atlantic between sixty and seventy times and every trip has given me pleasure of one kind or another.

At Queenstown, where we touched before going on to our regular port of Liverpool, a man came on board asking for Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. He was from Jarrett, the agent for Colonel Mapleson, who was then Impresario of Her Majesty's Opera in London, and he brought me word that Mapleson wanted me to call on him as soon as I reached London, and until we could definitely arrange matters he asked me to give him the refusal of myself, if I may so express it. Perhaps I wasn't a proud and happy girl! Mapleson, I heard later, was then believed to be on the verge of failure, and it was hoped that my appearance in his company would revive his fortunes. I grew afterward cordially to detest and to distrust him, and we had more troubles than I can or care to call to mind. As for Jarrett, he was a man who appeared to have a positive genius for making trouble. But on that day in Queenstown harbor, with the sun shining on the little Irish fisherboats, their patched sails streaming into the blue offshore distance, the man Jarrett had sent to meet me on behalf of Colonel Mapleson seemed like a herald of great good cheer.

When we reached London we went to Miss Edward's Hotel in Hanover Square. It was a curious institution, distinctive of its day and generation, a real old-fashioned English hotel, behind streets that were chained up after nightfall. It was called a private hotel and unquestionably was one; deadly dull, but maintained in the most aristocratic way imaginable, like a formal, pluperfect, private house where one might chance to be invited to visit. Every one dined in his own sitting room, which was usually separated from the bedroom, and never a soul but the servants was seen.

We had friends in London and quickly made others. Commodore McVickar, of the New York Yacht Club, had given me a letter to a friend of his, the Dowager Duchess of Somerset. McVickar told me that if the Duchess liked she could make things very pleasant for me in London. It appeared that she was something of a lion-hunter and was always on the lookout for celebrities either arriving or arrived. She went in for everything foreign to her own immediate circle—art, intellect and Americans—chiefly Americans, in fact, because they were more or less of a

novelty, and she had the thirst for change in her so strongly developed that she ought to have lived at the present time. Every night of her life she gave dinners to hosts of friends and acquaintances. Indeed, it is a fact that her sole interest in life consisted of giving dinner parties and making collections of "lions," great and small. I have been told that after dinner she sometimes danced the Spanish fandango toward the end of the evening. I never happened to see her do it, but I quite believe her to have been capable of that or of anything else vivacious and eccentric, although she was seventy or eighty in the shade and not entirely built for dancing.

I was somewhat impressed by the prospect of meeting a real live duchess and had to be couched beforehand. In the early part of the nineteenth century the mode of address "Your Grace" was used exclusively, and very pretty and courtly it must have sounded. Nowadays it is only servants or inferiors who think of using it. Plain "Duke" or "Duchess" is the later form. At the period of which I am writing the older custom was just beginning to die out, and I was duly instructed to say "Your Grace," but cautioned to say it very seldom!

On the nineteenth of November Colonel Stebbins and I went to call. Maria, Dowager Duchess of Somerset, lived in Park Lane in a house of indifferent aspect. Its distinctive feature was the formidable number of flunkeys ranged on the steps and standing in front, all in powdered wigs and white silk stockings, and wearing waistcoats of a shade carrying out the dominant color of the ducal coat-of-arms.

It was raining hard when we got there, but not one of those gorgeous functionaries would lower himself sufficiently to carry an umbrella down to our carriage. In the drawing room we had to wait a long time before a sort of gilt-edged groom of the chambers came to the door and announced:

"Her Grace, the Duchess!"

My youthful American soul was prepared for some one quite dazzling, a magnificent presence. What is the use of diadems and coronets if the owner does not wear them? Of course I knew theoretically that duchesses did not wear their coronets in the middle of the day, but I did nevertheless hope for something brilliant or impressive.

Never Heard of Tennyson

THEN in walked Maria, Dowager Duchess of Somerset. I cannot adequately describe her. She was a little, dumpy old woman with no corsets, and dressed in a black alpaca gown and prunella shoes—those awful things that the present generation is lucky enough never even to have seen. She furthermore wore a fichu of a style that had been entirely extinct for fifty years at least. I really do not know how there happened to be any one living even then who could or would make such things for her. No modern modiste could have achieved them and survived. Her whole appearance was certainly beyond words. But she had very beautiful hands, and when she spoke the duchess was heard instantly. The great lady was all there, of course, only curiously costumed, one might almost say disguised.

After Colonel Stebbins had presented me and she had greeted me kindly, he said:

"I am sure Miss Kellogg will be glad to sing for you."

"Oh," said Her Grace carelessly, "I haven't a piano. I don't play or sing and so I don't need one. But I'll get one in."

I was amazed at the idea of a duchess not owning a piano and having to hire one, when in America most homes possess one at whatever sacrifice, and every little girl is expected to take music lessons whether she has any ability or not. Even yet I do not quite understand how she managed without a piano for her musical lions to play on.

She did get one in without delay and I was speedily invited to come and sing. I thought I would pay a particular compliment to my English hostess on that occasion by choosing a song the words of which were written by England's poet laureate, so I provided myself with the lovely setting of Tears, Idle Tears. The music was written by an American, W. H. Cook by name, who besides being a composer of music possessed a charming tenor voice. In my innocence I thought this choice would make a hit. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when my hostess' comment on the text was: "Very pretty words. Who wrote them?"

"Why," I stammered, "Tennyson."

"Indeed? And, my dear Miss Kellogg, who was Tennyson?"

Almost immediately afterward Colonel Stebbins bought her a handsome set of the poet laureate's works, with which she expressed herself as hugely pleased, although I am doubtful if she ever opened a single volume. She did not forget the Tears, Idle Tears episode, however, and had the wit and good humor often to refer to it afterward, and usually quite aptly.

My mother and I used often to go to see the duchess, and through her met many pleasant English people—the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Susan Vane-Tempest, who was Newcastle's sister, Lord Dudley, Lord Stanley, Lord Derby, Viscountess Combermere, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the French Ambassador—I cannot begin to remember them all. I came really to like the quaint little old duchess, who was always most charming to me. One small incident struck me as pathetic, at least it was half pathetic and half amusing. One day she told me with impressive pride that she was going to show me one of her dearest possessions, "a wonderful table made from a great American treasure presented to her by her dear friend, Commodore McVickar." She led me over to it and tenderly withdrew the cover, revealing to my amazement a piece of rough, cheap Indian beadwork such as all who crossed from Niagara to Canada in those days were familiar with. It was about as much like the genuine and beautiful beadwork of the older tribes as the tawdry American imitations are like true Japanese textures and curios. This poor specimen the duchess had had made into a table top and covered with glass mounted in a gilt frame, and she had given it a place of honor in her reception room. I suppose Mr. McVickar had sent it to her to give her a rough general idea of what Indian work looked like. I cannot believe that he intended to play a joke on her. She was certainly very proud of it, and so far as I know nobody ever had the heart to destroy her illusion.

More than once I encountered in England this incongruous and inappropriate valuation of American things. I do not put it down to a general admiration for us, but on the contrary to the fact that the English were so utterly and incredibly ignorant with regard to us. The beadwork of the duchess reminds me of another incident:

At that time there were only two really rich bachelors in New York society, Wright Sandford and William Douglass. "Willie" Douglass was of Scotch descent and sang very pleasingly. Women went wild over him. He had a yacht that won everything in sight. While we were in London he and his yacht put in an appearance at Cowes and he asked us down to pay him a visit. It was a delightful experience. The Earl of Harrington's country seat was not far away, and the earl with his daughters came on board to ask the yacht's party to luncheon the day following. Of course we all went, and equally of course we had a wonderful time. Lunch was a deliciously informal affair. At one stage of the proceedings somebody wanted more soda water, when young Lord Petersham, Harrington's eldest son, jumped up to fetch it himself. He rushed across the room and flung open with an air of triumph the door of a common wooden ice-box, the sort that we in America keep in the pantry or outside the kitchen door.

"Look!" he cried, "did you ever see anything so splendid? It's our American refrigerator and the joy of our lives! I suppose you've seen one before, Miss Kellogg?"

The Man Only Got His Two Words After All

I explained rather feebly that I had, although not in a dining room. But the family assured me that a dining room was the proper place for it. I have seldom seen anything so incongruous as that plain, ugly article of furniture in that dining room of carved woodwork, family silver and armorial bearings!

They were dear people and my heart went out to them more completely than to any of my London friends. I soon discovered why.

"You are the most cordial English people I've met yet," I said to Lady Philippa Stanhope, the earl's charming daughter. Her eyes twinkled.

"Oh, we're not English," she explained, "we're Irish!"

Yet even if I did not find the Londoners quite so congenial I did like them. I could not have helped it, they were so courteous to my mother and me. Probably they supposed us to have Indians in our back yards at home; nevertheless they were always courteous, at times cordial. One of the most charming of the Englishwomen I met was the Viscountess Combermere. She was one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting, a very vivacious woman, and used to keep dinner tables in gales of laughter. Just then when any one in London wanted to introduce or excuse an innovation, he or she would exclaim: "The queen does it!" and there would be nothing more for any one to say. This became a sort of catchword. I recall one afternoon at the Dowager Duchess of Somerset's a cup of hot tea was handed to the viscountess, who poured the liquid from the cup into the saucer and sipping it from the saucer said:

"NOW, ladies, do not think this is rude, for I have just come from the queen and saw her do the same. Let us emulate the queen!" Then seeing us hesitate: "The queen does it, ladies! The queen does it!" Whereupon all present drank tea from their saucers.

It was the viscountess, also, who so greatly amused my mother at a luncheon party by saying to her with the most polite interest:

"You speak English remarkably well, Mrs. Kellogg! Do they speak English in America?"

"Yes, a little," replied mother quietly.

Adelina Patti and Her Voice

Adelina Patti came to see us immediately after our arrival in London. I had known her in America when she was singing with her sister, and when, if the truth must be told, many people found her sister, Carlotta, the more satisfactory singer of the two. I was glad to see Adelina again, even though we were prima donnas of rival opera organizations. She headed the list of artists at Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, among whom were some of the biggest names in Europe. Indeed I found myself confronted with the competition of several favorites of the English people. At my own theater, Her Majesty's, was Mme. Tietjens, always much beloved in England and still a fine artist. Christine Nilsson also was a member of the company, had sung there earlier in that year and was to sing there again later in the season.

One of Adelina's most successful parts was my old friend Linda di Chamouni. She was supposed to be very brilliant in the rôle, especially in the Cavatina of the first act. As for Marguerite, it was considered her private and particular property at Covent Garden and Nilsson's property at Her Majesty's.

I have often been asked my opinion of Patti's voice. She had a beautiful voice which in her early days was very high, and she was on the whole quite the most remarkable singer that I ever heard. But her voice has not been a high one for many years. It has changed, changed in pitch and register. It is no longer a soprano; it is a mezzo, and must be judged by quite different standards. I heard her when she sang over here in America thirteen years ago. She gave her old Cavatina from Linda, and sang the whole of it a tone and a half lower than formerly. Though the public did not know what the trouble was, it could not help perceiving the lack of brilliancy. Ah, those who have heard her only in the last fifteen years or so know nothing at all about Patti's voice! Yet it was always a light voice, although I doubt if the world realized the fact. She was always desperately afraid of straining it, as also was Maurice Strakosch. She never could sing more than three times in a week, and of those three one rôle at least had to be very light.

A great deal is heard about the wonderful preservation of Patti's voice. It was wonderfully preserved fourteen years ago. How could it have been otherwise, considering the care she has always taken of herself? Such a life! Everything divided off carefully according to rule—so much to eat, so far to walk, so long to sleep, just such and such things to do and no others. And above all she has allowed

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THE PRICE OF PLACE

XXII

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THE session was scheduled to end early in July. Marsh's copper shares had remained steady round nine dollars a share for a time, and then had begun to sag off from a quarter to half a point a day. There were recoveries, but at the end of a few weeks the shares were quoted at six dollars instead of nine. Marsh talked to Quicksall about prospects.

"I'm thinking of selling," said Quicksall. "There's something wrong with that deal. I haven't been able to find out just what, but I think the big interests are jockeying to get the mine. We haven't got enough of the stock to fight them and there's a good profit in it. I think we'd better take it."

Marsh had held his five thousand shares at $45,000, and had considered himself worth that much money; but the stock kept getting lower and lower in price and a few days later he received a wire from Quicksall reading: "Advise you to unload. I'm selling mine."

Marsh told a local broker to sell, and he received an average of a little more than five dollars for his shares, getting in cash, when the transaction was completed, almost $25,000.

He took the broker's check and put it in his bank. The banker greeted him cordially. "Glad to see you, Mr. Marsh," he said. "I want to have a talk with you presently on a business matter."

After Marsh left, the banker went round to the cage of the receiving teller and looked at the check. "Doing a little something in the market," he commented. "He's almost ripe enough to pick."

Mrs. Marsh and Dorothy went out to Morganville early in June, and Marsh followed soon after the session closed. He found himself with $20,000 in cash and facing a fight for reelection, for the remnants of the McManus machine were determined to defeat him if they could. McManus himself was broken and discredited, but Marsh feared there might be enough of the old organization outside the new Marsh organization to give him trouble, and he had to look round and see where he stood. Marsh had been careful in his selection of such Federal offices as he could get, had worked assiduously for pensions and the establishment of rural-free-delivery routes, and had secured a good many, had plastered the district with documents and buried it under seeds, and was in excellent shape, so far as the bulk of his party was concerned.

He paid no attention to the law; indeed his law practice had dwindled until there was not much of it left. He still continued as counsel for a corporation or two, and had a small retainer from the general counsel of the railroad that ran through Morganville, but that was about all. Politics engrossed him completely. He began vigorously, strengthening his organization and making his plans for his campaign. Carver, the new district attorney, was doing well, and the election fraud cases were progressing slowly, but helpful results were expected.

Mrs. Marsh was taking a rest cure. She denied herself to everybody, remained in her room most of the day, rarely appearing before dinner-time—she had long before changed the dinner hour in the Marsh household from noon to seven o'clock at night, much to the disgust of her servants—and had a masseuse and a nerve specialist come down from the city twice a week. Her former dressmaker solicited some of her custom, but she languidly refused to consider any Morganville artistes. Her old friends called, but were informed that she was recuperating from her arduous social duties in Washington. The local papers had a paragraph each, contributed by Mrs. Marsh, reciting her many triumphs, hinting at still greater achievements, and stating that much as Mrs. Marsh regretted it, she was compelled to remain in strict seclusion to recover her strength and fit herself for the coming season, when Miss Dorothy Marsh, who had graduated at Miss Capulet's Fashionable Seminary, was to be introduced to the most exclusive social set at the Capital. The paragraph concluded with the statement that Miss Marsh was already hailed in Washington as one of the most charming and attractive of the forthcoming buds.

Marsh had several talks with Mrs. Marsh on the subject of Dorothy. He found his wife firm in her determination to marry Dorothy to the best possible social advantage. However Marsh observed with considerable satisfaction the rather frequent calls of a certain Thomas Darlington, a young civil engineer of Morganville, who had graduated at the University of Wisconsin and had a good place with the railroad. Darlington was a bright, well-bred, good-looking young chap, with stuff in him, his superiors said, and he was devoted to Dorothy. The seclusion of Mrs. Marsh worked to the advantage of Darlington, and he was careful not to be conspicuous when Mrs. Marsh was about. He contrived to get a good many afternoons off for picnics and boating excursions with the young people who lived on the hill, and on these occasions he was always Dorothy's devoted attendant.

Although Dorothy did not care for society, she quite naturally felt interested in coming out, and thought often with a good deal of pleasure of the receptions and teas and dances and other gayeties that were ahead of her. She knew she would profit nothing by protesting against her mother's plans, and so decided to get what fun she could out of the coming season. At other times, when in one of her more serious moods, she would rebel at the thought of wasting a whole winter on enjoyment, and plan vaguely to turn her life into useful channels. Then Tom would come along and take her out in his motor boat and she'd forget everything but him.

One afternoon late in August they were chugging down the river. Tom was running the engine himself. He had his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, showing a pair of shapely, tanned forearms. His hat was discarded, his hair rumpled, and there was a smudge of black on one cheek. Dorothy sat comfortably in the stern of the boat, half reclining on the cushions. She wore a white dress and looked very fresh and pretty.

Tom had been tinkering with his engine and had said nothing for fifteen minutes. Dorothy sat watching the sheen of the sun on the water, the green of the banks that glided smoothly by, the little waves that silvered off to ripples in the wake of the boat, the swallows that dipped into the water and shot up again, the widening circles where a fish jumped for a fly, and the lazy clouds that floated high above.

"Dorothy," said Tom, wiping his hands with a bunch of cotton waste, and trying to make his remark seem casual, "I suppose you will meet a lot of fellows down there in Washington?"

"I suppose so."

"A lot of society dudes, I reckon, that will be taking you out to dances and shows."

"I suppose so," said Dorothy again, as if the matter were one of supreme indifference to her.

"Damn them!"

"Why, Tom Darlington!" exclaimed Dorothy, sitting bolt upright and looking at her companion in amazement. "You mustn't talk like that."

Tom's face grew so red that even the smudge was obscured. "I'm sorry!" he said contritely. "I didn't think. But," he added defiantly, "that's what I mean just the same."

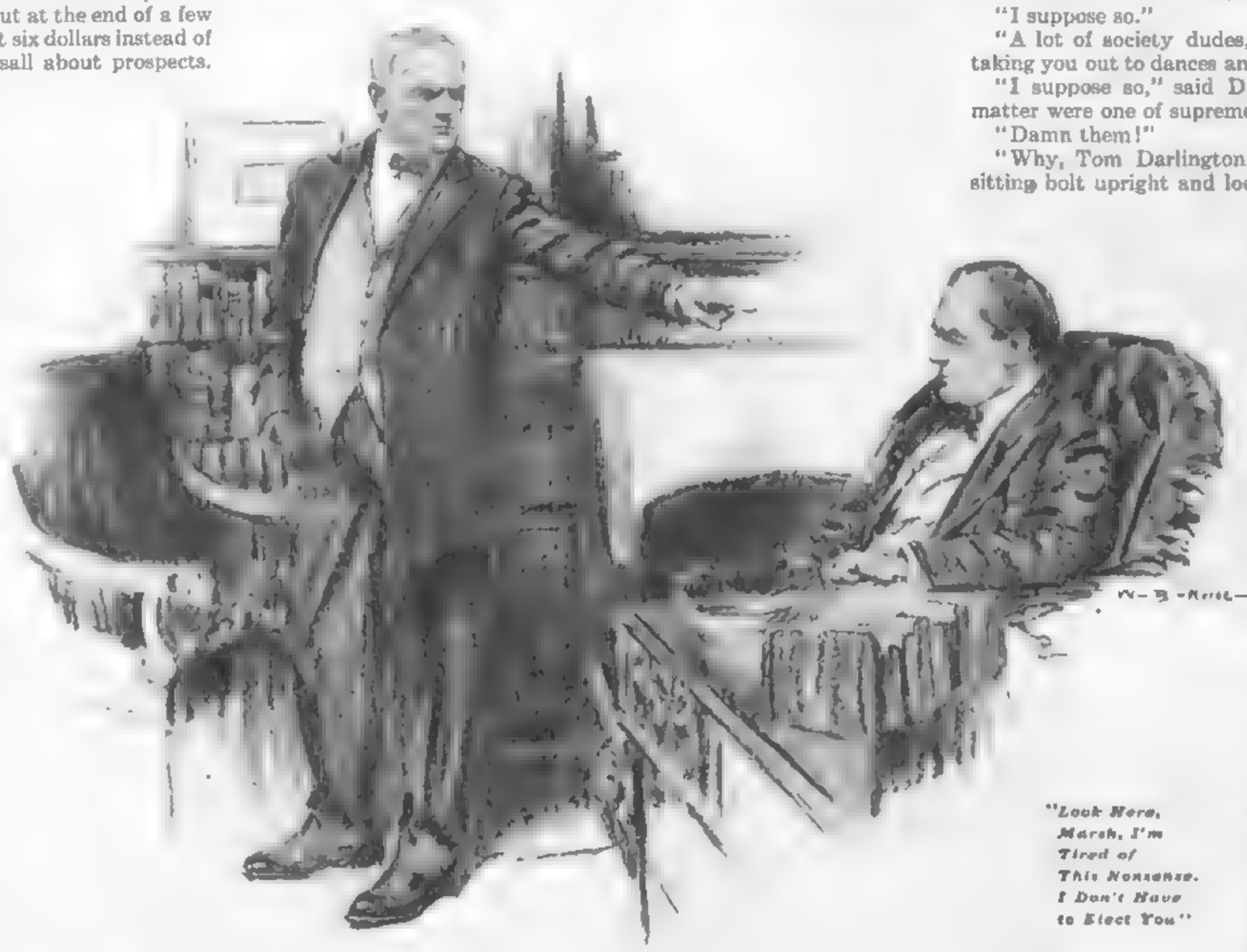
"What have the young men in Washington done to you?" asked Dorothy, accepting the apology and setting back in the cushions.

"Nothing—yet."

"Well, then, what's the matter?"

"It isn't what they have done to me," Tom burst out, "it's what I'm afraid they will do to you."

Dorothy looked serenely unconscious of the real meaning of this remark, and evidenced a sudden deep interest in trees along the shore.



"Look Here, Marsh, I'm Tired of This Nonsense. I Don't Have to Elect You"

Tom was silent for a moment, then blurted out: "You don't care for this social game, do you, Dorothy?"

"I hate it."

"Then what are you going back to it for?"

Dorothy laughed. "Will you please inform me," she asked, "what else there is for me to do, with my father in Congress and my mother trying to be a social leader?"

"Chuck it," advised Tom, "and stay here."

"Don't be foolish, Tom. How can I?"

Tom Darlington was a young man of action. He took a quick look at his engine, which was purring along smoothly, shot a glance over the bow of the boat to see there was nothing ahead, made a wild dab at his trousers to wipe off any remaining grease that might be on his hands, and leaped to the rear of the boat, landing skillfully beside Dorothy, who had observed his movements with wide-opened eyes.

"How can you?" he asked. "Easy enough! Stay here and marry me. I love you," he stammered. "Oh, Dorothy, I'm just crazy about you! You know I love you. You know it's real, and not like any of that bogus stuff down there in Washington. I—I—well, I just love you, that's all," he concluded lamely.

For a young woman who was receiving her first proposal Dorothy was most self-possessed. Her heart fluttered a little, but she was outwardly calm.

"Don't be foolish, Tom," she protested.

"Foolish!" he exclaimed. "What's foolish about telling the sweetest girl in all the world that I love her? Oh, Dorothy, please—please—can't you love me a little? Won't you try?"

She gave no answer. "I think you'd better look after your engine," she suggested after a pause. "It's skipping."

What Tom said about his engine need not be recorded here. But by the time he had regulated it again he had two more smudges on his face, his arms were blackened, his shirt showed signs of the encounter, and he sulkily sat down beside the engine and steered the boat home.

"Why don't you talk?" asked Dorothy.

"I've said all I have to say," he replied, looking straight ahead.

Dorothy made no comment, but her heart beat rapidly and her eyes shone. As they came to the dock she waited until he had the boat at its moorings, and then, jumping out, she said: "I must run along now, for it's about time for mother to appear." She let one small hand rest for a moment on the only clean spot on Tom's arm: "Don't you

"They Were All Here—the Best People in Washington"

worry about those Washington men," she smiled up at him; "they're not worth it." Then she ran gracefully up the street. Two hours later Tom Darlington was still sitting where she had left him, his legs dangling over the side of the dock, dreaming the dreams of youth and love, while the motor boat rocked gently with the little waves.

XXIII

THE opposition to Marsh was not effective. It was unorganized, for McManus could do nothing but hate and could not convert that hate into votes, and Senator Paxton went into the district and used his influence. Marsh had enhanced his reputation greatly by his reciprocity speech and by his fight on McManus. He controlled the congressional convention easily, was nominated on the first ballot, and in his acceptance consecrated himself anew to the great cause of the common people.

His convention was held early in September. Even then Mrs. Marsh was preparing to go back to Washington, for she desired to take her house on October first, and it was essential that she should get everything moving smoothly before she introduced Dorothy to society. She had informed herself, and learned the proper time for that important function was the latter part of November, in order that the girl's season might be as long as possible and because the best families always brought their daughters out at that time. She did not definitely decide upon a date. That must be held open and be subject to the dates selected for the other girls. It was true the daughter of the president was to come out that fall, and Mrs. Marsh had another reason for getting back to Washington as soon as possible. She knew the absolute necessity of seeing the society editors and photographers and of making arrangements to have Dorothy's picture appear together with those of the most prominent débutantes. It took tact and much work and an expert knowledge of conditions to bring this about, and she would consider her campaign a failure if Dorothy were not presented as one of the most exclusive of all the exclusive buds that were to be brought out that fall.

Dorothy was a passive participant in these preparations. She had tried to manage things so that she should not be left alone with Tom Darlington, but that young man had on several occasions found an opportunity to tell her again of his love for her. Although he had no satisfactory answer from Dorothy he drew considerable comfort from the memory of that time on the dock when she had touched his arm. He could close his eyes and still feel the pressure of her cool, slim fingers. He walked about as though in a dream, and was sharply reprimanded several times by the engineer under whom he was working for writing the word "Dorothy" into his specifications for culverts and small bridges. At one moment he was assuming little airs of proprietorship toward Dorothy, and the next he was torn with jealousy because she had chanced to speak to or even look at some other young man.

Finally the day for the departure came. Mrs. Marsh had suddenly recovered her energy. She had everybody in a turmoil of arrangement and directed affairs with a masterly composure. Tom Darlington hung round. When her mother asked about him Dorothy explained that he was only one of the boys of the town who wanted to say goodby. Mrs. Marsh eyed Tom sharply and had her suspicions, but that young man maintained a most discreet demeanor when in her presence. He had planned to have another talk with Dorothy before she left and to lay his heart at her feet, and he had spent several nights thinking out what he should say to her. In the end it was Dorothy who gave him his opportunity. Half an hour before the Marshes were to start for the train, Dorothy, with an air of unconcern, found some pretext for going out into the garden, beckoning him, with an almost imperceptible motion of her head, to follow her.

He found her in the little summer house. She was dressed in a gray dress, and appeared perfectly composed, though her heart was beating wildly. Tom started impetuously toward her, his declaration on his lips, but when he saw her standing there so cool, so calm, his brain refused to work. He stammered, stuttered, forgot what he had to say, his face scarlet.

"Dorothy," he finally managed to get out, "I—I —— Oh, Dorothy, don't forget what you said on the dock that day."

Then he collapsed. Not another word would come. Dorothy laughed, and started up the path toward the house, and as she went she called back over her shoulder: "Don't you forget it either."

Marsh was elected easily. Enough Democrats voted for him to overcome the McManus opposition. Mrs. Marsh wrote that she was in the house, which was in a fashionable neighborhood, near Sheridan Circle, and surrounded by the palaces of the millionaires who came to Washington to get into society. The preparations for Dorothy's coming out were progressing. Mrs. Marsh had engaged a butler. She was ordering new gowns for herself and for Dorothy. The city was very beautiful and the fashionable people were coming back.

Dorothy also wrote to her father:

Dear Popsie: I am able to report much progress in the great enterprise of introducing me into society. We have a house, with an English basement and a drawing room, and a dining room that has so much Sheffield plate in it it looks like an auction store, and an English butler to go with the English basement. Mamma has had the crest of that automobile she used to hire engraved on her notepaper, and I spend most of my waking hours at dressmakers or milliners or shoemakers, until I feel that I am intimately acquainted with all the tradespeople in the city. Our butler is very correct and dignified, and has side whiskers. I have an idea he doesn't quite approve of us.

Mamma and I have joined the most fashionable church in town. She said it took much influence to get a pew in it, and she considers it a great triumph. Her pew costs two hundred dollars a year, and it is only a part of a pew at that. Of course we are not Episcopalians, and it's an Episcopalian church; but mamma says that makes no difference. It isn't the creed that counts, she says, but the spirit in which our devotions are approached. I heard the butler tell the cook that he was glad we had decided to identify ourselves with a church that was patronized by the fashionable people. It helped his position.

My party will be the last week in November. The president's daughter's party is the same week. Mamma has invited her and all her friends, and she can hardly wait to know whether they will accept. She took me over to the photographer's yesterday and I was photographed forty times. I had all my dresses there, and I dressed up and posed and then dressed up and posed again. It was very exciting. Won't you be proud of me when you see my picture in the paper along with the president's daughter and the daughter of the richest woman in Washington?

There was talk that the president's daughter was ill and wouldn't come out this fall, and mamma nearly had a fit. She even went so far as to open negotiations with Miss Capulet to have me go back to school for another term. However, the girl is well again and is coming out, so mamma has decided to let society claim me after all. It is our social duty, she says.

Dutifully and lovingly, DOROTHY.

A few days after election Senator Paxton telegraphed Marsh to come over to see him. Marsh went that night, and drove from the station out to the Paxton house. "Jim," said the senator, after they had shaken hands, "what are your plans?"

"Why," Marsh replied, "I'm going to clean up out here and go back to Washington in a week or so. Mrs. Marsh has taken a house and Dorothy is to be introduced to society in a few weeks. I suppose I'll have to help pull that off."

"I suppose so, but that isn't important."

"Isn't important?" said Marsh. "Why, my dear senator, it is the most important thing in the world, according to Mrs. Marsh."

"Come to think it over, I suppose it is from her viewpoint," commented Paxton. "Isn't it amazing how hard society hits some people? We seem to have it harder in Washington than anywhere else, but I suppose in reality it's the same everywhere, only down in Washington the game is easier and the rewards quicker than elsewhere. I've known people to come into Washington, Jim, with not a thing in the world to recommend them save the possession of a few million dollars, or maybe only one, and build a big house, and after judicious training and coaching develop into the great social leaders of that place. I've seen them come in so raw the man didn't know whether a red tie or a blue one went with a dress-suit, and the woman unable to get into a carriage without stepping on her dress, and in three or four years become such swells it made your head ache.

"Several clever women who know the game have made good things down there coaching in the proprieties our newly rich and newly landed in Washington. I recall one man who made his money in the West. He spoke with a brogue, had hands as big as hams from working as a laborer, and ate in his shirt-sleeves and with his knife. They polished him and refined him and manicured him and taught him the language, and, by George, in four brief years you'd have thought he was born to it. Only he had one great grief—they couldn't find any way to reduce the size of those hams of hands or those big feet of his, and when he got interested he lapsed back into the brogue. And they took his wife and taught her to dance and to walk and to eat and to sleep and to bathe and to stand up and to sit down, and they enameled her, and pruned her where she needed pruning, and padded her where she needed padding, and painted her. Today she's one of our social lights and the leader of the exclusive set. And more power to her, for she had the stuff in her or she wouldn't have been able to get it over.

"It's funny," continued Paxton, puffing at his cigar, "that we all strive constantly to prove we are better than our fellows by associating with fewer of them. What we desire is that exclusive position that enables us to look down on the rest of the world as a trifle better than they are, because we can do something they can't do, or go somewhere they can't go, or speak to somebody they can't speak to, or feed somebody they can't feed. Imagine, for example, a group of men getting together, organizing themselves into a club and hiring a house, or building one, and sitting in the windows of that house and looking out at a man who passes by, and saying to themselves: 'We are better than you are, sir, because we can come in here and you can't.'

"And it is the same with this social game. It all is predicated on the proposition that some people can go where others can't, and that's right enough, I suppose; only why should we take it so seriously, when there are big books to read, and big pictures to see, and music to hear, and the great out-of-doors to enjoy, to say nothing of the needs of our fellowman to attend to? But that isn't what I wanted to say."

Two Hours Later Tom Darlington Was Still Sitting Where She Had Left Him

Paxton looked keenly at Marsh, who was sitting in a big leather chair staring out the window into the dark. "Jim," he said, "how'd you like to be senator?"

"What?" shouted Marsh, jumping up. "Say that again!"

"How'd you like to be senator?"

Marsh looked incredulously at Paxton. "Quit joking," he said.

"I'm not joking. How would you like to be senator?"

"I'd like it better than anything else on this earth, except to be president, and I don't know but I'd like it better than that. But what do you mean? Isn't Rogers going to be a candidate for reelection?"

"I understand he is."

"Then where do I come in?"

"That's what I want to talk with you about. Rogers has been in the Senate for twelve years and he hasn't made a dent. He's been regular but colorless. He voted right in the main, but he has no force and he's getting old. He wants to stay there. Every man who gets there wants to stay there, so there's nothing remarkable in that; but I have been talking it over with the boys, and they all think we need a younger man there and they all think you are that man."

Marsh grew pale and then red. He felt his heart thumping. He was flushed, but a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He tried to walk across the room, but his knees bent under him. Senator! James Marsh senator! It was the realization of his fondest dream.

"But what about Rogers?"

"We've got to beat him."

"That's not so easy."

"I know it isn't. He is a good politician and he has a lot of friends. However, some things can be done as well as others. Do you want to take a chance?"

Marsh's heart urged him to say yes. His brain bade him be cautious.

"What do you mean by taking a chance?" he asked.

"Exactly what I said. If you want to get into it we will get behind you and we will beat Rogers if we can. We've got to start right now, for the legislature meets early in January. Rogers has been so sure of reelection that he hasn't made any special canvass, so we've got an even break."

"Is it fair to Rogers? He's always been a good old sport."

"Anything's fair in politics, Jim, especially anything you can do for yourself. Will you go in or not?"

"How much will it cost?"

"Oh, I should say about twenty-five thousand dollars."

"I haven't got the money."

Paxton laughed. "Jim," he said, "do you suppose I would ask you to go into this, knowing your financial condition as I do, if I had not provided for that end of it?"

"Where's it coming from?" asked Marsh suspiciously.

"Don't worry about that. Will you get in the game?"

Marsh walked over to the window and looked out. He saw visions of himself in the Senate, of himself making great speeches there, shaping governmental policies, taking a big part in big affairs. Senator James Marsh! His heart beat rapidly. His mind flew forward and pictured one triumph after another to him, until he saw himself in the reviewing stand in Washington, in front of the White House, on March fourth, with the bands playing Hail to the Chief, and the marchers cheering him as the president of the United States.

"Yes," he said, turning to Paxton, "I'll get in the game."

XXIV

THEY talked until two o'clock in the morning, making plans and discussing ways and means. Marsh discovered this was no sudden decision on Paxton's part. That experienced person had been waiting to see if Marsh was successful at the election, and had long ago decided to put somebody else in the place of Rogers. They sent telegrams to leaders in various sections of the state, asking them to come to Paxton's house, went over the list of members of the legislature, which was heavily Republican, name by name, marking down beside each the person or the influence needed to control his vote. They gave Rogers every vote they thought he possibly might control, and when they had marked these all off and had made their "doubtful" list, they found they had forty-two votes in the lower house and sixteen in the upper house that seemed sure for Marsh. This gave them fifty-eight votes on joint ballot, and ninety-seven were needed. Their first need, however, was a majority vote in the caucus, and a majority of the caucus was seventy-six. Hence they wanted nineteen or twenty votes to make sure.

Next day the leaders came in, assented to the plan, and went over the lists, marking off some and transferring others from the "doubtful" list to the Marsh or Rogers column. Each leader was assigned a certain set of legislators and ordered to report to Senator Paxton in three days after sounding these men out. It was arranged that nothing should be printed until the following Monday, for, as Paxton said, "Monday is the day to get things over in the morning papers. Mighty little happens on Sundays and news is scarce, and we can get a bigger showing on that morning than on any other." Wherein the senator knew what he was talking about.

"Oh, Dorothy, Don't Forget What You Said on the Dock That Day"

Marsh wrote to Mrs. Marsh that he would be detained, not telling her why, for fear the news might leak out prematurely in Washington, as news frequently does. He and Paxton interviewed men, held conferences, and Paxton distributed money where it would work to an advantage, and brought every political, personal, financial and social influence he could command into battle array, ready to charge on those needed votes as soon as the word was given. The money end of it worried Marsh. Paxton seemed to have funds in large supply and checked them out liberally when necessary.

"Where did this money come from?" asked Marsh one day, after he had seen Senator Paxton hand a worker ten fifty-dollar bills.

"Oh," the senator replied in a matter-of-fact way, "I tapped some of the boys back East for it."

"Tapped them?"

"The same. And the sap flowed freely too—the bright yellow sap."

"What boys?" insisted Marsh.

"Sonny," replied Paxton, "what you don't know won't hurt you. Suffice it to say you desire to be United States senator. Am I correct in that assumption?"

"Certainly."

"Well, there are others who may share in that desire. So let your mind rest only on that side of the matter, and arrange your affairs so you can go out and make a few speeches and tell these good people of ours what a fine thing for them it will be for you to be their junior representative in the United States Senate."

Paxton was right. The Monday morning papers carried long stories about the candidacy of Marsh for the seat of Senator Rogers. That estimable statesman was taking his ease in New York when he heard the news, and he caught the first train for the West. The Washington papers printed dispatches telling of the plan to make Marsh senator, and giving some of the politics of it, with brief sketches of Marsh, mostly concerned with his ability as an orator. Marsh received a hysterically happy dispatch from Mrs. Marsh, who apparently considered herself a senator's wife already, and undoubtedly had pruned her social list again on the strength of the information. A number of Marsh's colleagues wired him good wishes, and Quicksall sent him a dispatch that showed great gratification on Quicksall's part over the news.

The next few weeks were busy ones. Rogers was not without friends, by any means, and they rallied to him. Paxton and Marsh worked unceasingly, and Paxton paid out money with a prodigality that made Marsh gasp.

"Senator," Marsh said one day, "are we buying any of these votes?"

"Well," said Paxton, "I would hardly put it in as crass a manner as that. What we are doing here and there, Jim, is to persuade certain prejudiced legislators to listen to reason."

"But how?"

"By the judicious application of plasters guaranteed to improve their listening faculties."

"What kind of plasters?"

"Shinplasters, you idiot! Let's go over that list again."

A general interest was taken in the fight. Senator Rogers was an experienced politician, and there were many men in the state under political obligations to him. He put every person he could into his campaign. He and Marsh made a few speeches, and immediately after Christmas the campaign directors of both candidates moved to the state capital. The election of a senator to succeed Rogers was set for January fourth and the caucuses were to be held the night before. The opposition newspapers charged that Paxton was spending money like water, which charge did not affect Paxton in the slightest. He issued a statement saying he was spending nothing, save for legitimate publicity, and made the countercharge that it was the Rogers managers who were trying to buy votes.

He established headquarters in the political hotel, and sat all day and far into the night talking in whispers to men who came furtively in and went furtively out. He sent many telegrams, wrote reams of letters, furnished daily pabulum for the newspapers and the special correspondents, and always had his checkbook within reach. Occasionally he would hire an automobile and run out into the country to meet persons who did not want to be seen about headquarters. He was a very busy man.

On the afternoon before the caucus he claimed the selection of Marsh as the candidate of his party by a majority over Rogers in the caucus of fourteen votes. The caucus selection was equivalent to the election by the legislature, for the caucus would bind every Republican legislator who went into it, and Paxton would see to it that all of them were there.

"Jim," he said to Marsh, "we've trimmed them."

"I hope I haven't been trimmed in the process," said Marsh moodily. "How much has this thing cost?"

"For Heaven's sake, cheer up!" exhorted Paxton. "One would think you were being sentenced to hanging instead of being on the verge of election to the Senate."

(Continued on Page 33)

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Insuring Bank Deposits

OF COURSE the first thing a bank depositor wants to know is that he will get back his money. The Glass-Owen Bill does not touch that question, for a mismanaged individual bank could fail under the system it proposes quite as easily as at present. This is not a fault in the bill, for reforming the banking system is a sufficiently complicated and difficult job without attempting at this time to incorporate deposit insurance.

The question of deposit insurance remains, however, and the bankers of Wisconsin have worked out a scheme to that end which looks rather promising. They have organized a mutual company that will insure deposits of its various members.

To become a member, a bank must meet certain standard requirements as to condition, and thereafter it must submit to periodical examinations by the insuring company. The member banks then pay in to the insuring company a small annual assessment on the amount of their deposits, thereby creating a fund which will be ample, as experience shows, to meet any loss to depositors that may rise from the failure of a particular bank.

Bank failures in which depositors meet a loss are relatively so rare that an annual assessment of a small fraction of one per cent of the amount of deposits held by banks would have created a fund sufficient to cover all such losses in recent years; and no bank fails with a loss to depositors except through mismanagement so gross as to be almost criminal.

By coöperating as the Wisconsin plan proposes, the banks themselves can almost prevent loss to depositors. Of course any bank may remain outside the plan if it chooses, and any depositor may put his money in such a bank and take his chances if he chooses; but along the lines of the Wisconsin scheme every fairly prudent bank depositor may be insured against loss.

The Magician's Hat

CONGRESSMAN HENRY well expresses a certain attitude toward the banking bill when he says he wants it amended "in the interests of the debtor classes and those who toil and produce, and sustain the country." Nothing could be more agreeable than a banking system that would lighten poverty, lift up the unfortunate, raise wages and distribute hoards of superfluous wealth among the unfortunate and needy.

We should favor, heart and soul, any National banking system that would be a sort of colossal conjuror's hat, out of which rabbits, guinea-pigs, roast fowls, bright ribbons and silver dollars could be produced at will in unlimited profusion.

Unfortunately, however, we recall a conjuror's confidential confession that nothing really came out of his hat except what was put into it. About nine commercial bank depositors out of ten are debtors as well as creditors. The bank itself is a debtor to nearly the same extent that it is a creditor.

If, by the debtor classes, Mr. Henry means persons who are debtors to a greater extent than they are creditors, then obviously he means those who are insolvent; and a banking system shaped in the interest of bankrupt borrowers would hardly commend itself to solvent depositors.

There is the trouble. Money must have been put into the bank before it can come out. Before a debtor can get a loan a creditor must have made a deposit; and even then the debtor cannot borrow any money unless he already possesses some or its equivalent—in other words, he must be a person having commercial credit, which implies that he has made money and knows how to make more. Banking will be just as cold-blooded under the reformed system as it is now—or else the reformed system will not last long.

Railroad Rates

PRELIMINARY reports indicate that in the fiscal year ending with June the railroads will just about get back to where they were three years ago in regard to net operating income after the payment of taxes. In that respect, in 1911 they fell fifty-eight million dollars behind 1910, and in 1912 eighteen million dollars behind 1911. Apparently last year just about made up the two preceding losses. Meanwhile gross earnings have increased something like four hundred million dollars, or fifteen per cent; length of main line has increased several thousand miles; and gross outstanding capitalization has risen by more than a billion dollars.

As it stands, that is obviously an unsatisfactory record. To be where one was three years ago in respect to net income, while one's business and debts have considerably increased, is not a situation that any tradesman would look upon complacently. Though dividend reductions have been few, the failure of net income to expand proportionately with capital obligations doubtless involves less liberal outlays for betterments and a penurious state of mind with regard to extensions. The number of employees on the railroads' payroll has risen to a million seven hundred thousand, and it is not difficult to understand why directors view wage increases in bitterness of spirit.

To be sure, the last fiscal year showed a handsome increase in net income—an increase which, continuing next year and the year following in the same ratio, will give the roads sufficient revenue for legitimate needs; but their application to raise freight rates five per cent requires very careful consideration.

The Complaint of Wo Sing

"IT IS most unfortunate that the fertile fruit and truck farms of interior British Columbia have begun to develop the racial troubles that have so long been acute in the cities of the Coast," observes the Toronto Globe.

Orientals have been taking up those fruit farms and—as usual—doing uncommonly well with them. As is generally the case, fruitgrowers can prosper only by marketing their products through coöperative associations. White farmers apparently are not seeking to prevent Orientals from owning land, but are merely excluding them from the associations through which alone the fruit can be profitably marketed. "I am a naturalized British subject and I wish to farm," complains Mr. Wo Sing; "but if I cannot sell what I raise, then what is the use of my work?"

The Globe thinks "the real trouble with the Chinese is that, though they earn as much as the whites, they are poor spenders. Instead of living on the same scale as the Occidentals, they hoard their profits." But this view, we are sure, is quite mistaken. If the Asiatics spent lavishly the whites would exclude them on the ground of their demoralizing extravagance. If conditions were reversed the Chinese would exclude the whites on the ground that they were low, improvident, immoral persons.

The Philanthropic Millennium

YEARS ago Mr. Carnegie set aside ten million dollars of first-mortgage five per cent Steel bonds for the purpose of founding libraries and building church organs out of the income. More recently the bonds were transferred from the Carnegie Corporation of New York to the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust, of Scotland, because, it appears, the United States had been filled to the point of saturation with libraries and organs.

The trustees then took up the pleasant duty of saturating the United Kingdom with those useful objects, and it seems, from a letter recently written by Mr. Carnegie, that they have already made commendable progress in that direction. "Though up to this time," writes the donor from Skibo Castle, "we have found nearly the whole revenue, amounting to five hundred thousand dollars a year, has been required to meet the demand for libraries and organs, we believe these demands will now lessen."

When the demand ceases altogether, and the United Kingdom can absorb no more libraries and organs, we hope the Dunfermline Trust will hand the bonds along to the various nations of Europe, Asia and Africa, one after the other, until the entire globe is filled up to the nozzle, so to speak, with Carnegie libraries and church organs.

We imagine a Slavonic peasant, some years hence, departing from his native village past the façade on a Carnegie library to the strains of a Carnegie organ, and taking passage in the steerage to the New World, where the façade of a Carnegie library and the strains of a Carnegie organ will hearten him as he trudges down to the steel mill to do his twelve hours' daily labor.

Subjugating Congress

DOMINATION of Congress by the president is a favorite theme with Republican orators just now. That the tariff bill would be amended in many particulars if members were not in fear of the White House is probable. That there would be any prospect of banking legislation except for the coercive power applied by the president no one believes.

"It ought to humiliate us somewhat," Senator Cummins told the Senate, "when we look round and find that the people generally not only understand this surrender of our rights and privileges but observe it with a degree of satisfaction. It is perhaps natural for them to enjoy it because they have gradually come to believe that Congress looks upon itself as inferior, and it is very human to deride a body of men who, lacking the courage to assert themselves, are whipped into subjection by a master hand."

It is a very old cry—this coercion of Congress by the president; but we suspect it tends to become more and more a fact. Even so purblind and badly advised a president as Mr. Taft kept a pretty effectual hold upon Congress. In the nature of the case a body constituted as Congress is—composed partly of gentlemen who hold themselves so cheap that an implied threat of withholding a postmastership will bring them into line—must lose weight in comparison with the centralized power of the executive. The only effective remedy is not to upbraid timorous members, but to reconstitute Congress.

Personal-Property Tax

STOCKS, bonds and mortgages in the state of New York are mostly exempt from taxation. The effort to tax them produced little revenue. Any tax that was levied upon them was essentially unjust. A personal-property tax levied upon a five per cent bond, for example, is tantamount to an income tax of thirty or forty per cent—a monstrous mulct, such as no country having an outright income tax would dream of inflicting.

A business men's association in the city of New York, however, points out that personal property in the form of machinery and stocks of goods is still taxed. It shows that the assessed valuation of land in the city is four and a half billion dollars and of the improvements—buildings thereon—two and three-quarters billions; and both are taxed at the same rate.

Here is a plot of land worth a million dollars. It was provided by Nature and the owner never lifted a hand to give it that value. Upon it is a building costing a million dollars—a creation by the owner—a sheer addition made by him to the city's capacity for accommodating human needs. In the building are goods and machinery worth a million dollars, provided by the owner's enterprise and at his risk, producing and distributing human satisfaction.

When it comes to taxation the city treats those three items—land, building and personalty—substantially alike. The business men contend it should not, and obviously they are right.

A Medieval Survival

MOLL FLANDERS thus describes the conclusion of her trial for stealing two pieces of flowered silk: "I spoke with more courage than I thought I could have done, and in such moving tones, and with tears, that I could see it moved others to tears that heard me. The judges sat grave and mute, gave me an easy hearing and time to say all I would, but, saying neither yes nor no to it, pronounced the sentence of death upon me." That was in what historians call modern times. Turn back to the glorious days of Crécy and Agincourt and you find a human life considered hardly more than a blackberry. You get a gruesome impression of hanged bodies and severed heads as very ordinary features of the landscape—to be regarded as casually as so many hitching posts or tennis balls.

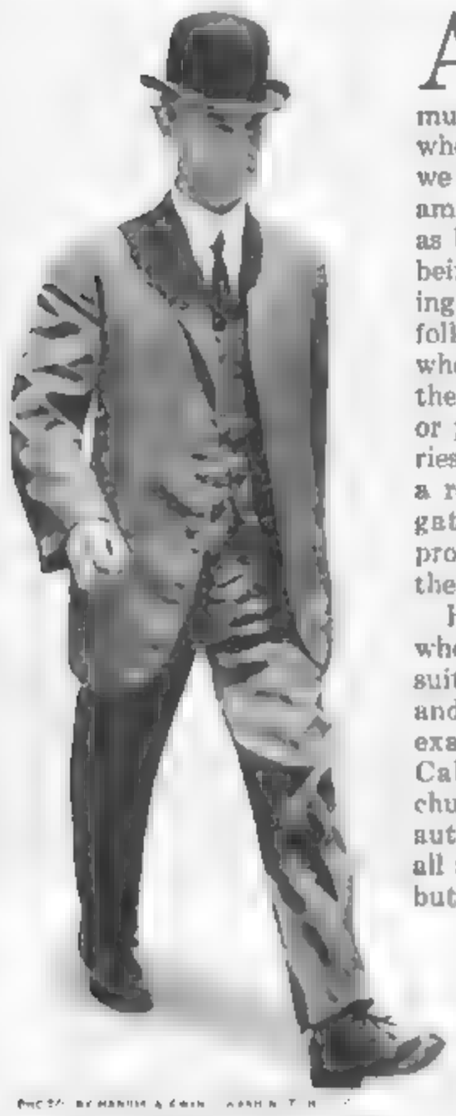
That cheerful attitude survives today when it is a question of war. You hear glib talk of how easily we could handle Mexico—at most only a thousand or so Americans killed and five or six times as many with disabling wounds; the merest bagatelle!

What especially reminds us of it is the following sentence in a letter Congressman Kent recently sent other representatives: "As one financially interested in Mexico, inasmuch as I would not jeopardize my own life or the lives of my sons to protect my property, I would be a coward and a murderer if I should send any of my countrymen to death in behalf of that property."

To all those who want armed intervention for the protection of their speculative chestnuts in Mexico, the answer should be: "First shoulder a musket and enlist your own sons!"

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Man Who Put the Fess in Professor

AUTHORS who are statesmen are, it pains me to observe, much rarer than statesmen who are authors. Of course we have the effulgent examples of T. R. and W. W. as beacon lights, the same being well known in authoring circles; but most writing folk go but short distances when they endeavor to put their theories into politics, or politics into their theories, which is somewhat of a reflection on the aggregated intelligence of the proletariat, but a fact none the less.

However there are a few who combine the two pursuits, a few other than T. R. and W. W. For illustrious example, we have Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, who not only is an author, as fully set down in all authorized biographies, but who candidly, not to say frankly, recognized that designation by introducing the bill creating the American Academy of Immortals and including himself in the list of those whose fame shall never die. Then we have Senator Theodore Burton, of Ohio, who gives the impression, by his settled air of extreme dejection, that he wrote The Anatomy of Melancholy. He didn't. What he wrote was a book on finance, but it was equally dismal. And there are others, more than you'd think unless you thought deeply on the subject. Let me bring to your attention one of the most versatile of the lot, a statesman-author or an author-statesman, whichever you prefer.

His name is Simon D. Fess, the D. being merely ornamental, as Mr. Fess 'fesses, and stuck in there arbitrarily by himself when he was a boy and was sore because other boys had middle initials while his parents had conferred nothing on him but a simple Simon, a handle none too ornamental at best.

Simon D. Fess is an author. You may be sure of that. He has put over four tomes, weighing in the aggregate some nine and one-half pounds and described in the catalogues as follows: An Outline Study in Physiology, Outlines of United States History, History of American Political Theory, and Civics in Ohio. Of course you have all read these sterling works, sterling and standard, so there is no need of referring to them at length. It may be said, though, that as an outliner Simon is considered the high rod in Ohio, depicting in this fascinating manner physiology, history or any other subject, including civics in Ohio—and a person who can outline the civics of Ohio, especially of Cincinnati, is entitled to whatever praise he can secure.

Also he is a professor. Out at Antioch College the sophomores speak of him as the man who put the Fess in professor, but that is mere boyish pleasantry. What he did was to put the professor in Fess, and, if reports be true, he made a good job of it. Simon D. has been a teacher all his life, with editing and authoring as sidelines, and with a short excursion into the law and into other branches of corelated knowledge.

The fact is that Simon is a highly educated person, but you'd have to take three guesses before you could tell it by looking at him.

Every man has a double somewhere. If it were moral I'd lay seven to five that you can find a ringer for Ham Lewis or Cy Sulloway, provided you look long enough. Still I infer you'd be puzzled over the replica of Simon D. Fess. You would press your brow and say: "Where, oh, where, have I seen the likes to that man before? His name is perfectly familiar, but I forget his face." Then it would flash over you. Charley Bigelow—the comedian who used to do the funny business in the Anna Held shows. Dead now, but when he was alive two peas in a pod looked like a tomato and a watermelon when compared to Bigelow and Fess. Same bald head, same translucent ears, same twinkly little eyes, same shrewd mouth, same vibratory nose, same figure, same everything, except this—Simon D. Fess is no comedian. No, siree! He's a historian. Why, they tell me he could sit down and write from memory a history of Ohio that would be standard as soon as it was published. He's a serious person, but he doesn't work at it all the time.

The Jacking-Up of Antioch

YOU see Simon D. Fess, in addition to knowing things, can tell what he knows. Many people who know things cannot do that, as most people who do not know things can and do. It would be quite difficult to pick out a subject on which Fess couldn't deliver an entertaining and instructive lecture, and he does a good deal of that. It's a favorite diversion of his to proceed to a lecture place with a collar that is too big for him, a hat that is too small for him, trousers that flap about, and the general air of a person who doesn't know enough to light a match. Then, after they all have looked him over and sniggered and hee-hawed, he rises up on the platform and simply paralyzes them with his knowledge, his eloquence and his grasp of his subject. And it is all one with him whether he is expounding the Nibelungenlied or showing the advantages of the initiative and the referendum.

Fess was born in Ohio in 1861 and took the chair of American History at the Northern University of Ohio after he had graduated therefrom. He studied law, managed the law department of this university, and in 1902 went to the University of Chicago, where he remained until 1906. Then he took the presidency of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, which is only nine miles from the place where Fred Kelly was born, if you desire to know its location. Antioch was founded by Horace Mann, and was a progressive place in its day, being the first college, or one of the first, to have coeducation, and also one of the first to take negro students. Antioch was rather in the doldrums when Fess went to it, and he went for less money than he was getting in Chicago because he thought he could build it up, which he did.

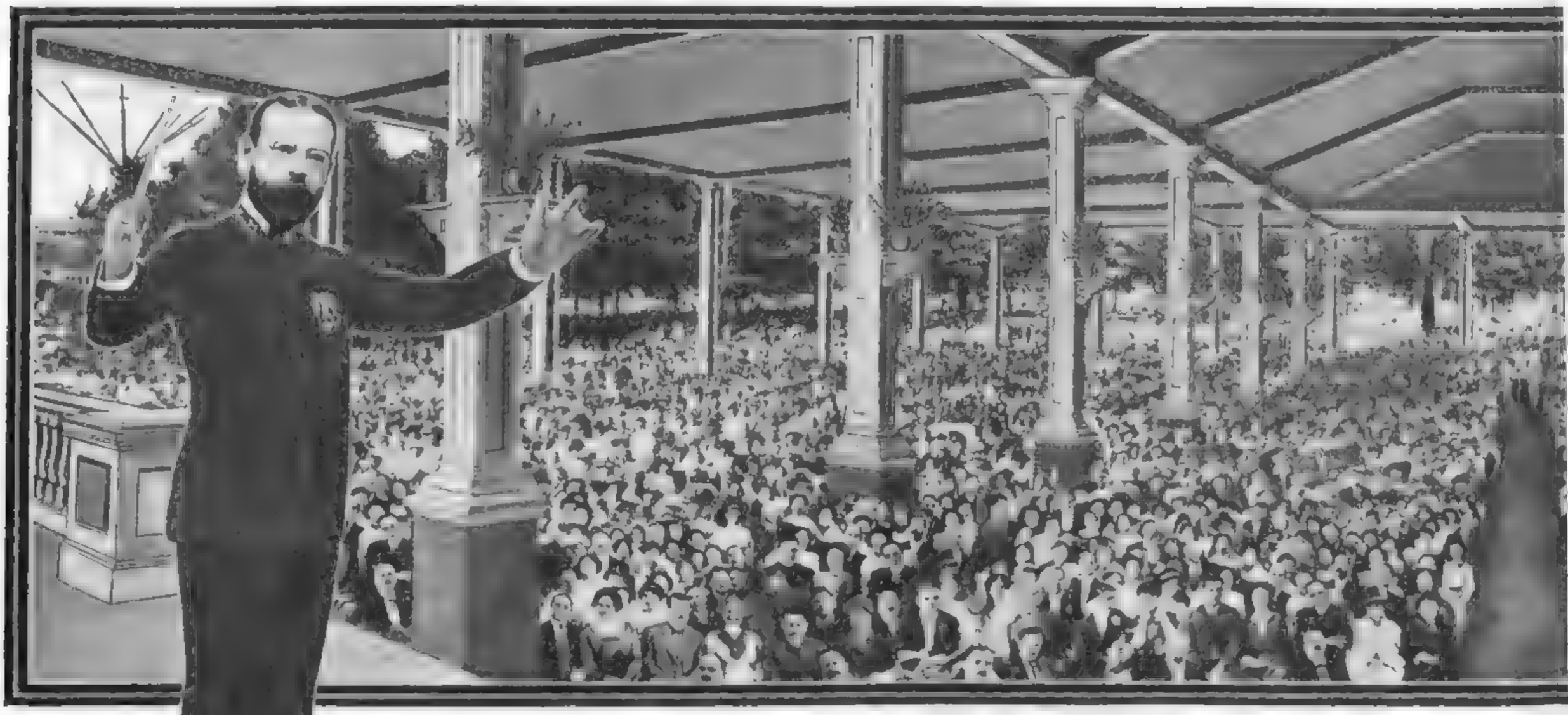
Along in 1910 Ohio decided to renovate and reconstruct its state constitution and elected a large number of persons to go to Columbus to attend to that matter. Fess was one. Inasmuch as he had written on civics in Ohio they gave him plenty of opportunity to put his precepts into practice, for they elected him vice-president of the convention and told him to go as far as he liked, or rather as far as he could. He was made chairman of the education committee and was author of the amendment creating a state superintendent of public instruction. Also he headed the voluntary committee of ten that framed and made the convention take the initiative and referendum amendment, and he made a frightful fuss over the taxation amendment. Indeed, after the taxation scheme had been beaten Fess emitted so many statements, pronouncements, defiances, challenges and other calls to arms that the constitution makers became frightened, reconsidered the matter and put through the present law, which, I am informed, has caused much anguish to the corporations, but is quite satisfactory to the ordinary run of taxpayers.

The time to run for Congress came due while the constitution convention was in session. One or two other members of the convention from the same locality as Fess decided to confer themselves on Washington, and left the constitution to take care of itself while they went back home and harried the people for votes. Fess announced himself as a candidate, but said he was going to stick to the job in Columbus, revise that constitution, and if the people didn't want him that would be the distinct loss of the people.

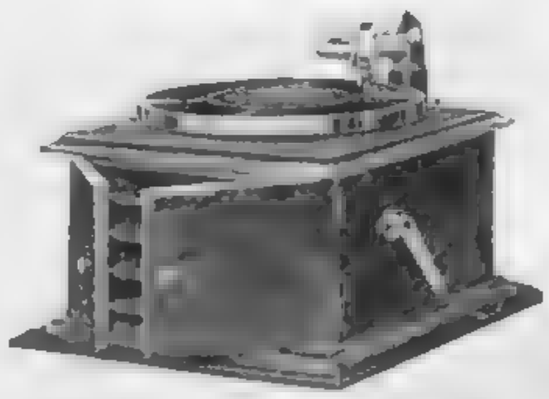
As for him, he could and would go back to Antioch and go to work again. His opponents said it showed a nice, conscientious spirit for him to stick to his job, but politics is politics, y'know, and a man has to look out for himself, no matter what he has been sent to do.

Wherefore Simon D. Fess was nominated, and he was elected, too, being one of the three Republicans who squeezed into Congress from that great, typical, steadfast, unswerving Republican state—as we used to say in the good old days—and as able a citizen as Ohio has sent to Washington in some time.

"Don't Blame it on Me!"



Sousa



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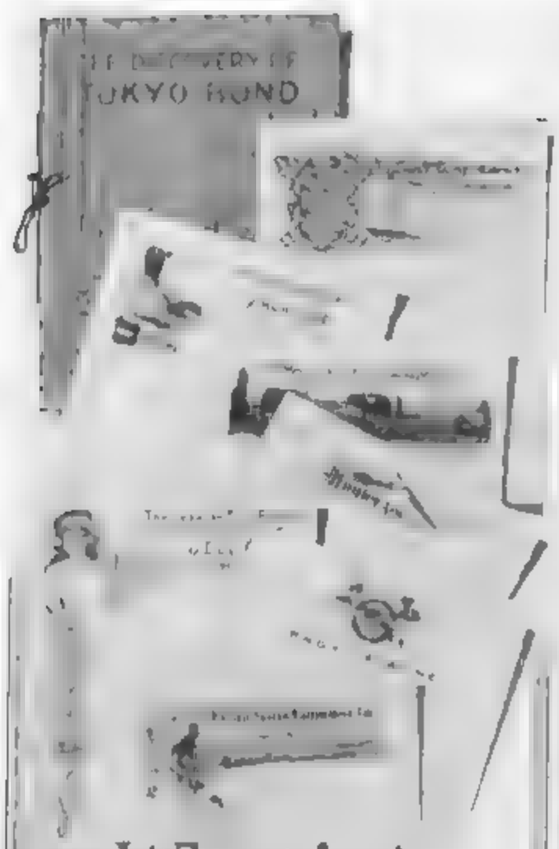

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THE SMUDGE SINISTER

(Continued from Page 16)

mob-cap to the assembly balls; the one of Henry Custis Coomber, in Continental buff and blue—somewhat wooden in expression, but interesting beyond words. The guests had also admired Judge Beverly Coomber, of Coomber, and the silver-mounted rapier of a still more remote ancestor, together with a snuff-box and a pair of flat candlesticks from the Salem homestead.

Now Mr. Coomber was conjugating his coat-of-arms. It was a lion passant-regardant in bend gules between two acorns azure within as many cottises ermine. Crest: a cubit arm erect grasping an oak branch—all proper. It was emblazoned in chromatic splendor on vellum and framed in oak. Mr. Coomber tapped its component parts with his eyeglasses.

"All nonsense, of course," he said with his deprecating smile. "Still, once upon a time it had its significance and value, I suppose."

"I venture to say it has its value now, sir," observed Jackson Satterlee, who was sitting next to Emmeline and had been listening with rapt and respectful attention.

Mr. Coomber smiled on him benevolently. He liked that "sir" of Jackson's.

"Of course you'd think so, my boy," he said.

Being an aristocrat himself, Jackson naturally would. That was what Mr. Coomber seemed to convey. Emmeline glanced at William Skinner. That young man's expression was cryptic. He should have been feeling duly impressed by a sense of his own base origin, however. If he was Emmeline felt very, very sorry for him and wished Mr. Hollis had not brought the conversation round to family. Mr. Hollis was smiling grimly.

"What kind of a beast was it you said—rubbernecking on the shield?" he inquired. "A gules?"

"A lion," explained Mr. Coomber good-naturedly. "Gules means red. The lion is a conventional, heraldic lion. There's no great fidelity to Nature in the representation, I admit."

"Huh!" said Mr. Hollis. "What's he got his front paw stretched out that way for? It looks as if it had a cramp."

"That shows his position," Mr. Coomber elucidated—"passant. He is also regardant—having his neck twisted, as you say."

"Quite sure about him being a lion?" Mr. Hollis persisted. "It's the juxtaposition of the acorns that makes me doubtful. If it had been cocoanuts now! But the arm and the stick and the acorns—altogether there's a sort of stockyard suggestion about it, it seems to me." Here he winked at Skinner and Skinner winked responsively.

The merest flicker it was—a snapshot shutter of a lightning-action camera of a wink, and William Skinner's face remained as cryptic as ever; but, swiftly as that eyelid of his closed and opened, Emmeline's glance was quick enough to intercept it and the blood of the Coombers rose and mantled her cheek. Henry Drivington Coomber also caught that wink and it would be little to say it jarred upon him. No flush mounted to his high patrician brow; but, as he carefully readjusted his eyeglasses to his aristocratic and aquiline nose, his hand trembled.

"Well, I think I've bored you sufficiently," he remarked almost apologetically. "Are you interested in Japanese prints, Mr. Skinner?"

"Drygoods is a little out of my line, but I'm interested in almost anything that comes along," replied Skinner pleasantly, yet with an uneasy consciousness of Emmeline and Jackson Satterlee. "It's an interesting little old world, full of interesting people who are doing interesting things," William continued. "I've never yet found anything in it that bored me and I don't expect to."

"You're more than kind," said Mr. Coomber a little sarcastically. "I wish I could truthfully say as much."

"I try to get the other fellow's point of view," Skinner observed. "It's worth while—believe me—every time."

"I'm going to smoke a cigar on the porch," announced Mr. Hollis.

He got up and left the room and Emmeline followed him. Jackson followed Emmeline, but not without a polite assurance that he would return.

"I mean to say," William resumed, "that some of us just take our own ideas of the proper thing according to the way we've been raised, and there are so many ways of being raised we don't know anything about. Isn't that right, Mr. Coomber?"

"Undoubtedly," Henry Drivington agreed politely. "Wouldn't you like to smoke a cigar on the porch, Mr. Skinner?"

"Thanks," said Skinner, "after a little perhaps; but there's something I want to say to you first. Going back to the question of raising and getting right down to brass tacks, however a fellow's been raised, he wants the other fellow to be square and sound and clean. That's his idea of a man, isn't it? Those are the main things, aren't they? Whether it's me, for instance, or—we'll say—Satterlee?"

"I don't quite understand ——" Henry Drivington began.

"You will in about half a minute," William Skinner assured him. "You don't know me, and that's my excuse for telling you that I've always made a stagger at being the things I have mentioned. Mr. Hollis knows me, and I think he'll tell you that if you ask him. I'm drawing down three thousand a year, and next year it's going to be five. I haven't saved as much as I ought perhaps; but I've got a little reserve fund, at that."

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what all this is leading to?" asked Mr. Coomber coldly—not that he had any doubt.

"I want to put myself straight with you first, then I want to try to get your daughter to marry me," said William.

The clock ticked loudly. Presently Mr. Coomber looked up and shook his head slowly but decidedly.

"Why?" demanded William, and his tone was compelling.

"There are several good reasons," Mr. Coomber replied. "I might say, for one—and I think that should be sufficient—I am decidedly opposed to the idea."

"I knew that," said William. "I am waiting for you to tell me why. Is it my raising?"

"Mr. Skinner, I'm a good American," Mr. Coomber answered. "I hope that I have no ridiculous and un-American snobbishness in my make-up. I take a man as I find him, and respect him or despise him for the good or bad qualities that I may discern in him. At the same time I will not be disingenuous enough to pretend that I attach no importance to family, education, environment, and their necessary and consequent ideals, when it comes to a question of marriage. You speak of a point of view. I think it is hardly possible for a person gently bred, descended from people of station—er—I might say eminent people—in short, a person of family—to be entirely in sympathy with a person of no family. I don't say that one is better or worse than the other; but there is a dissimilarity, a disparity, that both would inevitably find—jarring."

"I don't find that your daughter jars on me," said Skinner with a faint smile.

"You force me to advance another and quite insuperable objection," Mr. Coomber asserted. "My daughter is going to marry Mr. Satterlee, the gentleman you have met here this evening, a young man of exceptional attainments, excellent prospects—and good family." He encountered William's steadfast eye. "I have every reason to believe this," he added.

William got up.

"I believe I'll see if Mr. Hollis is ready to go," said he, and smiled—a forty-footring sort of smile. "I have to thank you for a most—unpleasant evening," he said.

On his way to the porch he passed the music room. Emmeline and Jackson Satterlee occupied the small settee, and Jackson was bending over Emmeline's extended hand in the act of imprinting a chaste salute thereon. It was perfectly evident that Emmeline had granted this favor. It was almost evident that she saw William Skinner.

The day after that William Skinner called at the Coomber house and inquired for Miss Emmeline. The imperturbable young butler informed him that Miss Emmeline was not at home.

"Just that?" asked William.

"Just that, sir," replied the butler.

Here it may not be out of place to remark on the reciprocating motion or compensating balance of the seesaw that we call life. On consideration, however, a seesaw is not a good figure for the present purpose; its exaltations and depressions are of too brief duration. The good old axiom that when things are at their worst they are sure to mend—or that it is darkest just before dawn—may be more apposite. Certainly things seemed to be at their worst and darkest for William Skinner. The last spark of the hope that he had cherished for a month at least was extinguished. The strong determination that possessed him had failed and fled. It would be idle and unnecessarily cruel to recount his sufferings or to depict his despair.

Returning for the moment to the seesaw, he was at the low end of the plank and it seemed as if the center of gravity had shifted to keep him there. Yet it was only two weeks later when Mr. Hollis called on him at the office. The young man was at his desk, busily, almost feverishly, occupied, but looking exceedingly tired.

"How are Buffalo freights, m'son?" inquired Mr. Hollis.

"I always thought you were a pretty good friend of mine," reproachfully said William.

"I had an idea you did, Billy," said Mr. Hollis. "That's why I went to see little Emmeline last night. I'm afraid you misconducted yourself on your last visit there; and I feel sorry, because, having introduced you to the family, they hold me in some degree responsible. It appears you were guilty of a gross rudeness. You winked at me while our host was expounding his escutcheon—a wink of derision; a contumelious wink. It showed a characteristically vulgar estimate of an honorable thing—not to mention the discourtesy."

"Why, hang it!" exclaimed Skinner, starting up. "It was you winked at me."

"Gently, Billy; gently now!" said Mr. Hollis. "Your manners certainly have not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

"Repose nothing!" cried the exasperated young man. "You winked at me, I tell you. If I did anything of the sort I didn't mean to and didn't know it."

"Cinder got in your eye, eh?" suggested Mr. Hollis. "Too bad! Too bad! Because I don't believe Emmie would have accepted young Satterlee if it hadn't been for that. I supposed you were merely showing a proper and friendly appreciation of my witticisms. Suppose you call and explain then. Don't mind my feelings."

"But," faltered Skinner, "you say she is engaged to Satterlee anyway."

Here came the uplift.

"I said she was," corrected Mr. Hollis. "As a matter of fact the engagement terminated last Sunday. There was an incompatibility of something or other, and it's all off. Now I'll be going up to the house again in a week or two, if you don't want to go, and I'll explain about that cinder. You leave it —— Where are you going?"

Skinner was putting on his coat and closing his desk.

"There's a matter I've got to attend to right away," he explained. "Excuse me!" The next instant he was gone.

The imperturbable young butler deftly separated the card from the folded steel engraving of President McKinley that accompanied it and opened the street door to its fullest extent.

"If you'll step inside, sir, I'll make sure," he said.

William Skinner stepped inside and stepped into a little reception room, and listened to remote and irrelevant sounds that gave him a sick feeling of apprehension. In an eternity or two there came a sound not remote, a rustle; and then a quick, light footfall on the staircase that had an odd effect on his heart action and respiratory organs. Then Emmeline appeared.

The first thing William Skinner noticed was her pallor; next, that her expression was pathetically sad and her manner curiously languid. The thought occurred to William that this might be symptomatic of vain regret, bitter remorse and secret pining, in connection with a broken-troth plight. It was a disagreeable thought, but it was lost in his quick appreciation of the sweet simplicity of the dress she wore. This was a new Emmeline altogether—yet as bewildering, perhaps lovelier, than she had been in those long-vanished evenings of yore.

For a moment he trembled. Then he got a grip on himself and said what he had come to say.

"That was a mistake of yours, Miss Coomber. If you supposed I intentionally did anything that would be disrespectful to your father or—your family, you were mistaken. I want you to take my word for that."

Emmeline laughed, but quite mirthlessly. "Oh, my family!" she cried. "My family!"

William remembered the peculiar emphasis of that cry later on, but he had one purpose before him now.

"Will you take my word without any reservation," he persisted.

Emmeline looked into his eyes a moment and read truth there.

"Yes," she said; "I believe you. I thought you considered it all very ridiculous, and I was angry. Now, I'm—I'm just sorry." Her lip quivered. "But it doesn't matter." She smiled through a film of tears. "You would have been right. It was ridiculous!"

"Don't make another mistake," said William Skinner earnestly. "If you think that anything concerning you or any one or anything belonging to you could be ridiculous to me—why, then," declared William, "you've got another—you've got something to learn. It matters a good deal to me that you should think I was a Yahoo."

"Indeed, I don't think that!" Emmeline assured him. What she thought—oddly enough—was that the lock of hair which stood upright at the end of his parting ought to be smoothed down. "Truly I don't!"

Skinner seemed to consider.

"That much is settled then," he said. "Now I'm going farther. Do you know what was bringing me here?" he asked. "I told your father. Did he tell you?"

"N-no," Emmeline faltered. "I mean—that is, daddy told me you had—— Oh, please don't!"

"I'm twenty-five," said Skinner relentlessly; "and you're the first girl I ever gave a second thought to. I have had many thoughts of you since; and if I live to be fifty I shall be thinking of you then! Tell me whether you believe me."

"I believe anything you say to me!" she murmured brokenly. "I—I don't seem able to help it. But you must not—please! Oh, I'm most miserable—and I don't know what to do or who to tell."

"Is it Satterlee?" asked Skinner gently.

"No!" Emmeline answered with energy. "It was never Jackson."

William Skinner reached out and took her hands in his, but she withdrew them.

"I'll tell you," she said breathlessly, and flitted from the room.

Skinner heard her run up the staircase; and in a minute or two she returned carrying a shabby book, bound like a ledger in canvas, with worn red-leather back and corners. A broken brass lockclasp dangled from one edge.

"I found it among some old books in the storeroom," said Emmeline. "Read this—and this!"

It was what it appeared to be, an old account book, ruled for dates, dollars and cents. Many of the leaves were missing—wrenched out, it seemed, by a strong hand; but on those that remained were long, closely written entries—a diary—extraordinarily frank, a weakness in itself; a curious expression of the human need of confidence, of confession. Skinner read a sentence or two and looked up doubtfully.

"Go on!" Emmeline insisted, and she watched him narrowly as he read. As he proceeded his expression grew more and more serious; and he finally closed the book without comment, but frowning reflectively.

"Oh, if you had laughed I would never have spoken to you again!" cried Emmeline with sudden passion.

"I never felt less like it," said Skinner. "You haven't shown it to him?"

"To nobody but you," replied Emmeline. Then she hid her face and began to cry.

The next moment Skinner had her in his arms petting and soothing her as if she had been a child.

"Oh, my dear, don't!" he entreated. "Oh, little girl, little girl, don't do that!"

He stroked her soft hair and patted the slim shoulders that heaved so pitifully within his embrace. Presently her sobs became less violent and then ceased, and Skinner gently placed his hand beneath her chin and lifted it so that she had to look at him. Their eyes met. There was a question in his and an entirely satisfactory answer in hers.

"I know it was never Jackson," said William Skinner after a while.

"I know it was always you," Emmeline returned. "I can't make it stay down," she added; "it's a most refractory tree!"

Henry Drivington Coomber sat in his library, staring dully at the portrait of Judge Beverly Coomber, of Coomber, over the Colonial mantelpiece. On the tiled hearth a fire of hickory billets was burning, though it was summer weather and the windows were opened wide to the breezes from the lake. Henry Drivington liked an open fire, and the hot-water radiators in the room were arranged as unobtrusively as might be. From the portrait Henry Drivington's dull glance fell upon an open account book, bound in dirty canvas and faded and scuffed red leather, and he shivered a little. Then gingerly he took the book up and for the third time read therein:

"January 14, '53. Saw Abner Silkstocking Skinner this A. M. He backs water on the Argentine dicker and I stand to lose a cool two thousand dols. I think I will get even with Mister S. Purdy says he can fix a mess for his delicate stomach that will give the Skinners fence-rail colic to the tenth generation. Purdy's the bully boy with the glass eye! Told Madam Minty about it. A man's a fool to talk about business with his wife! She said the Argentine was deceiving people and I ought to be ashamed of myself. Told her it meant she would have to worry along with the old rockaway a while longer. That miffed her. . . .

"January 18. Purdy cooked his mess and Mister Dainty-Dick Skinner's mealy mouth is dribbling. No man can beat me out of two thousand dols. and go to sleep on it without waking up with a headache. Grierson's gang ponied up and Madam Minty gets her stanhope. Told her she could beat Coxwell & Glashier highflying, but I was ballast she couldn't heave overboard. She said I was a sandbag. Guess I can use one if I have to. . . .

"January 26. Minty wants a crest to put on her stanhope. Purdy's wife has got a blue griffin on hers. Spoke to Garter King, who said I needed a coat. Asked him what tailor he was touting for. He meant coat-of-arms. Loaned him two dols. Went to Levy Moss' this P. M.; bought a job lot of junk, pictures and miniatures, and so on. Told Minty to use them for ancestors, and think she has the brass to do it. Moss had old coats; also hats. But told him I was not in market for same. Will see Garter King again about pedigree. But think it will be cheaper to claim kin with the Hudson Street Coombers, who are always bragging about their old homestead in Salem and the Virginia Coombers. . . . Saint Saphead Skinner has bit! Swallowed hook, line and sinker! Told Purdy to begin hauling in tomorrow. He'll cut up well!"

Mr. Coomber closed the book and sank huddled back in his chair; but, starting up almost immediately he pitched the damning record on to the coals of the hickory fire. The framed coat-of-arms followed the book. There was a jingle of glass on the tiled hearth, and the gaudy parchment curled and writhed in the flames and stretched out in a rigor of blackened ash.

Still there was more to do. He unlocked a cabinet and took out the miniatures. Here was a harder task. Flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood, he had thought these painted faces; links of an immortal chain stretching back through the mists of time and welded to the link that was himself. Familiar friends of his boyhood!

What was it Froude had said about inspiration, standing by that old tomb? He could not recollect exactly. A tear ran down his aquiline nose and splashed on the features of the Toast of Jamestown; but he steeled himself and dropped the ivory oval on the glowing embers. The haughty old lady in the mob cap went next; and then the wooden-faced lad in buff and blue. A light gust of wind blew in at the open window and diffused a faint, charnel-house smell from the hearth.

He was huddled back in his chair again when William Skinner and Emmeline came in, but he straightened at their entrance and looked at Skinner unflinchingly.

"The objections that I mentioned when you spoke to me last seem to have disappeared," he said with a queer smile. "After all, we—we stand or fall by what we are. A man—well, never mind about that. It's all right. And don't you worry, my dear!" he went on, turning to Emmeline. "We may have better blood in us than we have any idea of. Anyway, I hope I'm a good American; and—and now run along and leave me." He cleared his throat.

So they went away and left him—with his dead.

(From bronze in the private collections of C. W. Post.)

Mighty Blows

That "do things" in every walk of life nowadays are directed by the keen brains of men and women who have built themselves into fit condition to win.

Today's food must repair the used-up cells in muscle, brain and nerve, caused by yesterday's work.

If you care to be "quite fit" for tomorrow, see to it that the food contains the elements Nature requires to do her marvelous rebuilding.

Grape-Nuts
FOOD

has proven itself a sturdy, well-balanced ration which meets every requirement.

It has all the concentrated food-strength of whole wheat and malted barley—including the "vital salts" (stored in the outer coat of the grains) which are so often lacking in the ordinary diet.

Grape-Nuts food is ready to eat direct from the package with cream; has a delicate winning flavour; and is easily and quickly digested—generally in about one hour.

If the ability to earn money and position appeals to you, try Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

Sense and Nonsense

A Willing Agent

AGENTS for the various transportation companies that operate in the Yellowstone Park meet the trains at Livingston, Montana, and endeavor to secure for their companies tourists who have not been booked through.

Several of them were trying to get a tourist early this season. They explained the advantages of their various methods of seeing the park.

Finally the tourist said: "It isn't a question of money with me. It is simply a question of congeniality."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" shouted one of the agents. "We show you that too—just the other side of Mammoth Hot Springs."

A One-Legged Route

STRICKLAND GILLILAN, the poet and lecturer, was on his way from Gainesville, Texas, to Oklahoma City one night last summer. The porter on the sleeping car, Gillilan says, had an overdose of both gin and hookworms.

When Gillilan awoke in the morning one of his large and ornate shoes was by his berth, nicely shined. The other shoe was missing.

He called the pickled porter and asked: "Why did you shine one of my shoes and not the other?"

"Boss, I didn't see but jes' one shoe."

"Well, you must have known there were two."

"No, boss, I didn't know you-all had two shoes."

"Come off! You did know it. You must have known it."

"Hones', boss, I didn't know it. They's a right smaht ob one-legged gemmen travels on dis hyah line."

Showing Hearst How

WHEN William R. Hearst bought the old New York Journal one of his managing editors, Julius Chambers, invited Hearst to dinner with him.

They went to a downtown French restaurant. Chambers had ordered the dinner, which was a good one, and Hearst and he had a pleasant time. Along toward the close of the meal Chambers said: "Now, Mr. Hearst, I am going to give you a treat. I have ordered something you probably never have eaten or seen."

Chambers nodded to the waiter, who brought in some French artichokes.

"You see," explained Chambers, "these are a great delicacy. You pull off the leaves and dip the ends in the sauce and eat the ends only, not all the leaves."

Hearst smiled a little and followed directions. As they progressed Chambers said complacently: "Pretty good, eh? I don't suppose you ever saw an artichoke before."

"Well," Hearst replied, "I can't go so far as that. You see, Chambers, we had four hundred acres of them growing the last time I was out at our California ranch."

No Munckeying

A MAN named Fisher, living in Arkansas, claimed ownership of a fine spring near a road that ran through the woods. Campers would stop at the spring, and some of them were not careful to keep it as clean as Proprietor Fisher thought they should be. So he put up this sign:

"NOTIS!

"I will inDite a Man or a Boy Who Munckeys With my Spring!

"sined, D. FISHER."

Garford
TRUCKS

Some record truck transactions

DURING the last six months, New York City—the most difficult, exacting, and over-solicited truck market in the world—has purchased over $1,300,000.00 worth of Garford trucks. Listed below are the individual transactions made by the R & L Company, our eastern distributers. Over 66% of these sales are repeat orders.

Watson Contracting Co., Fordham, N. Y., *Before placing their last order this firm had 8 Garfords. This makes 18.*	**10 five-ton Garfords**
Texas Oil Co., New York City, *This firm now operates 17 Garfords.*	**5 Garford Tank Trucks**
New York Police Department, *Purchased 3 Garfords last May. Effected a saving over horses, of $19,000 a year. 10 more were ordered.*	**10 Garford Patrol Wagons**
New York Mail Co., New York City, *This firm handles the mails in New York City. They now have a total of 68 Garfords.*	**8 three-ton Garfords**
Pittsburgh Contracting Co., New York City, *This makes 7 Garfords purchased in two years for their Catskill Aqueduct job.*	**2 six-ton Garfords**
Holbrook, Cabot & Rollins Corp., N. Y. C., *Used 2 Garfords for over a year on the Catskill Aqueduct.*	**2 ten-ton Garford Tractors**
John Bell Co., New York City, *The Bell Company had one Garford in use a year before this order was given us.*	**5 six-ton Garfords**
Colwell Lead Company, New York City and Brooklyn, *This firm has used motor trucks for years. This order replaced all their other trucks.*	**6 three-ton Garfords**
Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, *Operated 3 Garfords for a year. Now have a total of 8*	**5 Garfords, various sizes**
Eastern Asphalt Paving Co., N. Y. C., *Engineers of this Company unanimously recommended the Garford as the most efficient*	**3 six-ton Garfords**
N. J. Ice Cream Co., Newark, N. J., *One Garford ordered last fall proved up so well that three more were purchased*	**3 three-ton Garfords**
H. C. Bohack Grocery Co., Brooklyn, *This makes 5 Garfords purchased by this firm during the last two years.*	**2 five-ton Garfords**
Cranford Co., Brooklyn, *After trying three different makes, the final choice of this company was the Garford.*	**7 six-ton Garford Tractors**
Interboro Brewing Co., Brooklyn, *For a year previous this firm had one Garford working side by side with other makes.*	**11 five-ton Garfords**
Piel Bros., Brewery, New York City, *Used one 5-ton Garford for a year, then discarded all other trucks.*	**6 Garfords, various sizes**
Dayton Hedges, Contractor, N. Y. C., *Hedges selected the Garford because of the efficient service it gave dozens of other contractors.*	**3 six-ton Garfords**
F. L. Cranford, Inc., New York City, *In building the N. Y. Subways, Cranford is hauling 10 and 11 tons per load by means of Garford 4-wheel tractors.*	**2 ten-ton Garford Tractors**
Public Service Corp., Newark, N. J., *Particularly where quick, efficient and faithful performance is required, like in the work of a public service corporation, the Garford is pre-eminently the dependable truck.*	**2 two-ton Garfords**
Farmers Feed Co., New York City, *After several years experimenting, the Garford is the final choice of this company.*	**2 ten-ton Garford Tractors**
D. W. Kaatze Milk Co., Brooklyn, *The first Garfords purchased some time ago must have been satisfactory.*	**1 six-ton Garford**
Westchester Lighting Co., N. Y., *A year's use of a 3 ton Garford convinced this firm that they could use another just like it.*	**1 three-ton Garford**
Frazer & Burchenal, New York City, *In seeking the best truck for heavy contracting it was only logical to select the Garford*	**2 six-ton Garfords**
R. A. Funger Motor Trucking Co., N. J., *This firm now has 6 Garford trucks—having replaced all their other makes.*	**3 six-ton Garfords**
L. Wertheim Coal & Coke Co., N. Y. C., *The first Garford was so satisfactory that a second one was immediately ordered.*	**1 six-ton Garford**
Monarch Auto Trucking Co., Brooklyn, *Used one Garford for a year in conjunction with several other trucks. Their repeat order is significant.*	**2 six-ton Garfords**
Empire State Dairy, Brooklyn, *This is the third order within two years.*	**1 ten-ton Garford Tractor**
Peter Breidt Brewery, Elizabeth, N. J., *This is but another illustration of where the initial purchase was so satisfactory that the second order was placed without hesitation.*	**2 five-ton Garfords**
Thos. Wood Sons Coal Co., Brooklyn, *This company has two more six-ton Garfords on order.*	**1 six-ton Garford**

Some other recent buyers who endorse the Garford

Consolidated Gas Co., New York
Nassau Brewing Co., Brooklyn
J. W. Greene & Co., Newark
Barr Bros., Brooklyn
Michaels Bros., Brooklyn
Welz & Zerweck, Brewers, Brooklyn
Herring Hall Marvin Safe Co., New York
Jagels & Bellis Coal Co., Jersey City
Middle Lehigh Coal Co., Brooklyn
Z. O. Nelson Coal Co., Brooklyn
Pure Oil Co., New York
Novelty Candy Co., Jersey City
R. F. Stevens Milk Co., Brooklyn
Germania Roofing Co., New York
Cheseboro Whitman & Co., New York
Knox Hat Mfg. Co., Brooklyn
Royal Metal Furniture Co., Brooklyn
Baker Bros., Jersey City
Merrit Construction Co., Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Orange Brewery, Inc., Orange, N. J.
Orange County Brewery, Middletown
Brooklyn Builders Supply Co., Brooklyn
Builders Brick Supply Co., Bronx
Swain Bros. Dairy, Newark
Beckers' Chemical Works, Brooklyn
M. F. Hickey Cont. Co., Brooklyn
Atlantic Macaroni Co., Brooklyn
B. A. & G. N. Williams Co., New York
Knickerbocker Storage Co., Newark
Dept. of Correction, New York

Such an unusual volume of business is only another indication of Garford efficiency and should make a marked impression on those who are figuring on commercial vehicle equipment.

Catalogues, transportation advice and all information gratis. Please address Dept. 5.

THE GARFORD COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

A SINGER'S STORY

(Concluded from Page 18

herself few emotions. Every singer knows that emotions are what exhaust and injure the voice. She never acted and she never, never felt. As Violetta she did express some slight emotion, to be sure. Her part in the last act was sung with something like passion, at least with more passion than she ever showed in anything else. But her great success was always due to her wonderful voice. Her acting was essentially mechanical. As an intelligent actress, a creator of parts or even as an interesting personality, she could never approach Christine Nilsson. Nilsson had both originality and magnetism, a combination irresistibly captivating. Her singing was the embodiment of dramatic expression.

Our London rehearsals were rather fun. It seemed strange to be able to walk across a stage without getting the hem of one's skirt dirty. English theaters are incredibly clean when one considers what a dirty, sooty, grimy town London is. Our opera was at the old Drury Lane, although we always called it Her Majesty's because that was the name of the opera company. I was amused to find that a member of the company, a big young basso named Signor Foli, turned out to be none other than Walter Foley, a boy from my old home in the Hartford regions. I always called him "the Irish Italian from Connecticut."

We opened on November second in Faust. There was rather a flurry of indignation that a young American prima donna should dare to plunge into Marguerite the very first thing. The fact that the young American had sung it before other artists had, with the exception of Patti and Tietjens, and that she was generally believed to know something about it, mattered not at all. English people are acknowledged idolaters and notoriously cold to newcomers. They cling to some imperishable memory of a poor soul whose voice has been dead for years: and it was undoubtedly an inversion of this same loyalty to their favorites that made them so dislike the idea of Marguerite being selected for the new young woman's début. Their viewpoint recalled to me the early days of Linda, when the Italians accused me with so much animosity of taking the bread out of their mouths.

It can easily be believed that, with Nilsson holding all records of Marguerite at Her Majesty's, and with Adelina waiting at Covent Garden with murderous sweetness to see what I was going to do with her favorite rôle, I was wretchedly nervous. When the first night came round no one had a good word for me; everybody was indifferent; and I honestly do not know what I should have done if it had not been for Santley—dear, big-hearted Santley. He was our Valentine, that one great, incomparable Valentine. I was walking rather shakily across the stage for my first entrance, feeling utterly frightened and lonely and looking, I dare say, nearly as miserable as I felt, when a warm, strong hand was laid gently on my shoulder.

"Courage, little one, courage," said Santley, smiling at me and patting me as if I had been a very unhappy child.

I smiled back at him and suddenly I felt strong and hopeful and brave again. On to the stage I went with a curiously sure feeling that I was going to do well after all. I suppose I must have done well. There was a packed house and very soon I felt it with me.

I was called out many times, once in the middle of the act after the church scene, an occurrence that was, so far as I know, unprecedented. Colonel Keppel, the Prince of Wales' aide, came behind the scenes during the intermission to congratulate me on behalf of the Prince. In later performances His Highness did me the honor of coming himself.

The London newspapers, of which, frankly, I had stood in great dread, had delightful things to say. This is the way in which one of them welcomed me: "She has only one fault. If she were but English she would be simply perfect!" But, oh, how grateful I was to that good Santley for giving that little boost to my courage at just the right moment! He was always a fine friend as well as a fine singer. I admired him from the bottom of my heart, both as an artist and a man, and not only for what he was, but also for what he had grown from.

The Last of the Drury Lane

He was only a ship-chandler's clerk in the beginning. Indeed he was in the office of a friend of mine in Liverpool. From that he rose to the foremost rank of musical art. Yet that friend of mine, who belonged to the class that call themselves aristocrats, never took the least interest in Santley, nor was he ever willing to recognize Santley's standing. Merely because Santley had once held so inferior a position this man I knew—and he was not a bad sort of man otherwise—was always intolerant and incredulous of Santley's success and would never even go to hear him sing. It is true that Santley never did entirely shake off the influences of his early environment, a characteristic to be remarked in many men of his nationality.

In addition to this, some men are so sincere and simple-hearted and earnest that they do not take kindly to artificial environment, and I think Santley was one of these. And he was a dear man and kind. His wife, a relative of Fanny Kemble, I never knew very well, as she was a good deal of an invalid.

On the ninth we repeated Faust and on the eleventh we gave Traviata. This also, I feel sure, must have irritated Adelina. It is a curious little fact that, though the opera of Traviata was not only allowed but also greatly liked in London, the play La Dame aux Camelias—which as we all know is practically the Traviata libretto—had been rigorously banned by the English censor! Traviata brought me more curtain calls than ever. The British public was really growing to like me!

Martha followed on the fifteenth. Then came Linda di Chamouni, the second rôle that I had ever sung. I was glad to sing it again and in England, and the newspapers spoke of it as "a great and crowning success" for me. As soon as we had given this opera, Gye, the impresario at Covent Garden, decided it was time to show off Patti in that rôle. So he promptly—hastily even—revived Linda for her. I have always felt, however, that Linda was tacitly given to me by the public. Arditi, our conductor at Her Majesty's, wrote a waltz for me to sing at the close of the opera, the Kellogg Waltz, and I wore a charming new costume in the part, a simple little yellow gown with a blue moiré silk apron and tiny pale pink roses.

I found the English public most cordial and kindly and unfailingly appreciative of my work. But I believe from the bottom of my heart that inherently and permanently the English are an unmusical people. They do not like fire, or passion, or great moments in either life or art. Mozart's music, that runs peacefully and simply along, is precisely what suits them best. They adore it. They likewise adore Rossini and Handel. They think that the crashing emotional climaxes of the more advanced composers are extravagant; and both by instinct and principle they dislike the immoderate and the extreme in all things. They are in fact a simple and primitive people, temperamentally, actually and artistically.

Finally, we gave Don Giovanni on December third. The opera went splendidly, so splendidly that two days later, on the fifth, we gave it again at a matinée, or, as it was the fashion to say then, a "morning performance." The success was repeated. I caught a most terrible cold, however, and returned in a bad temper to Miss Edward's Hotel to nurse myself and get in condition for the next performance. But there was destined to be no next performance at the old Drury Lane.

The following evening at about half past ten, my mother, Colonel Stebbins and I were talking in our sitting room with the window shades up. Suddenly I saw a red glow over the roofs of the houses.

"It's a fire!" I exclaimed.

"And it's in the direction of the theater!" said Colonel Stebbins.

"Oh, I hope that Her Majesty's is in no danger!" cried my mother.

We did not think at first that it could be the theater itself, but Colonel Stebbins sent his valet off in a hurry to make inquiries. While he was gone a messenger arrived in great haste from the Duchess of Somerset asking for assurances of my safety. Then came other messages from friends all over London, and soon the man servant returned to confirm the reports that were reaching us. Her Majesty's had caught fire from the carpenter's shop underneath the stage and before morning had burned to the ground.

Arditi had been holding an orchestra rehearsal there at the time, and the last piece of music ever played in the old theater was the Kellogg Waltz.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles giving the Reminiscences of Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

WHAT NEXT?

Routing the Nats

AMERICAN engineers have driven out of business a large class of native priests in Burma, for the nats, or evil spirits of the Burmese oil-fields, have yielded to the engineers, though they had long thrived in spite of the incantations and propitiatory offerings of the priests. Ten years ago the priests had all the business they could handle, but in the last year they received only an odd job now and then in some back district.

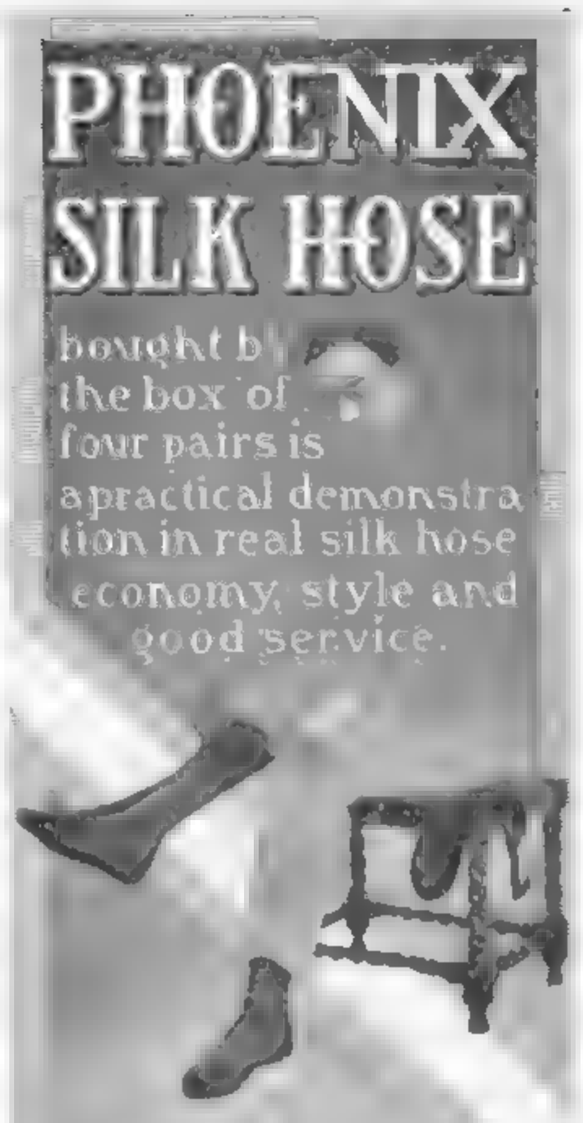
Under the old system of oil-wells in Burma many lives were lost from gas, and laborers employed in digging wells were paid three hundred rupees, the price of a life, because of the great danger. The wells were dug by hand. The priests received a large share of the three hundred rupees to attend the well-digging and propitiate the nats, so that the digging of a well proceeded with elaborate and picturesque ceremonies. The American engineers brought into the field the derrick system and drilled wells. Many peculiar difficulties were encountered, but the drilling was made successful by ingenious expedients, and now the largest oil-field in the British empire is largely managed by Americans.

A Talking Telephone

A TELEPHONE that will automatically record any conversation sent to it from a distant point if the owner of the telephone is absent, and then will repeat the message to him on his return, has actually been made by the noted Danish electrician, Poulsen. For years such a device has been sought. Whether it will come into general use now is a business question and not a technical one, for the apparatus will do the work, but it will be an expensive convenience.

The telegraphon, as Poulsen calls it, is an adaptation of a wonderful talking machine which he recently announced. Instead of using a wax or rubber or composition record on which to record the talk his device uses a fine wire of tungsten steel. This wire unwinds from a spool and runs rapidly between the poles of an electric magnet at the receiving end of the telephone, and the magnet magnetizes the wire as it moves along. Every vibration of the voice makes a corresponding variation in the magnetizing of the wire. When it is desired to repeat the talk the wire is run through another apparatus which includes a magnet, and an electric current is induced which operates a telephone receiver, so that the conversation is heard. By means of a familiar telephone relay the sound was increased to the proper degree of loudness.

The record on the wire is of course invisible, and furthermore the wire can be made to give up all of its magnetism and be used over and over again. To make an apparatus of this kind useful in ordinary telephoning it would be necessary to have some attachment by means of which the operator at central could set the telegraphon at work.



Phoenix Silk Hose is unsurpassed in its shapeliness, lustre and perfect fit. Made of pure-dye thread silk of the finest quality, it is the highest possible standard of value in silk hose at popular cost.

Bought by the box, or pair, alternately worn, will afford a surprising length of service.

IN DISTINCTIVE 4-PAIR BOXES
All colors and weights,
Men's 50c., 75c., $1.00 Pair
Women's, 75c., $1, $1.50, $2 Pair
AT ALL GOOD DEALERS
"Made in America" by
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
224 Broadway, Milwaukee

GEN'L RUBBER TUBES
15 Months' Guarantee

It does not matter whether you run [illegible] one or ten thousand miles, Gen'l Rubber Inner Tubes are guaranteed for 15 months.

This is the first time in automobile history that a time guarantee has been [illegible] Gen'l Rubber Tubes [illegible] alive and resilient — not porous, "dead" or brittle.

Another point in the price. Just compare the following prices with any retail list but remember we pay all express charges.

[illegible]

Write for catalogue of Gen'l-Rubber Products
GENERAL-RUBBER CO., 119 N. Broad St., Philadelphia

Thin hose stay up better if you wear

DOUBLE GRIP
PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

25c and 50c

Don't be satisfied with anything but the best, costs no more.

The name Paris is on the back of the shield, find it before you pay for 'em.

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*

Chicago and New York

Strong, Durable Artistic Walls and Ceilings

Compo-Board

This is the ideal material for wall [illegible]. It is an improvement over lath and plaster or any of its substitutes—better in every way [illegible] durable. It is [illegible]

SEND FOR SAMPLE

And interesting booklets. Look for the wood core when [illegible] Board.

Sold in strips four feet wide and one to eighteen feet long by [illegible]

[illegible] Western Gypsum Products Co.
4301 London Ave. No.
Minneapolis, Minn.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

[illegible] Guaranteed [illegible] $10 to $27
[illegible] 1912 and 1913 Models $7 to $12
100 Second Hand Wheels
All [illegible] makes $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
[illegible] Shipped on Approval
[illegible] Lamps, Sundries, Repairs at half usual prices
TIRES coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries and repairs at half usual prices
DO NOT BUY until you get our [illegible]
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. F 55 Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, Etc., and Information of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 4c postage for valuable books.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DIVETTA AND THE DIAMOND TEETH

Concluded from Page 12

"Weemen are all cats!" growled Mr. Scoot. "They're mad 'cause she's a swell looker."

Those Four Singing Widows sniffed as one and walked away. Divetta's cheeks burned brightly, nor was it sunburn that colored them. She smiled disdainfully as the lady barytone made throaty noises and wriggled in apparent pain. She said to herself she would smile if Ned McNoodle publicly renounced her. That morning she had read, under the signature of a noted feminine writer, that in this age women no longer wept when woeful, because women had found out that it wasn't any use. But if they didn't, why did Divetta feel this catch in her throat and the tears ready to wash away her smile? Maybe the writer had nothing to weep about!

"Gee, kiddo, don't look like that; you're killin' me!" whispered Tommy—faithful Tommy, the only one left in the world! He whispered again, something about an ear of corn, and Divetta started, her eyes grew big with wonder, then fierce, as Tommy thrust a handkerchief-wrapped little parcel into her quivering fingers.

"I'll take her to town to a doc!" said McNoodle, and the lady barytone, whimpering, put her head upon his shoulder.

"You —— You —— All Ellaine Moore needs is her false teeth back, an' she won't require any doctor!" cried Divetta. Professor McSnackle, revolted, recoiled from the lady barytone as she hung against the favored McNoodle, gurgling what was undoubtedly an assent! Multiplo gave her a look of scorn and hustled back to the position nearest the hot clams. The Widows came running back. Daisy Duffy shrilled:

"I said all the time they had a strange, unnatural look to 'em, an' I think the profession oughta be notified who an' what she is, when she pans small-time acts what are considerable more artistic than hers by a darned sight!"

Babcock the ventriloquist sneaked away to join the Professor at the clams. The Scoot boys, chuckling heartlessly, winked at their mother and pranced off to fill their plates. False! The gleaming treasures behind those ruby lips were a mockery and a snare! The gentlemen regarded each other ruefully. With a blush the lady barytone seemed to recollect that decorum demanded that she seek a resting place not legally another's, and she detached herself from McNoodle's shoulder and sat, a melancholy scarlet figure, on the receptive sands. Mrs. Scoot raised her voice as if addressing a deaf person, asking:

"Can't you write the number where some one kin go to town an' git your extry set?"

By gestures the lady barytone informed them that she had no other set.

"Got none? She'll have to get 'em!" announced Nevins—not an adorer now. The manager of Magic Park was speaking to his employee.

"Leave her alone, you bully! I'll find 'em for you, Miss Moore, so just you buck up and we'll have you all fixed up again in no time," said McNoodle.

"Just one word, Ned. You don't even mind the false teeth, eh?" cried Divetta hysterically. "Answer, d'you hear me?"

"I'll answer nothin'—and I won't see her get any the worst of it from this bunch either," said McNoodle. Mr. Scoot and Mr. Logan, quite dignified, despite the disadvantages of bathing suits, ranged themselves beside him as he stood before the bereft singer. Mrs. Scoot began to sob. She had not heard that woman had ceased to weep. Then McNoodle said they would search until night, or until the diamond teeth were found, and with his two aids he scurried to the tide line, diving into onrushing waves, sputtering forth, the portly Logan diving with him and the gallant Scoot examining the sand.

"Say you'll speak to her private, an' we'll make her take the oath," said Tommy softly. Divetta nodded and touched Ellaine Moore's bare round arm.

"No extra set, and this Knights of Pizarro night in the park, and she's their chosen singer and is to be presented with a medal when she sings their serenade! It's in every paper in New York, and where am I going to get a singer with a park voice to sub for her? But performers don't care what sort of a deal they hand a manager," said Nevins with growing resentment. "She's got to get teeth, that's all! Do you understand me, madam?"

Moans replied. Divetta became more insistent, and the lady barytone, sighing, rose and accompanied Tommy, Divetta and Mrs. Scoot to a secluded corner beside the watermelon crate.

"You can have those teeth if you take an oath never to let Ned McNoodle come near you, or Mick Logan. An' you got to can this thing of usin' his seals to work up int'rest for your act," said Tommy. "Wait, Aggie—dearie! She's got to sign a paper before she gits 'em!"

With a hoarse wail the lady barytone evinced a desire to sign anything so long as she recovered her teeth. Tommy produced a notebook and hastily wrote the terms.

"Can't you put in Lemuel Scoot as well?" requested Mrs. Scoot.

Divetta abruptly proffered the little parcel.

"Take 'em!" she said. "If I had to keep a husband that way I stake her to him an' poppa too. There's your teeth!"

A gasp, a final gurgle, a sucking sound—Ellaine Moore once more opened her red lips and said:

"You people could have given 'em to me all this time an' you didn't, eh? A fine lot!"

She flashed them at Nevins, seated on a box with the Widows and Daisy Duffy round him, and she hooted defiance at the Professor and his party at their clams, then headed for McNoodle, screaming:

"Oh, Mac, I got 'em!"

"Tommy, borrow that red car an' take me an' Mrs. Scoot back to the Island, will you, like a dear boy?" pleaded Divetta. "I can't stand—any—more."

Divetta and Mrs. Scoot had dined together in a little restaurant, then walked through the back streets of Coney Island. Tommy had gone to New York to perform with the other Allegrettis.

"Well, I presume her an' Scoot, your paw an' Mac are havin' a swell meal, an' we can stand it, can't we, dearie?" said Mrs. Scoot with a sorry bravado.

"Yet I'd give her her old teeth over again!" exclaimed Divetta.

Neither wished to be left alone, and they walked until Divetta must rush to be in time for her act and Mrs. Scoot scurry to get made up for her own show at Brighton Beach. The lady barytone gave two shows a night, at eight and nine-thirty. Divetta, scorning to pass the Arab Theater where Mick Logan was stentoriously inviting the crowd not to miss Fatima the dancer or the whirling dervishes, came into the Alamo Plaza by a remote entrance. She saw the black curtains parted, and the fully betoothed lady barytone on horseback, with red fire burning brightly about her and her mount. The space about the stand was thronged with men wearing insignia of the Knights of Pizarro. In her rich notes Ellaine Moore commenced the opening verse of Knights of Pizarro Serenade. Divetta passed the man who bore the medal that their songstress was to get. He was proudly displaying it.

"She was the best looking singer, and she polled a power of votes when we had our contest for lodge singer," he explained. "Did you notice her diamond teeth? You see she's got magnificent teeth anyway, and with 'em fixed this way she's a sure enough dream."

"Oh, do watch out, Miss Aggie; you ain't payin' the least attention to what you're doing," Jessie said as Divetta strode upon the platform at the top of the electric tower. On the black figures in the Plaza below were spots of white—the badges of the Knights of Pizarro, waiting for the leap of the Human Fish. Divetta did not wave her hand tonight. She got listlessly on the bicycle, settled her feet on the pedals and listened for the shot. The assembled Knights stared at the red electric bulbs on the front wheel. Off she went, down, down—splash!

Before the water was out of her ears she heard a mad barking—barks of welcome! From one side of the lagoon a raft came toward her as she swam, slowly now, to see what the barking meant. The searchlight showed her all seven of McNoodle's Educated Seals on the raft. Elmer had his trombone, upon which he brayed with his own peculiar skill. Fanchette and Mabel were drumming and barking at the same time. Heinie and Baby juggled canes with electric lights in the ends. Lorenzo, the oldest seal, beat upon his cymbals. Joe furiously drummed. As she swam nearer Elmer dropped his trombone and flopped to the edge of the raft. From the landing stage McNoodle called:

"Git on an' lead in the band, Aggie!"

Divetta climbed up and with a word sent Elmer to his music. The band in the Plaza broke into the famous McNoodle Glide as Elmer concluded his selection.

"Elmer! Mabel! Heinie! March!" cried Divetta, and round and round the raft they flopped, barking their enjoyment, their affectionate glances upon her. The raft was being towed to shore. It struck the landing stage and she led them off, while the Knights of Pizarro cheered and cheered again.

"The seal band'll be here to meet you every night if you'll have 'em, Aggie," said McNoodle huskily. "Lem Scoot doped it out while your dad and Lem and I were eating dinner together."

"And you didn't —— That woman? I got to keep my self-respect, you see!"

"Oh, Aggie, when I was huntin' for her cursed teeth I could have drowned myself, the way I felt, but I couldn't see her stuck—then! I walked back to the Park."

The lady barytone on horseback was singing and sparkling at the enraptured Knights of Pizarro when they went through the Plaza and stopped at the stage door of the Seal Theater. McNoodle convulsively pressed Divetta's hand as she looked across at the red fire. She wanted to clasp his hand still tighter, but she refrained. McNoodle sighed deeply. Divetta sighed, but inwardly she smiled.

Cross-examined

JACK RAFTERY, reporter, who has worked in many places, went to work on the Seattle Post-Intelligencer under Scott Bone about the time a grand jury was called. Raftery was ordered to cover the grand jury. The judge and the district attorney warned the grand jurors about the necessity for secrecy. Raftery had full reports of the doings in his paper every day.

The judge summoned Raftery. "Young man," he said, "you have been asking those jurors questions. Who has been informing you?"

"I can't tell you, judge," Raftery replied. "It wouldn't be right to the juror. He didn't know he was talking to a reporter."

"But you asked him questions," said the judge heatedly.

"Not questions, judge," soothed Raftery. "I only asked him one question—just one—but I asked that one frequently."

"What was that question?" demanded the judge. "What was it?"

"Why," Raftery replied, "my question was: 'What will you have to drink?'"

A Zealous Janitor

NOT all government employees, despite the widespread belief to the contrary, are anxious to spend government money. Here is a verbatim copy of a letter received at the Treasury Department in Washington from a patriot who wants to save money for his country:

"Sir. I started in at this postoffice on the 13th of Feb 1911 as Janitor an Custodian.. And when I came, I found some Ink. dropped on the Marble Floor (not exactily Marble.) a Concreete. Any way I tryed different things to take the Ink. Out but failed.

"But I accidently stumbled on to a compond that took, the Ink. Out, and I have been uesing it to scrub with. and found it a most excilent article, and compariatively cheap. and does not injure the hands like these different componds. I can scrub the floor and take some of the same compond.. and take a bath.. wash my hair. scour my teeth in fact, it is simply fine. I scrubbed 720 scquare feet of this concreet floor today, at a cost of 2 cents, and took ink and all out.. not 2 cts per 1 square foot but 2 cts for 720 scuare feet.

"I thought possibly the government would like to get hold of something.. like this, as it surely would be a big saving to the Government please advise me as to this "Verry Resptel ——"

How Manufacturing Coöperation Benefits the Public

HERE is an interesting example of how honest, intelligent cooperation benefits the buying public. Here is a company whose methods and success are a valuable lesson to the business men of the world—showing them how a large number of retail merchants in a particular class, by joining forces, have secured advantages for themselves and their customers impossible to get in any other way.

Eleven years ago forty retail druggists organized what is today known as The United Drug Company. It now comprises over 7000 leading retail druggists in as many cities and towns in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, each a part owner of this great enterprise.

Our big laboratories in Boston and Toronto, where Rexall Toilet Articles are made; our immense candy factories in Boston and Baltimore; our perfume manufacturing plant in Boston, by many said to be the finest in the world; our fruit juice and fountain supply factory in Boston; our soap factory in Paris, France; and our various other manufacturing and distributing plants in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Liverpool, Eng., and other cities—occupy a total of more than a million square feet, or 23 acres of floor space.

In addition to the above, we control the entire output of great stationery mills, and brush and rubber goods factories.

More than four-fifths of the output of The United Drug Company is of such lines of merchandise—toilet goods, candy, stationery, brushes, rubber goods, etc.—as formerly were carried, if at all, by druggists only as "side lines."

Thus, through coöperation in manufacturing and distribution, The Rexall Stores are now able to *specialize* in other merchandise than drugs and medicines. *They have become department stores*, in which all departments have equal advantages in variety, high quality and low prices.

Because they are both manufacturers and retailers, The Rexall Stores occupy a most favorable position, for they can, and do, sell all these big lines at lowest prices consistent with high quality, and in every instance with a personal guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

The above facts should convince you of the advantages of trading at The Rexall Stores. Some of these advantages have to do with the following lines of merchandise, all of which you can get only at The Rexall Store in your town:

Rexall Toilet Goods. Including shaving requisites, tooth preparations, toilet creams, soaps and many other toilet necessities, each fresh, pure and beneficial.

Violet Dulce Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. An exquisitely scented, beautifully-packaged line, comprising extract, toilet water, talcum, complexion powders, complexion creams and other dainty toilet accessories.

Maximum Rubber Goods. "Maximum" in name, because of Maximum quality, Maximum durability, Maximum good looks, with Maximum two-year guarantee.

Symphony Lawn and Illuminated Crest Stationery. Two fashionable lines that in every way indicate the good taste of the user.

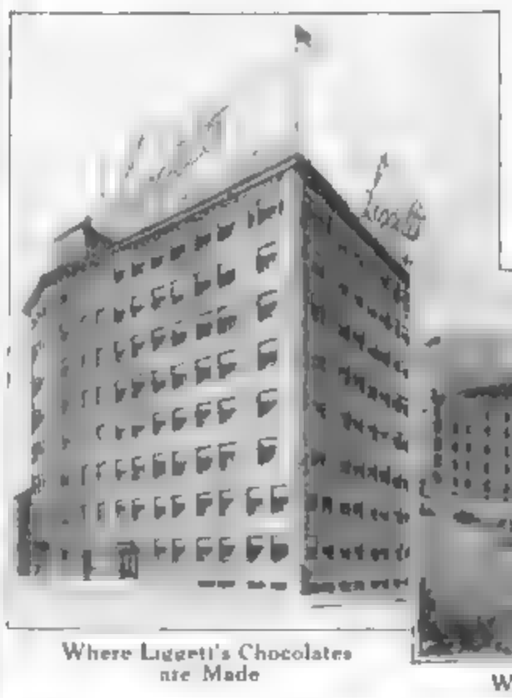
Bouquet Jeanice Perfumes and Toilet Articles. For those who desire one individual and aristocratic fragrance in all their toilet articles.

Liggett's Chocolates. Pure, fresh and wholesome. The triumph of the confectioners' highest art.

"White Cross" Klenzo and Marguerite Tooth Brushes. Especially imported goods that outwear many other kinds that cost more.

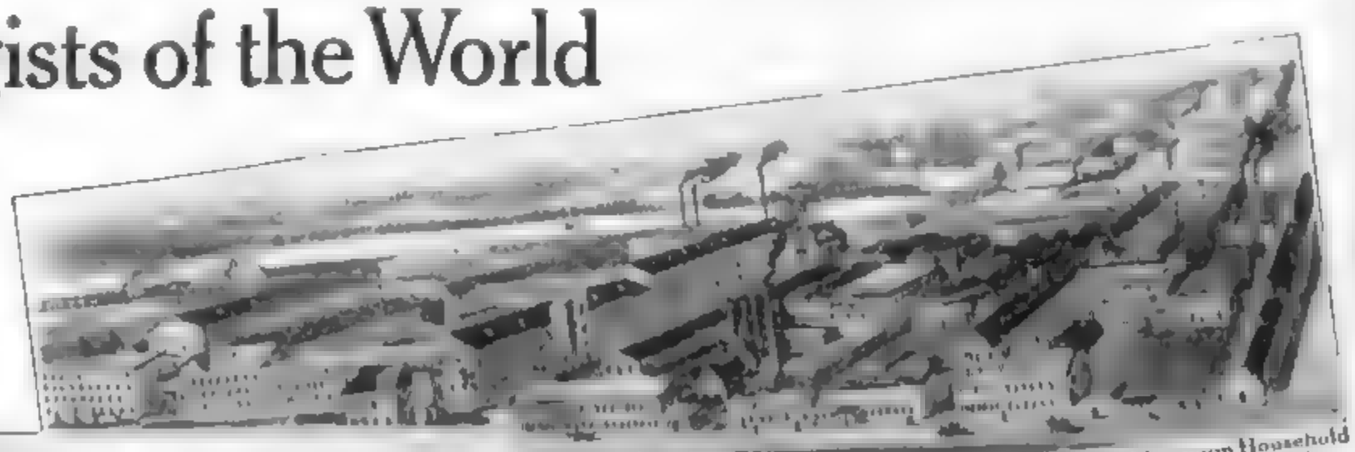
The Rexall Druggists of the World

In annual convention assembled Boston, Massachusetts, August 18 to 21, 1913

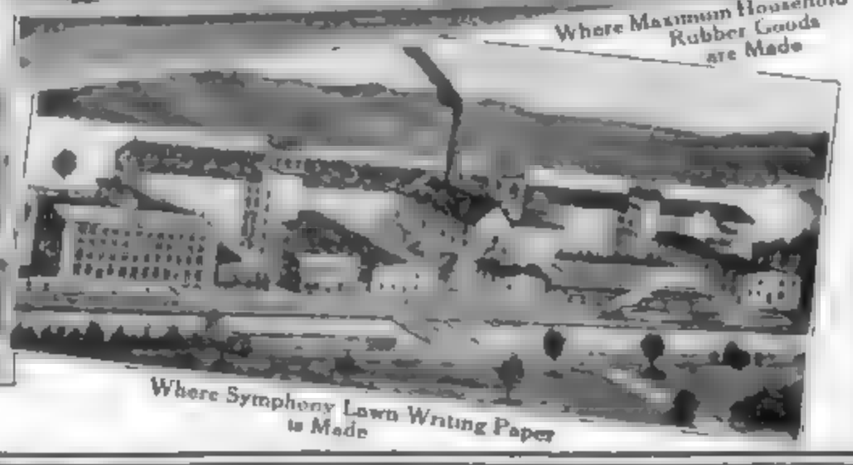


Where Liggett's Chocolates are Made

Where Rexall Toilet Preparations, Violet Dulce Perfumes and Toilet Preparations and Bouquet Jeanice Perfumes and Toilet Preparations are Made



Where Maximum Household Rubber Goods are Made

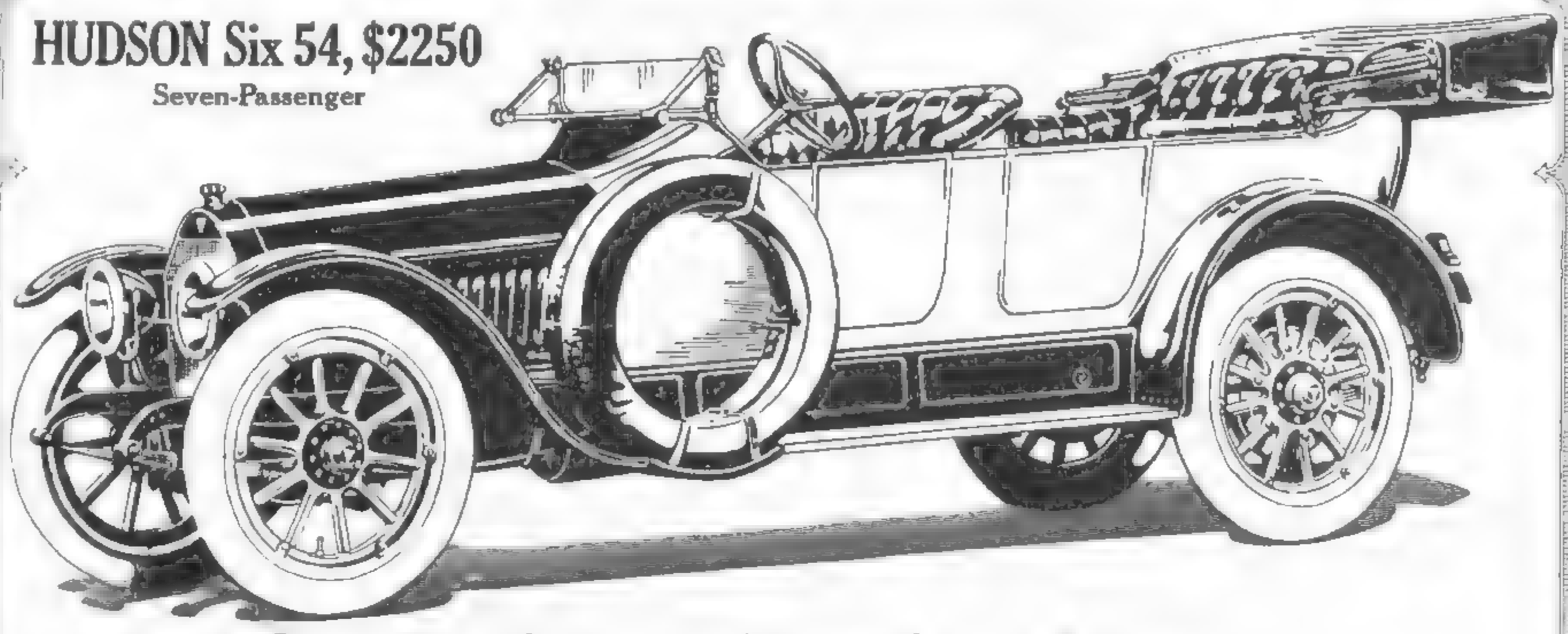


Where Symphony Lawn Writing Paper is Made

In The Saturday Evening Post on Sept. 13th will be printed "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 1" on Rexall Toilet Articles

HUDSON Six 54, $2250

Seven-Passenger



Something Really New—

Six Cylinders—Distinguished Beauty

Never before have HUDSON designers brought out in one model so many advances.

But it happens that Europe, after reaching the limit in fine engineering, has suddenly corrected many faults in bodies.

And America must follow. Some makers will delay, some chafe and protest. But sooner or later we have always followed European vogue. Those who waited found their models obsolete ere long. You remember how it was with fore-doors.

Here is an ideal body type which marks the coming mode. The world's best designers agree on it. All the best foreign makers will this year exhibit nothing but streamline bodies.

We have not merely copied—we have Hudsonized the type. We have ourselves worked out countless improvements. We have, we believe, the handsomest car you'll see. But the general effect is such as must mark any up-to-date car this year.

Europe is Right

And Europe is right. Look at passing models. Note that abrupt and inartistic angle at the dash. Compare with this model, where the streamline runs unbroken from tip to tip.

Compare the high-hung, top-heavy bodies with this low-hung effect. Compare old-type fenders with these new.

Compare the old way of carrying extra tires, blocking one front door, or on the rear, when the balance of the car is disturbed. Now both front doors are clear and still the tires are where they should be—on the running board.

Note that every door hinge is concealed. Why did we ever have body sides marred by projecting hinges?

Note the left-side drive, the center control, the deep cushions with high backs. You sit in the car, not on it.

Now we have four forward speeds.

We have wide tonneau doors.

We have every operation and control within reach of the driver's hand.

You know that these things are desirable. Now that they have been thought of, and adopted abroad, what car can resist coming to them?

Other New Things

Here are other new features which we have adopted in this new HUDSON Six-54:

A seven-passenger body, where the extra seats fold out of the way.

135-inch wheel base—36 x 4½-inch tires. Gasoline tank in dash, also an European innovation.

The Delco system of electric self-cranking—the rapid type built especially for this car. Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment.

Speedometer set in dash. Concealed noiseless gears set into the axle.

Yale lock on ignition control.

Rain-vision windshield. Genuine Pantasote top with curtains attached, ready for instant lowering. Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers. Every comfort and convenience known.

Built by Howard E. Coffin and His Engineers

Here too is the latest production of Howard E. Coffin and his great engineering corps. The men who built the former HUDSON Six, one of the greatest successes ever known in this industry.

This is their masterpiece. The largest, finest, strongest car these men have ever built. Their sturdiest car, their most comfortable car, most dependable.

And note the price. Note how this factory, with its mammoth output, has cut the cost of Sixes. Think of a Six of this power and size and room selling for $2250. Even one year ago such a price was unthinkable.

See This Innovation

Your local HUDSON dealer has this car on show. Go see it, if only to see the trend of design in motor cars. Compare it side by side with old-style cars and judge which you want to drive.

See it now—while it's new.

Our catalog on request.

HUDSON Motor Car Company

7703 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

We have never been able to get six-cylinder smoothness in a Four

Who Gets Your Dollar?

Say you pay a dollar a bushel for potatoes. Who gets it? The man who grew those potatoes got between forty and fifty cents!

Say you pay five dollars for a barrel of apples. Who gets it? The man who grew those apples got two-and-a-half—if he was lucky!

Same with your corn and onions and tomatoes and beets and all the rest of the stuff from the farm and the orchard.

Who gets your dollar—and why? The answer is in next week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The farmer would like to sell you a bushel of potatoes for sixty cents

He'd like to sell you a barrel of apples for three dollars and a half.

He'd make more money — you'd save more!

Can you get together—how?

There must be a clearing house in the cities where producer and consumer can meet.

Then you would know who gets your dollar!

It's the answer to the high cost of living

IN THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Gasoline Crops

You know the difference between the horse and the auto in the city

Put that difference into terms of farming. That's what the big planters are doing

They're bringing to the soil the economy and efficiency methods of the factory.

Shoes and ships and sealing wax are made by machinery — why not cabbages and things?

The Old Order Changeth

A ditch that costs sixty dollars a mile to dig by hand costs six dollars by tractor. An acre that costs two dollars to plow by mule power costs forty cents by tractor

These are things worth looking into

IN THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

You Ought to Know More About Our $40,000,000,000 Business of Farming

You ought to know what's behind the produce and livestock quotations in your morning paper. The weekly that tells you these things is

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

5 cents the copy of all newsdealers

$1.50 a Year

The Curtis Publishing Co.

Independence Square

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 21)

"Maybe there isn't so much difference," replied Marsh gloomily, for he had seen much money paid out, money he knew was bribe money used for the direct buying of votes.

"Look here, Marsh," said Paxton sharply; "I'm tired of this damned nonsense. If you don't like the way this election has been brought about it isn't too late for you to quit now. I don't have to elect you, you know. I've got a majority of that caucus that would vote for a yellow dog, and maybe I'll put one up, if you don't quit grouching round here. Stop it now or I'll withdraw you and throw all my men to Rogers."

"Oh," protested Marsh alarmed, "I didn't ——"

"Well, then, see that you don't. Don't let that ingrowing conscience of yours get to paining you too much or I'll send you back to Morganville by slow freight. Cut it out now. Are you going to play or not?"

Marsh hesitated. He knew it was rotten, crooked, vile. Would he declare himself no party to it? Would he allow his manhood to assert itself? Or would he submit and take the office? Those pictures of himself in the Senate, making great speeches, having a big part in big affairs, flashed before him, and he could hear the bands playing on Pennsylvania Avenue on the fourth of March.

"Certainly I'm going to play," he said.

"All right then, and forgetting this foolishness I salute you as my next colleague in the Senate."

The caucus was held. Paxton was correct in his estimate. Marsh had a majority of the fourteen and was declared the party candidate for senator. The legislature ratified the choice of the caucus, the Republicans voting for Marsh to a man. He went in and made a speech, consecrating himself anew to the great work of serving the people, as he had similarly consecrated himself before his congressional convention, and he worked himself into a frame of mind where he thought he meant it.

He received scores of congratulatory telegrams. Among them was one from Byron. It said: "You have opportunity and you have ability. Cut loose before it is too late."

Marsh read that telegram several times. "Cut loose!" he said to himself. "How can a man cut loose who is bound by chains of gold?"

XXV

THE Marshes were conducting their campaigns simultaneously. While Mr. Marsh was at home, seeking to be elected to the Senate, his wife was in Washington, planning just as shrewd and as careful a campaign to make her daughter's coming out a success. The date for Dorothy's introduction to society was the first strategic problem. Mrs. Marsh, as soon as she arrived in Washington in October, had set about finding out the number of débutantes there were to be that season. She had secured a list of about twenty, for there were other ambitious mothers who were equally well aware of the advantages that came to a bud who is introduced in the same season with the girls of the fashionable families, and all of them were making the same sort of plans Mrs. Marsh was making and scheming and contriving as ceaselessly as she.

Everything centered that season on the coming-out of the daughter of the president. Therefore, it was Mrs. Marsh's first concern to learn when that important event was to take place. She had assiduously cultivated the social secretary at the White House, and she visited that arbitrary and powerful person, and managed to wheedle out of her the fact that the daughter of the White House would be introduced on the last Thursday in November. As soon as she obtained this information Mrs. Marsh hurried out her invitations for the Tuesday preceding that Thursday, preëmpting that date and making it doubly secure by sending announcements to the newspapers.

Her next concern was to identify Dorothy still more conspicuously with the seven girls who were the leaders. To bring this about she maneuvered for days, visiting the women who write the society columns for the newspapers and urging them to include Dorothy's picture in the group that should present to the public the pictures of these most important girls. She had helped these women in every way with news and gossip and knew them well. She paid particular attention to the women who do the society

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Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
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news for the fashionable illustrated weeklies, and by a process of cajoling and flattering, combined with judicious influence properly applied, she made sure that the picture of Miss Dorothy Marsh, daughter of the Honorable John Marsh, of the House of Representatives and potential senator, would be in that group. She began this early, for the picture layouts—which is the technical term—for the weeklies had to be made up some time before the publication in order to be printed about the time of the parties. Mrs. Marsh devoted all her efforts to this essential feature of her campaign and was successful. She was assured that the picture of Dorothy would be presented to the awed public in the same group that showed the president's daughter in her pretty frock, and spent hours and hours at the photograph gallery with Dorothy, aiming to get just the right picture in just the most attractive pose for this purpose. Nor was her task ended then, for she must keep constant watch lest some other ambitious mother should depose Dorothy and push her own daughter into this indispensable company.

She was not an extravagant woman, in the sense of wasting money, but she decided to stop at no expense for this display and had laid the facts fully before her husband. He had good-naturedly told her to do what was necessary, and had provided her with twenty-five hundred dollars for house account and for her campaign, in addition to paying the first monthly installment of the rent. Mrs. Marsh economized everywhere except in the matter of the coming-out party. She and Dorothy lived very plainly. She scrimped the servants, did without many things that would have added to her comfort, and saved in every possible way, but she was prodigal when it came to the introduction of Dorothy. She knew that she could make a showing with an afternoon function, a reception from five to seven, say, with the other buds there and plenty of flowers and food and music, but she decided she must rivet Dorothy's position and her own. After much thought she planned a reception, a small dinner and a dance. This would enable her to ask to the reception all those whom she could by any possibility ask and who might add some distinction to the affair, and to make up a most select party for the dinner. About fifty of the most desirable ones were invited to the dance. She flooded society with the invitations for the reception, sending out fully five hundred cards.

As soon as the news came that Marsh was a candidate for the senatorship and had a fair chance of election the acceptances increased in number and in importance. The mothers who had hesitated about accepting for their daughters suddenly decided it might be well to do so, and by the second week in November Mrs. Marsh was in ecstasies of delight, for all the really fashionable débutantes were to be there, and Dorothy had been invited to every one of their parties, including that of the president's daughter.

The buds began coming out early in November. Dorothy went careering from one party to another, attending luncheons and dinners and dances. She was full of life and spirits and enjoyed herself thoroughly, although she was so well informed as to the plots and plans and intrigues of the scheming mothers behind these girls that she often wondered that she did. Mrs. Marsh guarded her carefully and kept her in bed on days when there were no parties, a regimen against which Dorothy protested but which Mrs. Marsh inexorably enforced.

Then came the great day, the Tuesday before the last Thursday in November. The newspapers had been full of the arrangements for the début of the president's daughter, but Mrs. Marsh had seen to it that there was adequate mention of her own function. On the Sunday before these parties the newspapers had printed the group picture of the most important buds, and the charming face of Miss Dorothy Marsh was in each one. The illustrated weeklies came along, and there was Dorothy's picture close to the picture of the president's daughter and the daughters of the other big families. Mrs. Marsh cried a little when she saw these pictures and read the flattering text that referred to Miss Dorothy as "one of the most charming of the season's array of buds from official and residential society in Washington."

Mrs. Marsh had been careful to include in her invitation lists a number of the most available of the under-secretaries and attachés of the embassies, and as it was known that the president's daughter was to be at Dorothy's party, most of these gilded young gentlemen accepted, thus insuring an imposing list of "among those present" for the newspapers next day. She had set her hours from five to seven instead of from four to seven, as was the custom, thereby gaining in fashionable esteem, and she had filled the house with flowers, had engaged the best caterer in the city for the refreshments, and had secured an orchestra that was to play behind a bank of palms.

At five o'clock Mrs. Marsh, regal in a new gown of yellow satin, took her stand in the drawing room with Dorothy beside her. Dorothy's gown looked simple, but really it was a most expensive affair, and had been the cause of many tears on the part of the dressmaker and much concern on the part of Mrs. Marsh. The butler, dignified as a chief justice, was at the entrance. Everything was in readiness for the great social triumph of the Marsh family.

The other buds arrived early and made an attractive group in the drawing room. Then the guests began dropping in in twos and threes, and presently the street outside the Marsh house was jammed with automobiles and carriages and the drawing room was crowded. As the guests entered the butler announced them. They greeted Mrs. Marsh and were presented in turn by Mrs. Marsh to Dorothy. The crush was greatest at six o'clock. There were few of the older men present, although some husbands came with their fashionable wives, but the young men were in force—under-secretaries from the European embassies, a few of the most desirable of the young Latin-Americans, young army and navy officers, sons of senators, and some of the sons of the residential families. Mrs. Marsh was radiant. She knew exactly what to do, regretted the sad fact that the political duties of her husband kept him away, received her congratulations with becoming modesty, smiled complacently when they told her about the superlative beauty and social graces of her daughter, and was a most admirable as well as a most fashionable hostess. The dinner that night was a triumph, and the dance, which lasted until midnight, was most enjoyable. After the last guest had left, Mrs. Marsh, standing with Dorothy in the drawing room, that looked dismally empty despite its abundance of decorations, threw her arms about her daughter.

"We have arrived at last!" she cried. "After all these years of struggle and work and planning we have arrived. I am so happy! It has been a hard fight, but it is worth it. Do you appreciate what this means to you and to me, Dorothy? They were all here—the best people in Washington, the most exclusive families, the highest officials"

"Not exactly all, mamma," protested Dorothy. "A few were missing."

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh a little coldly, "if you scan the lists in the society news in the morning you will discover there will be as many fashionable names in those mentioned as present today as have occurred in any débutante list this season."

Dorothy laughed. "It seems to me," she said, "the only reason I was introduced to society was to have a list of those present printed in the papers."

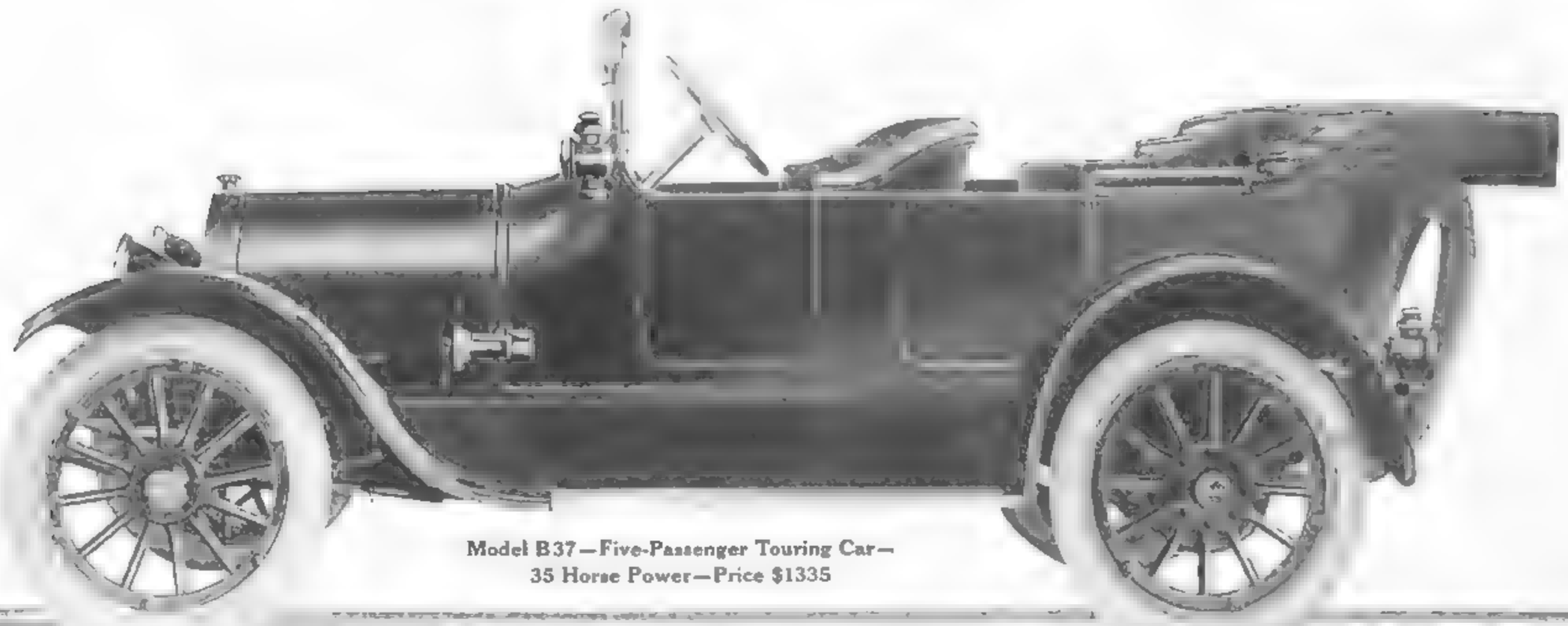
Mrs. Marsh shrugged her shoulders. "I have often wondered," she said, "if you fully realize your position and your opportunities."

"Perhaps not," said Dorothy. "But I know you've worked very hard for me, mother dear, and I really am grateful." Long after her daughter had kissed her good night Mrs. Marsh was still sitting in the big drawing room, dreaming happy dreams of social triumphs yet to come.

She had her plans made. In any event she would give a dinner, a most exclusive dinner, and have a singer or a musician from New York to entertain her guests. Or perhaps she might have a reception with a singer of note, and if her husband should be elected to the Senate she intended to give a series of four morning musicales, to which she would invite the most exclusive women in Washington.

The butler tentatively turned off a light at this point, and Mrs. Marsh roused herself and went to her room, to lie awake for hours planning new social triumphs for Dorothy and herself, looking ahead to the day when Dorothy should marry a man who would help them both with fortune and with position toward the goal.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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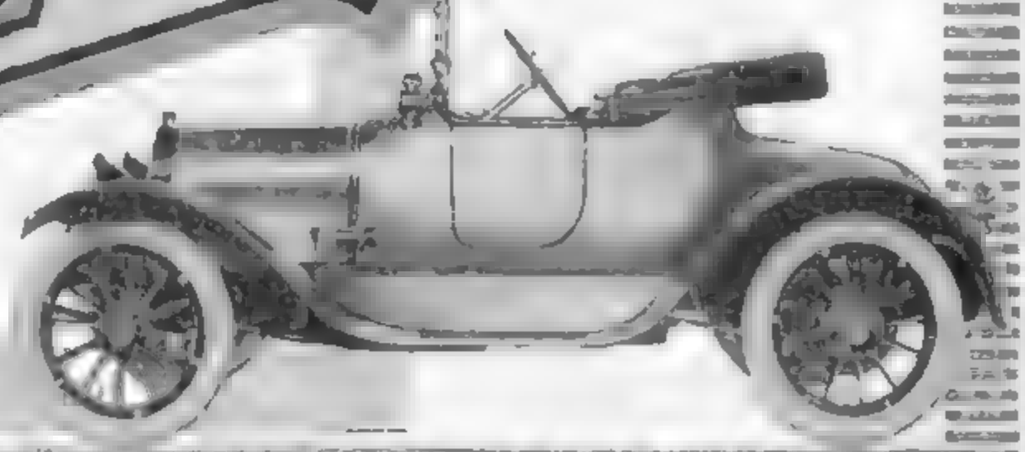

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Sold Everywhere

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

EGGS

(Continued from Page 7)

"I'd like to go over first-rate," I said; "but so far as buying an imitation old master is concerned—or, for that matter, a real old one either—I ain't in the market."

Boccioli led us round back of the house and through a little gate into the painter's garden. On the way I put a fresh piece of gum in my mouth, because I find that after eating or drinking anything with considerable acid in it chewing gum helps the stomach. I'm not telling this to defend the practice, because a habit is a habit and there's no excuse for it; but once in a while a habit comes in useful—like when a man scares off a footpad with a tobacco pipe that you can smell on him ten yards away—and this is one of those cases.

Boccioli introduced us to the painter, whose name I shan't try to spell for you; and what was said about his being a first-class imitator of old masters, in my judgment, was correct. He must have had twenty or thirty unframed oil paintings that were just as dingy-looking as any picture they expect you to like in the Pitti or Uffizi galleries. One picture in particular that stood on an easel struck me as being especially disagreeable—not only because it was brown and sort of faded, but because it was meant to show a man stuck full of arrows.

The artist smiled and said something to the young fellow while I was looking at it.

"You can't have that one," the young fellow told me. "It's sold."

"What's it supposed to represent?" I asked.

"The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," the young fellow replied, and the painter nodded.

He talked for ten minutes to the young fellow, who gave me the gist of it as being that the painter had sold the picture that day and would be glad if we would step into the next room and have a glass of wine—I suppose to celebrate it. Well, we retired to the adjoining room, and while the wife of the painter was getting the refreshments he explained to me, through the young fellow from the tourist office, what an exceptionally fine piece of work this picture was.

"He says," the young fellow told me, "that there isn't one dealer out of twenty but what would say it was a genuine Antonio Pollyooly of his finest period."

"A genuine what?" I pretty near shouted.

"An Antonio Pollyooly," the young fellow repeated; and as he looked rather surprised at my loud remark I chewed my gum and made it appear I was quite calm. I didn't follow up the subject at all, but just nodded; and in a few minutes the wine was brought in.

Now in Italy there's wine and wine. There's the wine that Boccioli gave us, which was smooth and good to the taste, and didn't have much more alcohol in it than sweet cider a month old; but as soon as I tasted this wine the painter gave us I knew I had to go slow on it. I took a couple of sips and let it go at that; but Boccioli and the artist—and, I'm sorry to say, the young fellow as well—drank three glasses right off the reel, and soon they were all talking and laughing away, with me completely out of it.

Every once in a while the young fellow would remember to translate little bits here and there for my benefit, and I gathered that the painter was explaining the tricks of his trade. He was telling them just how, after they interested a collector in an old master, they planted the picture in a farmhouse in some out-of-the-way village and took him there to look at it. The young fellow told me this in sort of installments between glasses, but after the sixth glass he forgot me altogether, and so did the others; and I just wandered off into the room where the pictures were. I spent over half an hour looking that Saint Sebastian over, front and rear; and when I got through I made sure that I would be able to know it again as the picture I had seen at Settignano. What's more, I fixed things so I could prove it too.

It was a good thing I didn't have to go out to Pontassieve with Mr. Van Inwegen the following day, because I woke up stiff all over from walking that tourist-office young fellow halfway from Settignano to Florence before you wouldn't have noticed that anything was the matter with him. As for the young fellow himself, he didn't get up at all on Tuesday; so I was not able to find out anything more from him about the planting of imitation old masters. What I know now I discovered at first hand when we went out to Pontassieve on Wednesday.

D'Ancona did the thing up in good style. He drove his own automobile round to the pension at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, which was as perfect a day as ever I remember. We took it slowly over a good road alongside the River Arno in one of those Tuscan valleys that have old castles and cemetery trees scattered on the hillsides, like some of those pictures they used to have painted on the inside of fireproof safe doors.

It kind of made my blood boil to see the nice gentlemanly way Van Inwegen was treating that second-hand storekeeper, though I couldn't blame the old gentleman, either, for not being on his guard. It's natural enough for a produce man to suspect that a job is being put up on him in butter and eggs when the transaction takes place in a cold-storage warehouse next door to a gas tank, and lying between a railroad track and a canal; but that picturesque old Tuscan farm near Pontassieve would have put anybody to sleep. It lay half a mile off the road in a little valley of its own, and the farmhouse itself was closed in with a lot of fig trees and vines like you read of in the Bible, and as peaceful-looking as the Bible meant when it spoke of every man under his own vine and fig tree.

The farmer was working off in the fields somewhere; and after his wife had gone to call him he came, rubbing his hands on his pants and bobbing his head up and down, polite as all Tuscans are. Then D'Ancona spoke to him slowly and distinctly, so that the old gentleman, who understood a little Italian, could know what he was saying.

I suppose D'Ancona told him we had come to see the picture, and the farmer bobbed his head some more and led us into the farmhouse. We passed through the kitchen, which was clean enough, though it's a sure thing that no place can have garlic cooked in it twice a day for a couple of hundred years without smelling some. The next room we came to was a combination bedroom and best room, with a couple of feather beds in it four feet high, mounted on iron bedsteads, and a crucifix hanging on the wall over each bed. Everything looked spotlessly clean to me, though it was a big room, with a brick floor and a low ceiling, and lighted only by two small windows. Between the beds was something covered with a cloth.

"That is the picture," D'Ancona said; and then he turned to the farmer and spoke to him—of course in Italian. The farmer answered back at some length.

"What did he say?" Mr. Van Inwegen asked.

"He speaks only Tuscan dialect," D'Ancona replied. "I asked him to uncover the picture and take it down; but he says it hasn't been taken down in twenty-five years and he doesn't want to do it."

I came pretty near laughing out loud, but I caught myself in time.

"We can't see it there," Van Inwegen said. "He'll have to take it down!"

D'Ancona spoke some more to the farmer, and after a good show of protest on his part he took off the cloth. Well, I wish you could have seen the dust fly! And the farmer's wife, who was standing in the doorway, gave a little shriek as it settled all over her clean room. One look from D'Ancona was enough and she got out pretty quick.

Then the farmer brought a wooden chair and, with a great show of care, took down the picture. In doing it, however, he broke the cord by which the picture was hanging.

"Ha!" D'Ancona said. "It is so old—the cord is—that it has become rotten."

The space left vacant by the taking away of the picture was much whiter than the rest of the wall and D'Ancona called Van Inwegen's attention to it.

"It must have been hanging there for some time," he said, and Van Inwegen nodded. As the farmer started to leave the room D'Ancona and Van Inwegen followed him, but I lagged behind; and I reached up and felt that white space with my finger. The whitewash hadn't had time to dry thoroughly and I figured it had been done early that morning.

Well, we all gathered round the picture in the open air in front of the farmhouse, and I guess D'Ancona was pretty confident

of the way the picture had been fixed up or he wouldn't have put it to so hard a test. I want to say right now that his confidence was quite justified. The picture looked as old as Adam. The frame on it was old and the canvas was old, and both of them were covered with dust a quarter of an inch thick. I think I would have felt a bit shaky about whether I wasn't really mistaken, but I nerved myself by looking at the whitewash on the tip of my finger, while D'Ancona gave a little lecture about the Pollyooly who had painted the picture—I mean, of course, about the Pollyooly who he was letting on had painted the picture.

It seems that there were two Pollyoolys—brothers, called Antonio and Piero—who lived and worked in Florence about fifty years before Columbus discovered America.

"I have no hesitation," D'Ancona told us, "in saying that this is the work of Antonio, who was the elder brother."

Van Inwegen stooped down and made a single-barreled opera glass of his right hand.

"I should say you were right," he said. "Do you know its history?"

D'Ancona spoke to the farmer, who let out a long string of Tuscan Italian. As he did so I glanced at the doorway and I thought I saw the farmer's wife smiling. Anyhow, when he got through, D'Ancona gave us a translation of the history of the picture.

"It hung originally in the refectory of the monastery at Vallombrosa," he said: "and when the monastery was suppressed by the government, in 1866, a monk who was this man's uncle hid it in a field and brought it down here to his nephew for safekeeping. That was in 1866."

"And has it hung here ever since?" I asked. This was the first word I had spoken since we had arrived at the farmhouse, and D'Ancona looked kind of surprised.

"I'll ask," he said; and after a question from D'Ancona the farmer nodded his head.

"Ever since 1866 it has hung in that room," D'Ancona said. "Doesn't it look like it?"

He passed his finger over the top of the picture and along the back of the canvas, and the dust fell off like powder.

"And, of course," I said, "the farmer and his uncle between them kept an eye on the picture from 1866 right down to today; so, naturally, it couldn't have been taken to any other place."

Old man Van Inwegen stared at me as though he was saying to himself: Now what's this gum-chewing produce dealer driving at?

"I told you before it's been hanging in that room ever since 1866," D'Ancona repeated.

"Then in that case it couldn't be the same picture I saw in Settignano on Monday," I said. I looked hard at D'Ancona, and at the word Settignano he acted as though somebody had hit him in the pit of the stomach. Van Inwegen was examining the picture and didn't notice D'Ancona, who, I must say, straightened up almost immediately.

"Why, my dear fellow," Van Inwegen said to me, "there are Saint Sebastians by the hundred all over Italy."

"But this Saint Sebastian I saw at Settignano had one peculiarity," I insisted.

"He means the arrows sticking into the figure," D'Ancona said with a sneer.

"Saint Sebastian is always represented with arrows in his body," Van Inwegen explained.

"I know," I said; "but is he ever represented with chewing gum in his back?"

Van Inwegen stared at me as though I'd suddenly gone crazy.

"What are you talking about?" he said.

"I'm talking about oil paintings from the viewpoint of a produce dealer, Mr. Van Inwegen," I said; "and a produce dealer's viewpoint is to look at a picture in the back as well as in front."

Mr. Van Inwegen took the picture and turned it round.

"What's the matter with the back?" he asked; and, sure enough, the back was as grimy as anybody could wish.

"Feel round the corners of the wood where the canvas is nailed on," I said; and Van Inwegen did so.

"Do you feel little lumps on the inside of each corner?" I asked him.

"I do," he said.

"Well, that's chewing gum," I told him; and D'Ancona leaped forward and felt the back of the picture too.

"It's a lie!" he said. "That's a cement used in the fifteenth century to keep the joints of the woodwork straight."

"This gentleman is an expert and ought to know," I said; "but, speaking as a produce dealer, I claim that the little wadded-up pieces of pink paper under each of those lumps is one-half of a car ticket used in the twentieth century to keep the conductors of the Settignano trolley line straight."

With this, I reached over and took off the four lumps of chewing gum on the point of my index fingernail and the little wads of paper came with them. Then I straightened out the four halves of the trolley tickets and matched them up; and while Van Inwegen was looking at them D'Ancona took the Pollyooly, by the frame with both hands. Sweat was running down his face as he stood on one leg and crooked the other in the air. The next moment there was a crash, and his knee ripped the canvas like a lady in a circus going through a paper-covered hoop.

He threw the wreckage on the ground and walked over to his automobile. Then he gave the handle in front a tremendous twist and after the engine had started he jumped into the driver's seat and faced round.

"Eggs!" he shouted, sticking his chin out at me. "That's all you know!"

He pulled the lever at the side and started right off down that farm lane, leaving Mr. Van Inwegen and me to walk three miles to the railroad depot at Pontassieve.

"He's right!" I said to the old gentleman after I had told him the whole story on the train. "Eggs is pretty near all I do know; but there's one thing about knowing eggs."

"What's that?" the old gentleman asked.

"I can always tell a bad egg when I see one!" I said.

Invisible Light

SCARCELY a day passes now without some new marvel accomplished by ultra-violet rays—invisible light. If a room were flooded with ultra-violet rays taken from sunlight, and all the other rays of the sun were shut out, that room would to our eyes appear to be in darkness. Yet most of the blame for fading of colors and similar sunlight effects is now placed on the invisible light which filled that room, and the carpet of that room would be just as likely to fade as if it were left out in the sun day after day.

A glass is now being perfected that will shut out ultra-violet rays without excluding the other elements of sunlight, with the idea of using the glass on museum cases so as to prevent the fading of exhibits. It might even effect a revolution in the historic New England parlor, where the shades are always pulled down to prevent the sunlight from fading the carpet, excepting on the days when the minister is expected to call.

It has recently been suggested that by using this invisible light quick tests of the fading of colors might be made. The best textile makers now go to great extremes to test the fastness of colors. One English concern will not sell a pattern until a sample has made the trip from England to New Zealand and return nailed on the mast of a ship. Another sends its samples for long tests in sunlight on one of the Western American deserts. Others nail samples on boards and leave them on the factory roof for months. Ultra-violet rays, artificially made, are proposed with the idea of concentrating the fading effect of light and so carrying out the tests in a short time.

That this invisible light can do a quick fading job has been shown in the case of smokeless powder. This powder deteriorates more or less and much effort is expended to make a powder that will be as stable as possible. A French scientist has used the rays to force the decomposition of this powder in a few hours when ordinarily the action would take years. This of course is not fading, but the chemical action is akin to it.

A painting of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, attributed to Rubens, in one of the Parisian galleries, so faded that it is hardly more than a blur, has just been "reconstituted" partly by means of invisible light. A great many photographs of the painting were taken under various light conditions, including views of it by ultra-violet rays. All these photographs were then brought together to make a combined picture and the original painting was fairly well shown. The painter's signature, for one thing, was discovered and brought out distinctly. The name Rubès appeared, the first two letters in all the photographs and the other three letters in one or other of the pictures.

Children's Black Cat Stocking Week
August 23rd to August 30th
"Mother Knows Black Cat Hose"
More Wear
Less Darning
That's "Black Cat" Children's Stockings
The extended heel—the reinforced toe and knee, double the wear of Black Cat and lessen the darning fully a half.
They have stood the "wear test" for generations. Hosiery experience of 30 years is knitted into every pair.
Our reputation as makers of quality hose was made on the fame of Black Cat Children's Stockings. Now a million grateful mothers buy them regularly. We are making 35,000 pairs of Black Cat Hose a day to supply the demand.
Common stockings cannot begin to give the wear and satisfaction found in Black Cat. Yet Black Cat Children's Stockings cost no more. Silk lisle 35c a pair—Cotton 15c and 25c a pair.
Black Cat Hose
For Men, Women and Children
To satisfy the demand for Black Cat Hose, we have appointed over 8,000 retail merchants in all parts of the country as our agents. Look up the Black Cat merchant in your town. Get the children their school stockings Black Cat Week. The Black Cat Dealer is the one to supply all your hosiery wants.
Black Cat for men and women are the comfort hose of beauty plus wear. Our rigid yarn tests—unrivaled knitting skill—care in the dyeing and numerous inspections combine to make them unsurpassed in quality. For men—Silk lisle 25c—Silk 50c. For women—Silk lisle 50c—Silk 50c to $1.50—Cotton 25c.
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Straight Side Tire

No Transaction is Complete Until Our Customer Is Satisfied

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We accept our full responsibility with every transaction. If you buy our tires, we must earn your confidence and good will. It is not enough that we supply mileage; you are entitled to our personal interest in your tire equipment and all that pertains to it. Our one aim is to sustain the reputation we have established as the *Squarest Dealing Company, Makers of the Honestly-Built, Service-Giving Tire.*

We are the largest exclusively Pneumatic Tire builders in the world. We are probably the most rapidly growing company in the industry. Our 1912 business was double that of the year previous. To date for 1913 we have increased our 1912 sales by 100 per cent and must continue to add to our building facilities in order to meet the demand for Fisk Tires. Our growth is due to the QUALITY of Heavy Car Type Fisk Tires and the CONFIDENCE which we inspire.

The Fisk Branches

are the most complete tire service stations in the United States.

Each is a miniature factory prepared to serve consumers direct and to co-operate with dealers everywhere that they may assure to their customers the advantage of real FISK SERVICE.

Each department of these Branches is in charge of an expert. The knowledge that these men possess is freely given at all times to tire users and has repeatedly been successful in solving tire problems.

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CINCINNATI FRESNO NEW ORLEANS
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18 000 Dealers Sell Fisk Tires with Our Co-operative Service

FINDING SOMEBODY TO SELL TO

(Concluded from Page 13)

of such a building. Gradually he cut in on the florist's space on one side and into an aisle on the other, and finally secured space so large that the location had to be moved to a more accessible part of the station. The revenue to his company since the station opened has fully justified his work and foresight.

Even hard times will open up new possibilities to the salesman who is skillful in applying goods or service to unusual conditions.

Hundreds of stenographers lost positions after the panic some years ago, when money was scarce, orders were being canceled and business cut down on every hand. Many of these girls flocked to the employment offices maintained by the big typewriter companies, and one general manager rose to the occasion. Salesmen were sent to the department stores to offer free installation of typewriters provided girls were given positions at living wages.

It was also understood that as soon as times grew easier and the stores needed more typewriter equipment they would give the preference to machines of that particular make. Department-store men protested that there was nothing for stenographers to do—that their regular force was hardly kept busy; but the typewriter man's plan turned on a selling point that the merchants themselves had overlooked. What had been the principal feature of the recent panic? Why, the drawing in and hoarding of money! Money was now scarce because people were keeping it in hiding.

Among the charge customers of a big store there was certain to be cash—perhaps more than such people commonly carried in the house. If sufficient inducement were offered they would spend some of it. So he suggested that stenographers be set at work typewriting personal letters to such customers, calling attention to special offerings in merchandise; and that goods be sold only on condition that the customer brought the letter. This plan was thoroughly successful, not only giving employment to the girls and paving the way for good typewriter business, but bringing the stores trade and cash at a time when both were needed.

Carving Up the Country

Among men who sell goods, the word territory is in constant use. The city canvasser, the solicitor, the drummer on the road, the selling agent, branch manager and retail dealer all speak impressively of territory. They guard what they have jealously, maneuver for more, and look upon territory as being the very backbone of profitable selling. The sales manager has no harder puzzle than that of cutting up a city or state so that each salesman will get an equal slice of the pie, with about the same number of currants in it in the shape of consumers, and the same number of merchants and purchasing agents, who stand for the plums.

In cases where the United States had to be cut into such selling slices the statistician and the geographer have been called in as consulting experts, so that the thing might be done with scientific impartiality. But even science has not been able to slice the pie to the satisfaction of salesmen; for one will complain that another has a territory that is naturally rich, which accounts for his larger sales, and nine salesmen in every ten will advance as their excuse for poor business that their particular territory is barren of possibilities—worked to death.

The salesman with true selling sense seldom complains of territory, however; for he knows that selling is not a matter of square miles, but of being acutely, comprehensively and exclusively aware of what is going on in his slice.

A drummer handling a staple line of goods has been covering one state for twelve years. When he started there were three other salesmen in his line covering the same territory.

Today at least a dozen competitors are selling against him, and at all times the state is being invaded by specialty salesmen who load merchants with miscellaneous goods. Competitors complain bitterly about this territory being overworked. Prices are repeatedly cut and trade is demoralized in the scramble to get business. From time to time the sales managers of competing houses change the salesmen covering that state. Yet this salesman has stuck there all these years, and from year to year his sales have steadily grown larger and larger.

He knows his territory. When he was first put into it he made a rough computation of the annual volume of his goods that people there could consume, based on population. This volume has never been reached by half, no matter how many concerns were selling; and population has been steadily growing. In twelve years he has not only won the confidence of every merchant by square dealing but has built up for himself a personal-information service that brings him the earliest news of every mercantile change.

The salesman calls on a merchant who is visited by every other salesman. The merchant draws a long face and protests that he is overstocked—that the mills are not running full hours—that collections are slow and money scarce. The unsuccessful salesman sends in a gloomy report to the boss

Customers in Hiding

This merchant may be a man of narrow views, himself under the impression that his town is worked to death. His customers would buy more goods from year to year by reason of the natural increase in population alone. Outside this circle of customers there is certain to be another circle of consumers he is not reaching at all, and whom no other merchant is serving skillfully. For fully one-third of our population—namely, the country people—lives outside of regular mercantile service. Even in our largest cities, with stores on every corner and great shopping districts downtown, it has been demonstrated again and again that the public is always ready to take more goods—easily and as a matter of course—when goods are backed up with live mercantile methods.

The salesman who keeps track of what is going on in his territory understands these conditions: he is a student of tendencies outside the beaten track of selling, and sees significance in points that are utterly overlooked by the competitor chasing the obvious prospect.

He is always curious about the routes that goods take to reach the consumer, and about consumers who are being neglected in the general distributive scheme. He is perpetually interested in the ways people earn their living in his territory; how much they get in wages, salaries, profits and interest; when paydays come; how much savings deposits and bank clearings come to; standards of living; and public improvements and so on.

A good salesman knows that people naturally flock together in groups—even when they fancy they are aloof from their neighbors. The group may be a lodge, a church, a labor union, a social clique, a country club, the residents in a suburb or farming section.

There is always a selling key to unlock it; and very often the trade and other salesmen are working on the assumption that the key has been lost.

He studies service. This word, too, is constantly on the lips of men who sell goods. Yet, with all the selling activity, there is little real service—so little that the salesman who begins taking as much care of his customers after the sale as before immediately places himself apart from competition. There is certainly no more fruitful source of good selling tips than the satisfied customer.

In short, this salesman has selling imagination. Instead of looking upon demand as a limited amount of business, which either he or Jones or Brown must land and when one secures it the others must go without—he knows that there are just as many potential customers being neglected in his territory as are being visited by salesmen—probably more.

When he can link them up there will be plenty of business. Linking them up is a matter of knowing where they are; how they live, work, play and think; how they can be reached at the right time and in the right way. It is a matter of knowing what is going on.

Editor's Note—This is the second article in a series by James H. Collins, dealing with the problems of Salesmanship. The third will appear in an early issue

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Norfolk is the smart little high-low cutaway front collar that has appealed so strongly to comfort-loving, manly men.

U. S., 2 for 25c. Canada, 3 for 50c.

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Get one from your dealer. Prices from $2.50 with "Little Windows" $3.00. Write for illustrated folder

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Detroit Electric Cars for 1914 offer:

1. Substantial price reductions together with equally remarkable improvements in quality, made possible by our large production—*two* to *one* over that of any other electric car manufacturer.
2. Your choice of either *Worm* Gear (mounted the correct way) or our new *Bevel* Gear axles; also your choice of front seat drive, rear seat drive or Detroit Duplex Drive (permitting car to be driven from *either* seat).
3. A line which for *completeness* has never been approached even by this company—for years the *leader* in the electric car field.
4. Greater battery capacity in all models, giving *still greater mileage.*
5. Larger tires, *electric brakes*, and many other refinements in details of construction and equipment.

(Details as to prices and models will be announced in this weekly in September and in the October monthly magazines.)

OUR 1914 line, as always, will *establish the style* in electric automobiles for the coming season. Every accepted feature of construction that is worth while will be found in our 1914 cars—and a number of new features not obtainable elsewhere.

The 1914 line will be exceptionally comprehensive. It will include *every type* of electric vehicle that a purchaser could possibly desire.

The buyer who wants a *double lever control* (for operating the car from either front or rear seat) can get it in the Detroit Duplex Drive. The buyer who wishes a *front* seat single drive or a *rear* seat single drive can have his choice of either. All bodies Clear Vision.

The person who wants a worm gear axle will find in the Detroit Electric a new and improved *application* of this well known principle—correctly mounted to insure positive lubrication. This method of power transmission has been used on some of our models in owners' hands in various cities for three seasons.

The purchaser who prefers a bevel gear axle can select a Detroit Electric with our famous true, direct shaft drive (chainless) originated by us and now in its fifth successful season. Both open and closed cars (Clear Vision bodies) are offered.

Greater Values—Lower Prices Because of Larger Production

All 1914 Detroit Electric models will have finer quality, many improvements, longer wheel base, roomier bodies, deeper and wider seats—greater value throughout than it was ever possible to offer before. And the prices will be *lower* than the prices previously asked for cars not as advanced as these.

Increased production, quantity buying, cutting down of distribution expense and improved manufacturing methods make possible not only substantial price reductions, but—even more interesting—substantial increases in *quality*.

This is our policy for 1914: *More* cars, *better* cars, *lower prices*. Detailed announcement of models, specifications and prices will be made later. Meantime, if interested in motor cars of *any kind*, we suggest that you call upon our dealer in your city.

Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC
SOCIETY'S CAR for TOWN AND COUNTRY

Factories of the Anderson Electric Car Company, Detroit, Michigan.
The Largest Plant in the World Devoted Exclusively to the Manufacture of Electrically Propelled Vehicles.

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Made in [illegible] softly finished, knit
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GUARANTEE WITH EVERY BOX

A written guarantee—positive, specific, insuring you six months wear of six pairs without [illegible] or for every pair that fails [illegible]

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box

Improved Silk Lisle

[illegible] $2.00 and $3.00, colors, black, tan

Silk—3 Pairs In a Box

[illegible] $3.00 a box [illegible] women's, $3.00 [illegible] the silk lisle

Children's Egyptian Cotton

[illegible] If your [illegible] State size, [illegible] quality wanted and remit with order

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TRAMP TEACHERS

(Continued from Page 9)

of the situation has been changed and the matter of our academic education has been carried almost to absurdity.

"Now we are facing a revision in our educational system that is bound to be revolutionary. Once I heard the president of a freshwater college declare that the mission of his institution was to turn out one great man—a great statesman, a great scientist, a great preacher or leader of men. That is the old conception of education, the ideal that is being pushed into the background by the pressure of the practical needs of a great nation of common people. The new education will not bother itself about keeping up the visible supply of greatness, but it will aim to teach every young man and young woman according to his or her needs."

The mistress of a little Iowa school, who had heard Professor Holden talk for a kind of teaching that would "meet the boys and girls of the farm on their own ground and do something for those that cannot go to college," determined to see for herself if there was anything in this theory of teaching farm boys "in the terms of their own every-day lives." As her district was in a dairy community she learned how to test milk and determine its percentage of butterfat. Then she asked each of the older boys in the school how many pounds of milk the best cow in the home dairy yielded each day.

"We've got one," proudly declared one pupil, "that gives twenty-eight quarts—anyhow she did when she was fresh. I don't s'pose there's a better cow than old Brindle in this township."

"But don't you weigh the milk so that you know just what each cow is really giving?" innocently asked the teacher.

"Naw!" was the disgusted response. "We keep too many cows to fool with any fussing like that."

"Jim's always blowing about their Brindle," spoke up the son of a school trustee; "but we've got a new cow that don't need to take anything from any cow in this county. Pa says she's a full-blood Holstein."

"Well," laughed the teacher, "neither of you knows how much milk his cow gives in actual quantity—and if he did that wouldn't tell which is the better cow. This milk is bought by the creamery and made into butter. Suppose that Tom's cow gave thirty quarts a day, but that the milk was not rich enough to make a pound of butter, would the creamery make any money buying that kind of milk?"

"I dunno 'bout that," was the answer. "So long as they take it at the creamery an' don't kick, I guess it's all right."

"Brindle's milk is rich," retorted Jim. "It's almost as yellow as cream."

The Testing of Brindle

"In all the tests it's the quantity of butterfat produced that counts in scoring a dairy cow. What do you say to this plan: Each of you big boys is to select what he considers the best cow in his dairy, weigh her milk each time, and every Monday bring a sample of her milk here for testing? How many of you want to do this?"

Every hand was raised. The milk tests injected into that school a spirit of spontaneous interest that it had never known before. The work of the arithmetic classes was centered on the local milk records, and no example in percentage given in the textbook had ever inspired the eager attention that was given to the problem of figuring the percentages of butterfat in the various tests. This teacher discovered that she had a live school and that the big boys were no longer difficult to handle.

Some months later the father of Jim met the man whose words had inspired this experiment and made a confession.

"When my boy said, 'Teacher's going to have a milk test at school,' I laughed and said it was poppycock. But if the rest of the boys were going into it I didn't want him to show the white feather. I wasn't ashamed of my dairy. Now Jim's got a temper, an' his worst fault as a milker had always been that he'd whale any cow that didn't stand still for him. The cow that he was testing was a little nervous, an' one night I came into the barn just in time to see her give him a kick that would have knocked my disposition into a cocked hat, milk or no milk! I expected to see him go at her with the milking stool and lay it on where she'd feel it most. You could have

Drawn by "Penny" Ross

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For the pure and undiluted juice of luscious Concord grapes has wonderful stimulating and reviving qualities—Nature endowed it with a magic health chemistry.

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Should your regular dealer still be unable to fill your order we will forward you, express prepaid, a trial dozen pints for $3.00, or a trial dozen quarts for $5.50. Address **Armour and Company, Dept. 322, Chicago.**

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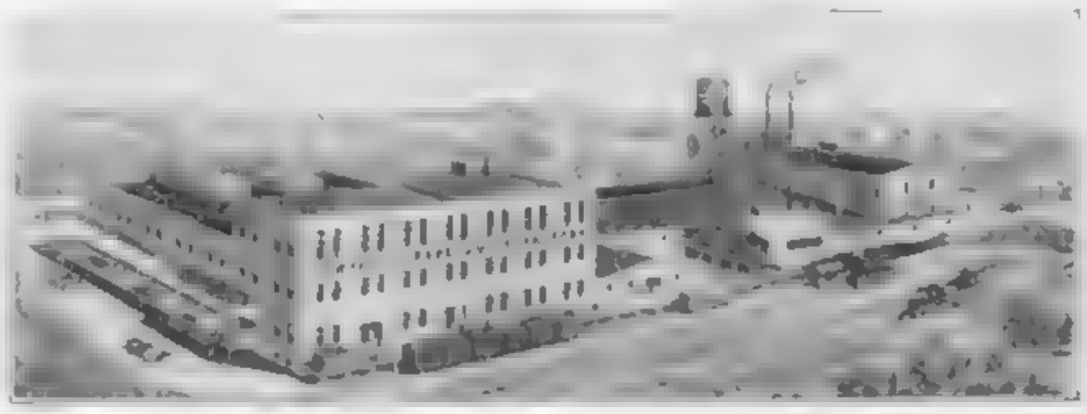

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"Modern Bathrooms" shows practical bathrooms at costs ranging from $78.00 to $600.00—with prices of each fixture in detail. Floor plans, ideas for tiling, decoration, accessories—together with model equipments for kitchens and laundries—are also shown.

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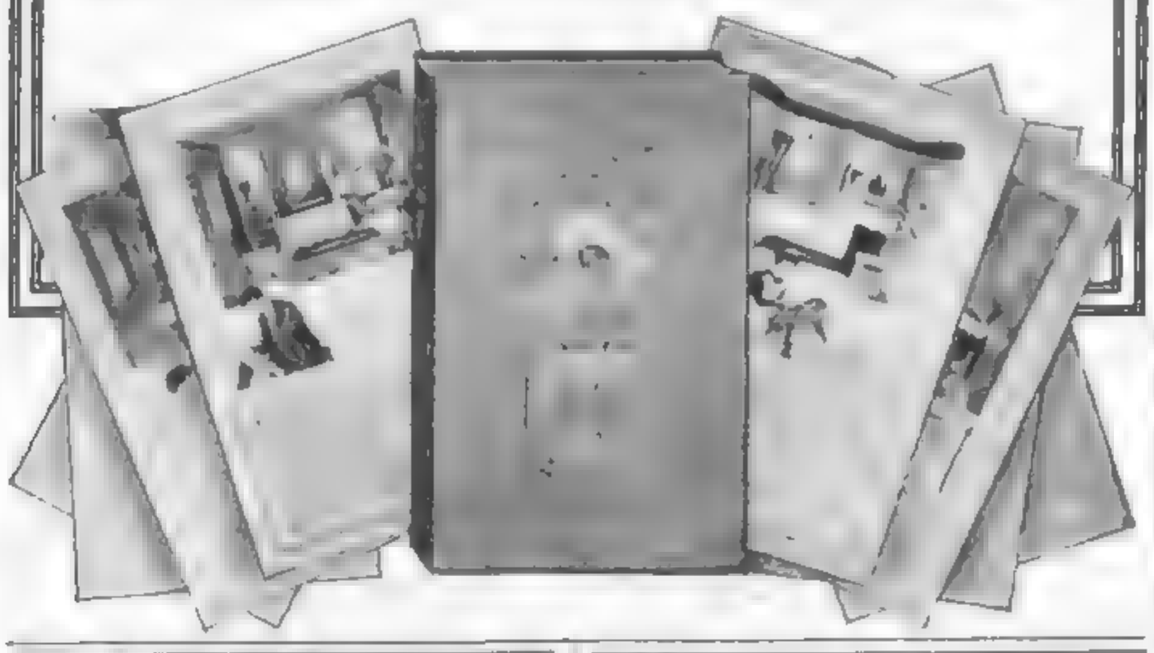

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pushed me over when he got up quietly, talked soft to her, and began milking again as if nothing had happened.

"Then it had always been his job to water the cows. There's a stream in the little pasture, and he was expected to drive the cows to it night and morning. He generally went through the motions, but it took a lot of watching to see that he didn't slight this part of the performance. He'd rush them through their drinks as if he was afraid they'd founder themselves. You know how boys are when they're just going through the motions with something they're not interested in? But after the teacher started that milk weighing and testing business the rush at the creek was all over. That cow—and all the others with her—were fairly teased to drink. They were tempted with salt and given an extra chance at the water.

"That wasn't all. He began to study into the feed question, and finally asked me to buy some stuff that he thought would make more milk and increase the butter-fat. I bought it, just to humor him, but only enough for the cow that he was testing. When I saw what it did for her you better believe the rest of 'em had the same ration too. That teacher certainly got Jim going, and he wound me up. I wouldn't take a lot of money for what it's done for us. He's interested in his school now and interested in the work at home. And the fathers of the other boys tell me about the same story. That teacher certainly started something. She'd have a hard time getting away from this district. Why, she's got every one of us interested, old and young, and we've got the livest school district in the whole country."

Country-Life Leaders

Undoubtedly the closest American parallel to the German *Wanderlehrer* is the county demonstrator or agricultural expert. He pays a personal visit to all farms where his aid is asked. If the boy of the farm is present when the demonstrator calls he is free to absorb all the crumbs of instruction he can catch. But with several hundred farms to visit in the course of the cropping season, the county demonstrator can hit only the high-spots, and at that his talk is aimed to meet the understanding of the father, not of the boy. All the direct instruction that the county expert can give the boys of his territory is amply covered by the old phrase, "a lick and a promise." He will, if he is greatly in earnest in his efforts, do all the work possible with the school-teachers of his county and inspire them to individual work with their pupils. But at best he can only scratch the surface, so far as reaching and arousing the farm boy is concerned.

Here and there throughout the country, however, the common schools are showing that the principle of education involved in the *Wanderlehrer* system is taking root and producing what the farmer would call a volunteer crop. Cook County, Illinois, which contains the second largest city in America, is a case in point. Hereafter this metropolitan county will have five country-life leaders. Each must live in the district that he serves and must be on the job twelve months in the year.

When the country schools of the county are in session the work of the country-life leader will be mainly in the schools; but during the vacation periods he is expected to follow in the footsteps of the German *Wanderlehrer* and spend as much time as possible in the fields and farm homes of the pupils. As each leader will have the agricultural welfare of twenty-five schools to look after, it is a foregone conclusion that his individual contact with the pupils in their own home surroundings will be limited. To a large extent the work of the country-life leader must be that of inspiring the teachers to a realization of the power to arouse and hold their pupils that is concealed in this new line of teaching. He is the missionary bishop of his diocese, whose largest task is to inspire, instruct and direct the teacher-missionaries under him. The major part of the pastoral calls and the hand-to-hand work must be left to them. However it is no part of the plan of County Superintendent Tobin or of Assistant Superintendent Calley to permit the country-life leaders to do "too much work at the top and too little at the bottom." For its effect upon himself, quite as much as for its effect upon the pupils, each leader will be required to have a generous amount of contact with the pupils, their parents and the home fields.

When Superintendent Tobin found that Miss Agnes Ryan, of the Morton Grove District, had revolutionized the spirit of her school by introducing a seed-corn test, he began to look about for other teachers who showed the same symptoms of initiative, the same sympathy with the every-day life of their pupils and the same capacity to understand country conditions. Six teachers who seemed to possess these qualifications were selected and told to go to Professor Holden for a talk on how to "get next to the boys and girls of the farm." These teachers returned from their conference equipped with a fresh enthusiasm, with a wider view of the possibilities of this new kind of teaching, with a firmer faith in its results and with an outfit of the tools needed for the work.

The results accomplished by these teachers have been so notable as to make the country-life movement a part of Cook County's educational system, and to put upon the payroll the five country-life leaders who are charged with the responsibility of pioneering the movement.

In one district alone the pupils have tested more than two thousand ears of seed-corn in school and perhaps an equal number in their homes. This is district 146, about two miles out from the suburban village of La Grange. Miss Mae Foran, the teacher of this school, says that fifty per cent of the corn planted in her district has been tested by the pupils. This work was begun April eighth and continued until the last week of May.

In the opinion of Miss Foran these afternoons were the most valuable of the entire school year, and have done more to connect the school with the realities of the every-day life of her pupils and their parents than have all their studies. While the fact that the corn crop in that district will be greatly increased—probably by twenty-five per cent—is interesting and significant, Miss Foran regards this as merely an incidental benefit.

Scientific Corn-Testing

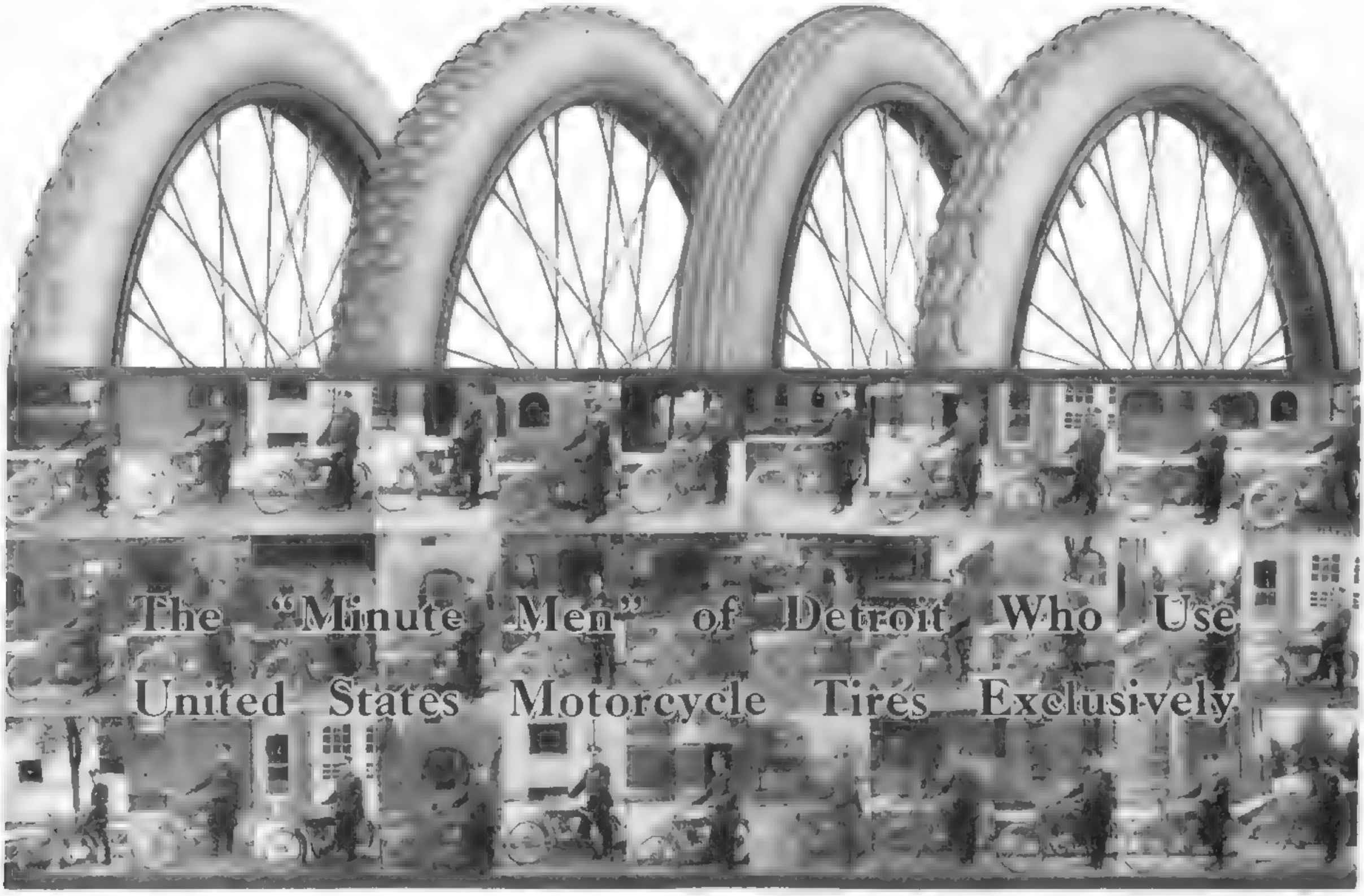
The effect of the corn test and the whole country-life movement upon the spirit of the school is illustrated by an experience told by a farmer living just outside the Cook County line. In driving to market he was obliged to pass one of the schools in which this work was in progress. The schoolroom was buzzing like a beehive. The sound was so unlike the familiar droning that he stopped his horse and looked inside. The pupils were crowded about the teacher, and the whole scene resembled the distribution of ice cream at a Sunday-school picnic.

"I saw," says this farmer, "that there was something doing out of the ordinary, something that really interested every pupil in the school. It was the liveliest schoolroom I had ever seen and I wanted to find out the reason why. So I knocked and explained to the teacher the cause of my call. Well, I stayed until school was dismissed and forgot all about my errand at the store. I didn't blame the pupils for being interested, and when I returned home that night I told my boy all about it. He begged to be taken to the school, and I took him there the next afternoon. It almost broke his heart when the teacher told him that as he lived outside the county she could not let him into the corn game. That night, as he told me about it, his lip quivered a little and he said: 'Gee, Pa, I wish they'd lemme go to that school.'

"I never heard a boy talk that way about any country school before, and I never expected to hear it either. When you can get a boy to feel that way about going to a district school the thing at the bottom of his enthusiasm is worth while."

In some of the schools the "rag-baby" testing cloth is used, but as a rule the pupils prefer a germination box with sawdust. Where this method is used the boys of the school build the boxes and the girls mark out the diagrams on the cloth that covers the sawdust. These diagrams identify the kernels with the ear from which they came. All of the six teachers who have done this pioneer work have found the girls of their schools as much interested in the country-life lessons of the actual corn and seed testing as the boys.

Perhaps our nearest approach to the German *Wanderlehrerin* in petticoats is the teacher of domestic science in the short-course extension work of the Iowa School of Agriculture. These are the signs of the times, pointing to radical changes, a larger efficiency and a broader service on the part of the rural school.



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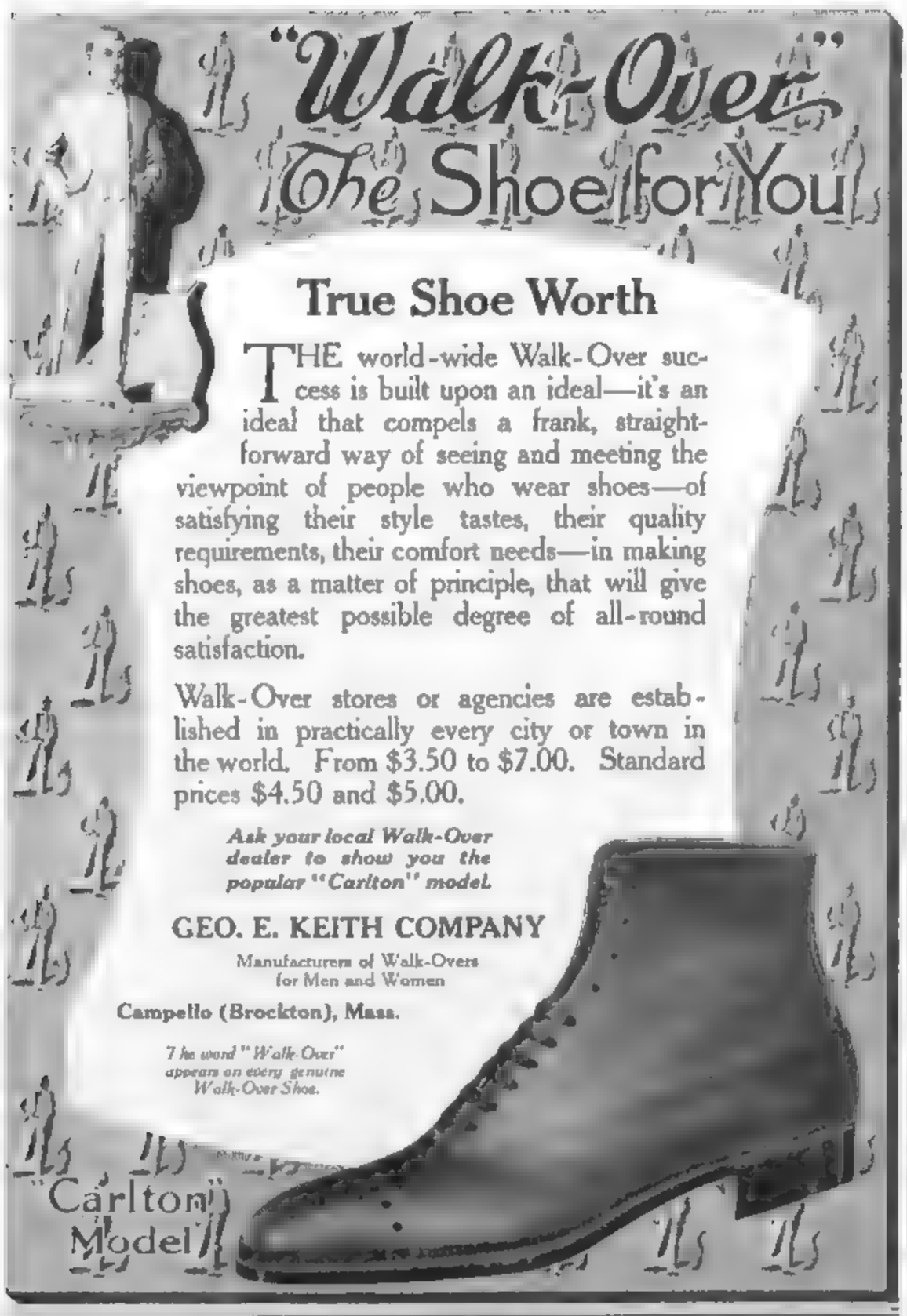
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IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 5)

A small man entered and frisked waggishly toward the company upon the sofa. His thin light hair hinted baldness. His equally thin mustache was waxed and turned up at the ends like the quotation marks of a jest. His face was the jest. It was narrow, pale, with a receding chin and prominent eyes rendered more prominent by eyeglasses from which dangled a black cord. He held his head up as if it were his personal pronoun.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present the Honorable Charles Augustus Brown!" hummed Chan, in the oratorical tone of one who introduces a celebrity. "Speaker of the state Senate, candidate for reelection ——"

"Rising fast in his own estimation," interrupted Bunk Hopgood. "Got a mortal antipathy for every man's ideas but his own."

"Look here, Hop, are you introducing him or am I?" protested Peters.

"Go on! State the worst!" said Bunk, subsiding like a bellows from which the wind has been suddenly forced.

"As I was about to explain before this unseemly interruption," Chan began again, glaring indignantly at Hopgood, "the Honorable Augustus Brown is a widower. Wants to get married. Fine opportunity for any deserving young woman."

So the hour passed while the guests assembled, adding stout elderly men and women to the host's party seated at the end of the great room, and many young ones to the groups standing here and there upon the floor.

Every ball is a masked ball. The men and women who attend such functions do not appear in their real characters. They come disguised in the ideal of themselves. And I could not have been more effectively disguised if I had actually appeared in the character of Anne of Geierstein. No one could have known my heart from studying my face. It was the radiant open countenance of the ingénue. I was a slim young being, bent upon achieving my first adventure with you, dear mankind. You always see me at balls—the girl so demure, with the loop of her train over her arm, with her very décolleté slippers showing more of her silk stockings than you think she is aware of, standing somewhere in the thickest of the encircling throng where the laughter is gayest and the sound of many voices covers her silence as she lifts her eyes inquisitively to yours above the hubbub, as if she asked:

"What is it? What is this secret between us, between just you and me, not these others?"

Then she quickly averts them, as if she reconsidered and pleaded:

"No, do not tell me yet! I will not believe it yet, though you vowed it upon your knees."

And the man she addresses thus is always ready to inform her. That is his particular privilege. He is the only one who can, and he knows it. He signals the information over the shoulder of the lady he is supposed to be attending, but she will not see him. She has passed the same inquiry shamelessly to the ugly, red-faced man beside him. She is no respecter of persons in this matter. She is the little feminine collector of customs for love. She will have each of you pay his duty. She goes again through the same semaphore dialogue with him that she has first gone through with the others, and with the same evasion. She will not have it yet from him either, this secret that she knows already. It is one of the things women never will acknowledge, except in the last extremity of courtship. Still she will make every one of you, from Adonis to Caliban, signify to her that you have it ready on command, this tariff. It isn't true, of course, and she isn't true either. You have both simply gone through the parody of a great transaction. Flirting, at bottom, is an awful sacrilege, because it blasphemes that Holy Ghost in us, Love—the noblest, most significant of all human passions, from which the rest spring like branches of the true vine.

Over and over again the group about me formed and dissolved, each time leaving fewer girls and more men, for which I was femininely thankful. No woman likes to divide the attentions of the men about her with other women. She is an everlasting monogamist. Besides, I discovered in this withdrawal of the other girls the victory of my own charm. I came to myself, fully endowed with every fascination I possessed. I laughed at Bunk Hopgood when he signaled imploringly for a rose from my bouquet.

"No, Mr. Hopgood," I replied; "I am keeping it to remind me of you!"

"Oh, Lord, she is going to be the most dangerous of them all!" he sighed despairingly to the ceiling.

I saw Emmet Marshall approaching, shouldering his way through the long-legged circle about me, towering above it, his face set in a smile, his eyes fixed banteringly upon me. I lowered mine, and lifted my fan like a fluttering wing to my breast. I did not know what my lips were for till that moment. They are capable of expressing the entire ritual of womanhood, from her creed to the song of Ruth. I felt little cupid devils slip through and work industriously, mischievously lifting the corners of my mouth; I knew that some sad good angel was calling sweet attention to this maiden's brow. That is a sense of contradiction and guilt which every woman about to become beautiful endures gladly.

He bowed low before me, a little mockingly, then setting his back to the company, as if it had been a mere wall, he plucked deliberately, challengingly at my fan.

"So! This is Anne of Geierstein. She owes me a dance—two of them—and a waltz," he laughed, as he took my card and wrote his name opposite three numbers.

"Don't be greedy, Emmet; the rest of us want to dance with Miss Marr. You have not left enough to go round," complained Chan Peters.

"But enough!" he retorted audaciously, taking his departure. "I must go and head off the Honorable Augustus Brown. He has signed up with every débutante in the room, except you, Miss Marr, and he has been struggling to get past your guard here all the evening." He wagged his head ominously at the figure of the little widower who was clipping across the floor in our direction.

By the time he reached us every number was taken.

"Horribly disappointed, Miss Marr," he exclaimed, staring disgustedly at my card. "Old friend of your father's; been waiting for this occasion for—for a year. Wanted to begin our better acquaintance with a dance when you came out."

This was greeted with a scarcely suppressed snicker from Bunk Hopgood. Mrs. Brown had not been dead much over a year. I stood dismayed, not knowing what to say to a man so little the lover, so aggressively and openly the prospective husband of any girl who would have him. At this moment the music began. The Honorable Augustus hurried off to claim his partner, and I saw Charlie Archibald coming for me. Then suddenly a silence like the breath of life from some far-off jungle fell upon the men about me, and in it I heard Tom Redding growl:

"Look at that fellow. What's he doing here?"

"Don't know," answered Peters in a rumbling whisper. "Didn't know the Buckhaulters knew him; didn't know anybody knew him!"

I followed the direction of their guze and beheld a man standing just inside the doorway. He would have seemed a foreigner in any land. In this gay and light company he was as far removed as if he had been Cuth-Ulin standing beside Tara's walls, watching the ships of his enemy, Swaren, approach the rocky shores of ancient Ulster. Never had I seen a fiercer face, one so expressive of mad tenderness. He was not tall, with shoulders so wide that they made him appear of a lower stature than he really was. His black hair fell gently upon his brow like a kindness. His brow was rugged, as if his Sinai showed through at that place. And yet the whole Song of Solomon could have been written upon that fine, sensuous mouth. His eyes were deep set, very large, and although they were lifted, far-seeing above the crowd, I knew that they were black as pitch. The dark flush upon the high cheekbones gave way into smoky blue pallor of his square, clean-shaven chin. It was as if some ancient Druid priest had discarded his ragged skins to come among us.

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The next moment fifty couples swung out upon the floor. The evening's diversion took its permanent form. It became the light opera of polite society. Round and round we circled, crossed and circled again. I saw father sitting like an old eagle with folded wings beside the Buckhaulters, following me with his slowly turning head, with his steady eyes fixed upon me like watchmen. And I changed from one partner to another like one who dances in a dream with shadows. They were not real, they had no meaning to me, these men who led me, now whirling swiftly, now slowly, through the mazes of the dance. The only man in the room was the stranger; I was alone with him, divided from all others by that silent presence. Ever and anon we lilted past him, sometimes standing beside the wall with his hands behind him, nonchalantly observant of all, but not of me. Or he would turn from us all to the vase of long-stemmed roses beside him, as if they were sisters of his whom he tenderly cherished. Never once was I conscious of his eyes fixed upon me. It became a furious anger, this oblivion into which he cast me, who knew myself to be in the eye of every other man in the room, even in that of Emmet, who was openly neglecting Margaret Derry, leaving her to Francis.

I longed to ask some one who this stranger was. Why had he been bidden to my ball and then not presented to me? What did it mean? He ought to be very much embarrassed, I thought. But I had never seen a man less embarrassed, better contented to be ignored. Still I could not bring myself to ask the question, to admit that I had ever seen him. I carefully pretended not to see him.

Meanwhile on every hand I heard the question whispered that I dared not ask. I saw the faces of other women, lifted like little glowing lanterns over the shoulders of their partners, staring at him, their brows raised inquisitively, their eyes wide and curious. Once I was sitting out a dance with Chan Peters. Margaret Derry and Alice Archibald, seated together a little distance farther down the room, were discussing him.

"Who on earth is that man over there?" Alice began.

"I don't know; never saw him before. Looks like a bandit," answered Margaret.

"A bandit!" tinkled Alice; "that's it exactly! He does look like one."

"I wish he'd do something to prove it," Margaret went on. "We haven't had a sensation in Milldge society since ——" she hesitated.

"Since I ran away and married Charlie Archibald! Say it! You'd as well say it as to think it," laughed Alice.

"Well, since that, then. Suppose he were to drop the rose he's fingering as if it were his lady love's hand, face about, put his back to the wall, draw two terrible guns, click the triggers and yell: 'Your money, your jewels or your lives!' What would happen?"

"There'd be a lot of window glass broken, and presently nobody here but us," answered Alice.

"You mean the women?"

"Yes; nothing could make women fly from a man who looks like that!"

"You are awful, Alice!"

"I am not awful; I'm just truthful. That little Milly Bean over there, who is so timid she scarcely speaks above a whisper, would be the first to cast herself sobbing upon his breast," she insisted.

"Still I do not think all the men would run," protested Margaret.

"Of course not; I was joking about that. What I meant was that none of the women would. They'd stay to rob him!"

"Oh, Alice!"

"It's true. Women never fear men when they are wearing their evening gowns. Least of all the terrible man. They are always armed to the teeth when their shoulders are bare!"

That from Alice, the girl-wife! A good wife, one of those past participles of virginity who has lived with a man thirty years, never learns this much about the nature of him.

I listened to this conversation while I carried on a kind of first-year flirtation with Chan. I was encouraging him with that gentle discouragement that is the initial step in coquetry. My attention was frightfully divided. The wings of my heart were beating against the stranger, my ears were directed toward Alice and Margaret. But Chan, looking only into my face, missed nothing.

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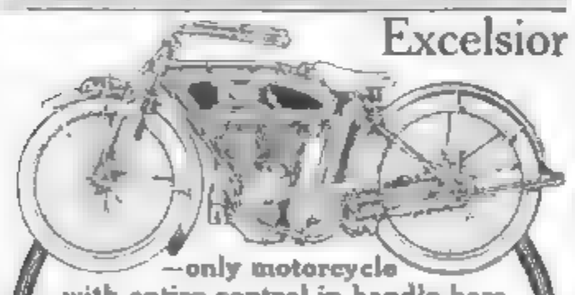

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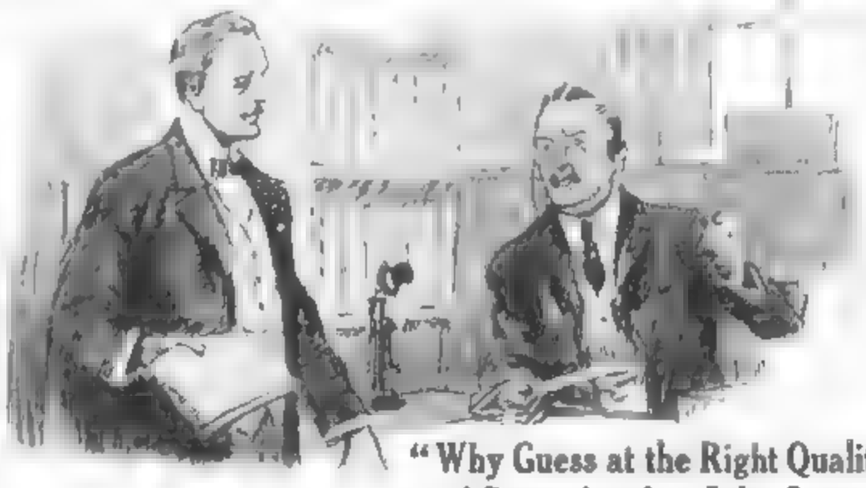

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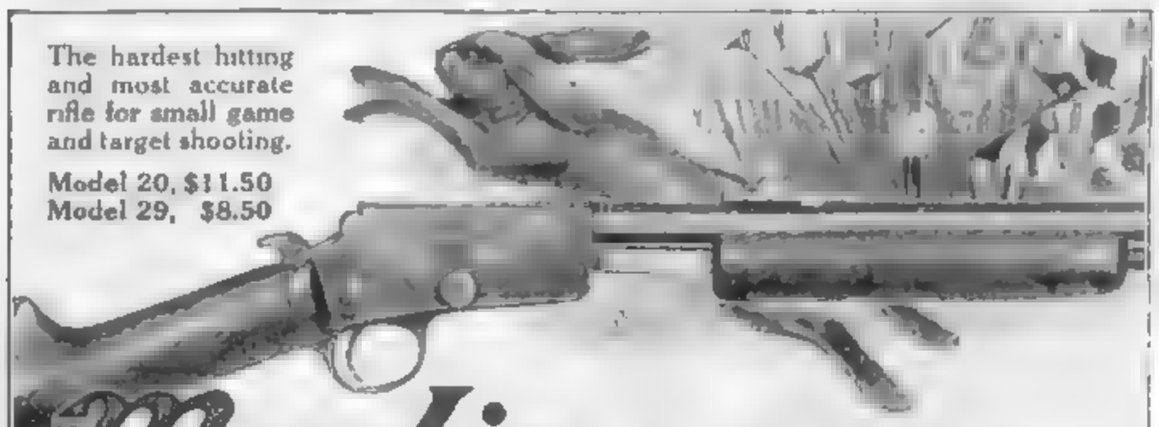

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"I believe in love at first sight," he was saying when Emmet Marshall came up to claim the next dance.

"So do I, Peters; every fellow here tonight does! But you should not speak so loud about it. *Sotto voce* for that, my boy," laughed Marshall, looking back at the embarrassed youth as he drew me into the dance.

The last strains of the waltz died away in the tumultuous sound of many notes, like the feet of fairies hurrying before the dawn. The Buckhaulters rose and led the way to the dining room, followed by the broken ranks of the dancers. Emmet and I had places at the long table in the middle of the room, with father and our hosts at one end and a row of guests seated on either side between. The rest of the company found places at smaller tables in the library that adjoined, the door of which was open.

Hanging very low upon the wall opposite me was one of those little old-fashioned mirrors, a narrow panel with a hunting scene painted above the glass.

"This is fine. We are completely screened by that bunch of chrysanthemums. We are alone in a flower garden. I have a favor to ask. Couldn't ask it in the open," said my companion, leaning toward me and whispering.

"What is it?" I asked.

"May I call you Joy? It's the most becoming name for a woman I ever heard. I have been saying it over and over to myself all the evening."

I hesitated and was lost.

"Joy it is!" he exclaimed; then: "Wait a minute till Mrs. Buckhaulter takes her goggles off us. She's spying round the chrysanthemums. I have something to tell you."

I bent my head and laughed involuntarily as Mrs. Buckhaulter turned away.

"Way's clear. Inspection's over. That giggle did it. She's satisfied. Now look at me. I can't tell you this while you are dabbling your face in your plate!"

"I'm not dabbling my face in my plate," I retorted, looking at him.

"Listen—you are changed. You are no longer Anne of Geierstein. You never will be again. You are a witch. You ought to be ducked now before you go too far. You may be burned later if you keep on the way you have started."

I opened my lips to speak, not knowing what I should say. I felt the corners of them rising, as if Cupid were my property man, arranging a smile.

"Stop!" he exclaimed; "don't say anything. You'll break something if you do. And don't look at me like that. I can't stand it!"

"Stop yourself! I do not know what you mean," I protested.

"Nor what you mean," he added quickly. "Heaven help us all when you find it out."

He stood up and lifted his glass:

"Here's to Mistress Joy Marr! May she remain what she is—Joy—and never change!"

Twenty glasses tinkled merrily, twenty heads nodded smiles to me.

But I saw only one. Reflected in the mirror upon the opposite wall I beheld the stranger standing in the darkest corner of the library, alone behind a little table, with his glass lifted, with his eyes fixed in a burning gaze upon mine. He drank the toast deliberately, bowed and disappeared below the range of my vision.

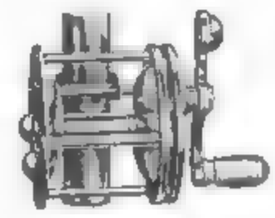
"My stars, Joy, what is it? You look as if life had kissed you in the face," exclaimed Emmet Marshall as he resumed his seat and stared at me.

I could not speak. I was filled with such emotion as I never dreamed of. I felt like a coal of fire suddenly laid upon an altar and sanctified. My face burned.

Being vain as only a man can be before the blossoming face of a maid, he considered himself the author of this miracle, this flush that left my eyes full of tears and my heart beating like the drums of love.

I understood that he was deceived, and I left him to his vanity. I had not given up the idea of the rich husband. But I had located the stranger. He was no longer a foreigner. He was the native of that far country, my heart, treading the primrose paths, drinking from the very springs of my life. Even in that supreme moment I wondered what I was going to do about it. I ached at the thought of his banishment. I resolved not to do it when I had the chance, and in the same moment I looked as bewitchingly as I could at Emmet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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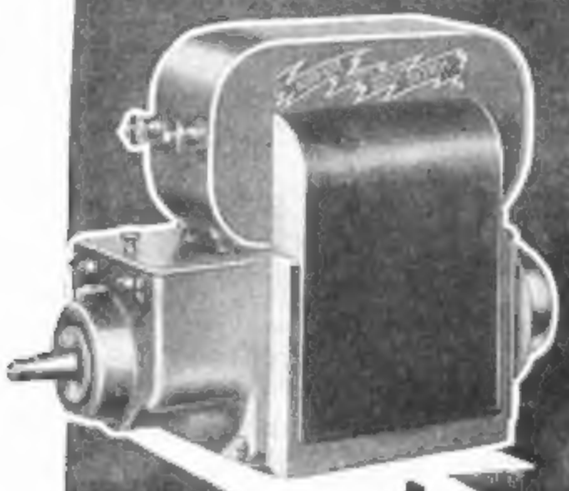

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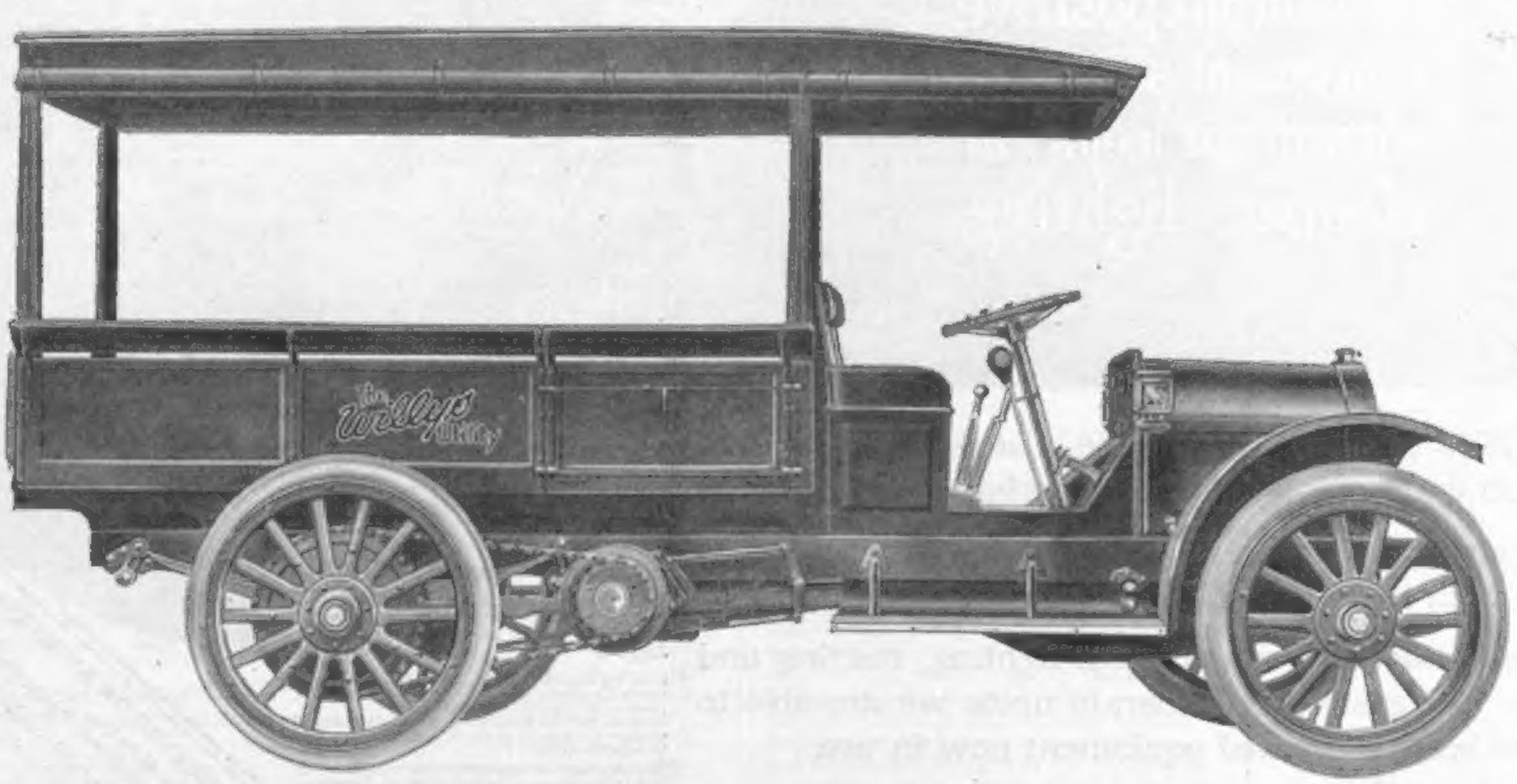

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